

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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August 1, 1962

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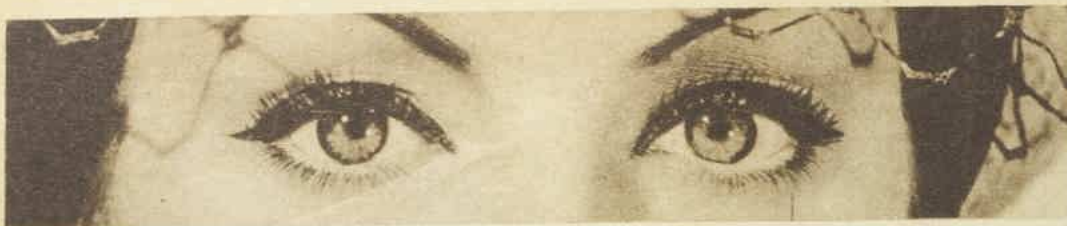
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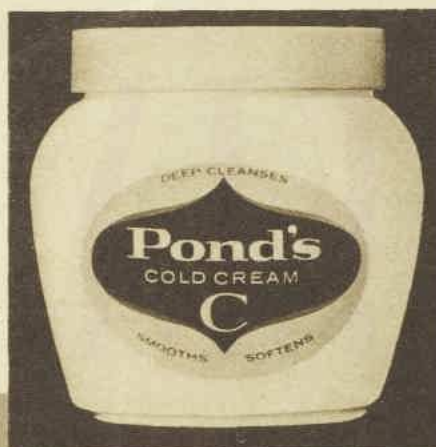
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 1, 1962

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Two short stories in this issue have a certain sadness which is most appealing — although in entirely different ways.

"GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE" (page 27) dates back to World War II.

It is a story of goodbye that will bring back memories to every woman who saw her man off to war.

The author, Mollie Panter-Downes, is the London correspondent of "The New Yorker."

"Bedourie" (page 19), by a Queensland writer, R. A. Moncrieff, is about a dog abandoned by its master.

The author based it on a dog he found in desolate, drought-ravaged country between Betoota and Birdsville in outback Queensland.

The dog seemed to be waiting for someone. Although Mr. Moncrieff gave it food and water it refused to go with him.

"The dog's story," said Mr. Moncrieff, "is one of the riddles of the outback. I was still thinking about him when we hit Bedourie a few days later."

Bedourie, a few scattered buildings on the edge of the Simpson Desert, is known mostly for its big hot-water bore.

THE first thing Mr. A. E. Church asked reporter Joyce Bowden and staff photographer Keith Barlow when they arrived at his home at Church (no connection with his name) Point, N.S.W., to photograph the beautiful birds on pages 8 and 9 was whether they were superstitious.

When they said "No," he gave them some magnificent peacock feathers.

Our cover

● The girl with the red umbrella is Susan Bradner, formerly of New Jersey, U.S.A. With her husband, John, and their 19-month-old son, Michael, Susan is now living at Darling Point, N.S.W. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

"Many people won't have them inside their houses," he said. "There is a superstition that they are unlucky."

Mr. Church has been interested in ornithology since he was a schoolboy in England before World War I.

After he was demobbed he sailed with the British Pacific Science Expedition, sponsored by Lord Plymouth and the Royal Geographical Society, to New Guinea and North Australia.

His collections of birds from these places were for the British Museum at South Kensington, London.

Years later Mr. Church returned to Australia, where he was an executive of a large Sydney store.

Now retired, he breeds birds for show purposes as a hobby. He is also a well-known judge of birds.

A FEATURE we are sure you will enjoy is the second part of Molly Castle's book "How To Be 30 For 40 Years" (pages 52, 53).

Molly Castle is a former beauty editor of the "New York Times." She has spent many years studying nutrition, psychology, posture.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 1, 1962

Gala clothes for glamor cup

● Red-white-and-blue spinnaker of Australia's challenger, Gretel, inspired this wardrobe.

ALD. and Mrs. Bill Northam, of Darling Point and Bayview, N.S.W., sailed in Arcadia recently to attend the America's Cup races at Newport in September. Here are some of the clothes Mrs. Northam bought for her trip. General Robert Johnson, of Princeton, New Jersey, has lent the Northams his yacht, Argosy, to entertain Gretel's Australian crew, which includes Mr. Northam's son Brian.

MRS. NORTHAM wears a scarf for watching yacht races. This one, which was a "going away" present, is printed with the international nautical signals code.

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG



BLUE AND WHITE chicken-foot check jumper suit in wool and terylene has its own stitched Breton hat of the same material. It makes a perfect outfit for a luncheon engagement. Mrs. Northam wears it with a warm blue wool coat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 1, 1962



AUSTRALIAN-DESIGNED coat in navy wool lined with matching silk is light but very warm, which makes it ideal for travelling. Here it is worn over an Italian wool jersey sheath in geranium-pink. The design is simple — a flat collar and side buttoning.



FOR the gala Cup Ball at the Vanderbilt mansion "The Breakers," Mrs. Northam has chosen this full-length bell-skirted evening dress of heavy white re-embroidered lace, with a dramatic outside stole in fuchsia taffeta. The diamond-and-pearl pin is from Dior.

Page 3.

NEXT WEEK

All about budgerigars

The budgerigar—native of the Australian grasslands — has become one of the world's most popular pets.

Next week, a three-page section tells how to buy, train, and care for these little birds.

The guide says, "A young budgerigar can cost only 10/- and should live for 12 to 15 years."

If you already have a budgie as a pet or are planning to get one, this is a feature you'll find most informative.

It's illustrated with life-size pictures of the birds—in color.

● Our All-Australian Fashion Parades

— 7-page feature

Highlights of the 70 Australian-made fashions to be shown in parades we are presenting with the Myer Emporium are in a seven - page fashion section.

Six mannequins—three overseas, three Australian — will show the clothes in parades in August and September.

The designs, like the three-piece at right, are elegant and in brilliant colors.



● How to crochet

Ever seen a crochet pattern and wished you knew how to follow it? A three-page step-by-step guide teaches the technique and basic stitches of crochet.

The stitches are shown in easy-to-follow diagrams and there's a simple handkerchief edging for you to try first.

Learn to crochet—you'll enjoy it and be proud of things you can make.

● Avocados — for subtle flavor

Avocado pears are full of nourishment and add a distinctive flavor to sweet and savory dishes.

Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen suggests recipes to use avocados in a breakfast dish, a salad, a soup.

Next week, too, we announce the prize-winners in our P/Apple Recipe Contest.

Toma, 'The



TOMA, the jungle boy from Liberia, teaches his "Mam" to Twist. Crippled with polio since babyhood, Toma had never stood upright until "Mam" (Mrs. Margaret Barnett) appointed herself his guardian angel and took him home to Britain for medical treatment. After a major operation at the Gubowen Orthopedic Hospital in Wales and months of special treatment, Toma now walks with one leg in an iron calliper. Welsh schoolgirls Muriel and Chantal Langford befriended him and visited him in hospital. Muriel taught him the Twist.

'Grasshopper,' can Twist now

By WILCOCK WOODWARD

● In Africa, they called him "Grasshopper," or "Little Monkey," because he could walk only on his hands. Now Toma can walk, run, and do the Twist.

TOMA was eight years old when Mrs. Margaret Barnett, a British woman on holiday in Liberia, found him in the jungle village of Georgia in January last year.

Crippled with polio as a baby, Toma was a thin, sickly boy who lived with his widowed mother among the Bassa tribe.

His diet of jungle fruits, supplemented with rats and snakes, had brought him near to starvation.

Toma moved about on his hands, squatting on his haunches with his legs bent like a grasshopper. He carried things about on his head—as all his tribesmen did.

Mrs. Barnett, an attractive, grey-haired woman of ordinary means, determined to help Toma to walk—on his feet.

In Monrovia, Liberia's capital, she fought her way through a maze of obstacles to take Toma home with her to Wales for medical attention.

They embarked on a German iron-ore boat for Holland, then crossed Holland and Belgium (Mrs. Barnett carried Toma on her hip from train to train) to the channel steamer for Dover.

English customs officials held them up while they found out all about the little black boy who looked like a

monkey. They allowed him to land when Mrs. Barnett undertook to be responsible for all his expenses in Britain.

Mrs. Barnett took him to her cottage near Llangollen, North Wales, 10 miles from the large orthopedic hospital of Gobowen.

It took five weeks of daily visits to the hospital, carrying Toma, before hospital authorities interviewed her. They told her that as a foreigner Toma was not entitled to treatment under the British National Health Scheme.

Officials estimated he would need six or eight operations, and would be in hospital for a minimum of 12 months—at a charge of £22 sterling per week. There would be additional surgeon's and physiotherapist's fees.

Knowing she could not possibly afford these fees, Mrs. Barnett asked to speak to Mr. Robert Roaf, one of the hospital's leading surgeons.

She pleaded with Mr. Roaf to help Toma, and he agreed to operate without fee. She discovered later that his usual fee (Mr. Roaf did it all in one operation) was £1000 (£A1250).

The hospital supplied a bed for one month, and treated Toma as an outpatient afterwards.

Toma came home encased in a plaster cast, but up-

right on crutches for the first time in his life.

"The world sure looks a funny place from up here," said Toma, who now reads, writes, and speaks English and even a little Welsh.

For two months Toma "lived" on Mrs. Barnett's dining-room table, but each day she took him to Gobowen for exercises and physiotherapy treatment.

His condition improved daily, but by then the strain began to tell on Mrs. Barnett, and doctors warned her she could become seriously ill from overwork.

Luckily, both patients recovered, and Toma put on weight. He has grown six inches since the operation.

His right leg is now nearly normal, and his left leg, though much weaker, is straight but shorter than the other. He will have to wear an iron calliper for a long time.

Muriel Langford, a Welsh schoolgirl of 13—daughter of one of Mrs. Barnett's women friends—befriended Toma. She even taught him to dance the Twist, and he practised at home with "Mam," as he calls Mrs. Barnett.

Each day he made early morning tea for "Mam" and took it upstairs to her bedroom, carrying it as he has always carried things—on his head!

When Toma's British visa expired recently he returned

to his mother and the Bassa tribe in Liberia.

Mrs. Barnett went with him and will stay in Georgia for two years to supervise his exercises and watch over him.

"With God's help I have done what I set out to do—to make Toma walk," she says.

And Toma, the Grasshopper, wants to become a surgeon so that he can help other people to walk.

"THE WORLD sure looks a funny place from up here," said Toma as he stood upright on crutches for the first time (right) after his operation. Tray balanced on his head (below), Toma takes early morning tea to Mrs. Barnett.



CRIPPLED Toma in his village, where Mrs. Barnett found him last year. Nicknamed "Grasshopper," he propelled himself along on his hands. Mrs. Barnett bought him the shorts and shirt.



GIVE
YOURSELF
A
"COFFEE-
BREAK"



NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break!

At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it! Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company.

Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee. Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.



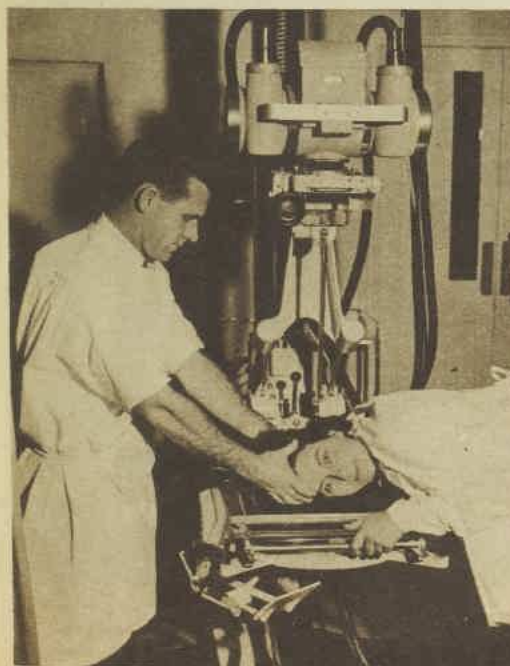
OUR REPORTER UNDERGOES TESTS



WIRES tied to migraine patient Winifred Munday's head at Prince Henry Hospital Headache Clinic lead to a machine to record the electrical impulses.



THE "BRAIN WAVES" are recorded by the electroencephalograph.



X-RAYS of Winifred's head and chest were the last of a long series of tests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 1, 1962

HEADACHE

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Washday blue, bills, boredom, a stormy romance, something you ate yesterday, sinusitis, or plain old-fashioned hangover—any of these could be the cause of a headache. Often they can be relieved with a pain-killer such as aspirin. However, there are other types of headache which are severe and persistent enough to require medical attention.

TENSION headaches, for instance, are obstinate to dispel.

Sufferers tend to be chronic frowners, jaw-clenchers, and teeth-grinders. Naturally tense, worrying people come in this category.

Constant frowning can give rise to pain across the forehead; and tight clenching of teeth and jaws can tauten the muscles and blood vessels at the side of the head, giving pain in one or both sides of the head.

Neurologists and neurosurgeons in leading hospitals in Australia, Europe, and America are making big strides in the investigation of this type of headache, and in their special neurology departments are stressing the importance of training the sufferers to relax the muscles.

TEETH are another common source of headache. As well as decayed teeth, an often unrealised cause is unbalanced chewing.

Patients who chew on one side, either from habit or because teeth are missing on one side, overwork the muscles on that side, causing headaches.

EYESTRAIN. Defects in the eyesight and eye muscles can cause severe headaches similar to tension headaches.

Correct the eye disorder and the pain usually goes.

HYPERTENSION headaches. These are due to high blood pressure, but are very rare. High blood-pressure cases do suffer from headaches, but this is not one of the common symptoms.

Therefore, if you put your headache down to high blood pressure (and many people do) it is very unlikely that it is the true cause.

BRAIN TUMORS. A very small percentage of headaches are caused by brain tumors, and such fears can soon be discounted at a neurology unit by an E.E.G. (electroencephalograph) test and X-rays.

There are many other less serious causes—such as emotional upsets and domestic upheavals—and most of these headaches can be relieved by an aspirin or a few hours in bed with a cold compress held against the offending spot.

MIGRAINE is the headache that is still giving neurologists their biggest headache.

It has such a variety of symptoms and causes that neurologists themselves hesitate to define exactly what a migraine is.

It can occur in any age-group, but usually starts

before the age of 40. One Australian in every 20 has migraine attacks.

Almost as many men suffer as women. Aside from headaches of a blinding severity, symptoms are nausea and vomiting, visual disturbances, dizziness, and, in severe cases, blackouts.

Migraine comes from the Greek "hemicrania," meaning "one-sided" headaches, and in many (but not all) migrainous patients the pain is confined to one side.

There is a tendency for migraine to run in families, and there appears to be a direct connection between such attacks and family histories of epilepsy, convulsions, and allergic disorders such as asthma and hay fever.

Most of the leading hospitals in Sydney and other Australian States are giving

ing into my own and my family's medical history.

Diet, too, came in for investigation. Many medical experts believe that certain foods—fats, chocolates, oranges, and others—are a contributory factor.

My hearing and sight were tested.

Tiny, painless pin-pricks were made simultaneously on each side of my temples and cheeks, while I had to say whether I could feel equal pressure on either side from the pins.

A bottle containing cloves was wafted under my nose while I closed my eyes and guessed what the bottle contained.

Then a surprising question: Was I left- or right-handed? I'm a left-hander and the only one in my family.

Being the only left-hander could mean, the neurologist

The E.E.G. tests take about 20 minutes. One sits relaxed, first with eyes open, then closed, while the machine records the activity of the brain cells.

Then the operator told me to close my eyes and breathe as quickly and heavily as possible. "You'll probably feel dizzy, but that's normal," she said. I did feel dizzy, and felt "pins and needles" in my hands.

On one side

At the end of the test the operator was able to tell me, without my prompting, that my particular form of migraine is one-sided and that the pain, in my case, is always on the right.

The graph showed that muscles, blood vessels, and pulse on the right side of the head were tense and taut.

The fifty or sixty feet of graph paper churning out of the machine, recording my brain waves in wavy lines, also revealed that I am of the worrying, overanxious type—commonly the type to suffer from migraine.

Final tests took place in the radiography unit—four skull X-rays and one of the chest.

The X-rays, in conjunction with the E.E.G. tests, reveal any abnormalities, such as tumors, old head injuries, sinus infections, which could cause headaches.

At the end of the examination the neurologist prescribed ergotamine tablets, to be taken at the onset of each attack.

He hoped that, taken in time, these tablets would either completely take away or alleviate the thumping, blinding pain every migraine sufferer dreads.

Mine is one of the less severe cases, restricted to half a dozen attacks a year.

But the neurologist told me of chronic "migraineurs" who have two or three prostrating attacks a week.

It is these cases which Prince Henry and other Australian hospitals, through their neurology departments, are trying to help.

As part of its extension plans—the Prince Henry is to become the teaching hospital for the University of New South Wales in 1964—a new 40-bed neurological and neurosurgery unit has recently been opened.

However, the services of the Headache Clinic are booked for months ahead, so only patients with letters or appointments through their own doctors will be seen.

A Sydney clinic has been helping many sufferers

special attention, in their neurology departments, to the treatment of migraine.

In addition to treatment already known, they are trying new fields of research and new drugs. For example, a drug which was recently developed in Switzerland, used with some success in America, is at present being tried out in Sydney.

Ergotamine, taken either in tablet form or as an inhalant, is currently the most effective drug in use. About two-thirds of migraine patients get some measure of relief from it. About 10 per cent. fail to respond to any known treatment.

Clinic tests

As a sufferer from migraine for more than 20 years I recently went to the new Headache Clinic run by the neurology department of the Prince Henry Hospital—as patient as well as reporter.

First half of my hour-long consultation at the clinic consisted of a lengthy question-and-answer research into my own case by the senior neurologist.

Frequency, duration, and symptoms of attacks were recorded; then came a prob-

explained, that I was meant to be right-handed and the switch took place during a difficult birth.

This particular line of examination is one of the researches being made by the clinic to discover how much bearing birth trauma can have on future migrainous subjects.

The length of my forearms was measured and recorded; my left one is about one-eighth of an inch longer than the right.

It was explained to me that there was nothing sinister or significant about this peculiarity. "We take measurements simply so that, in a year or two, we can go back over the records to try to find any particular pattern which will help our research," said the neurologist.

Next came a physical examination—heart, blood pressure, reflexes. Then E.E.G. tests.

The electroencephalograph records the "brain waves" and reveals abnormalities such as cerebral tumor or epilepsy.

A network of rubber straps and plugs is tied over the head, and wires lead this to a machine bristling with dials and knobs.

FINE FEATHERS



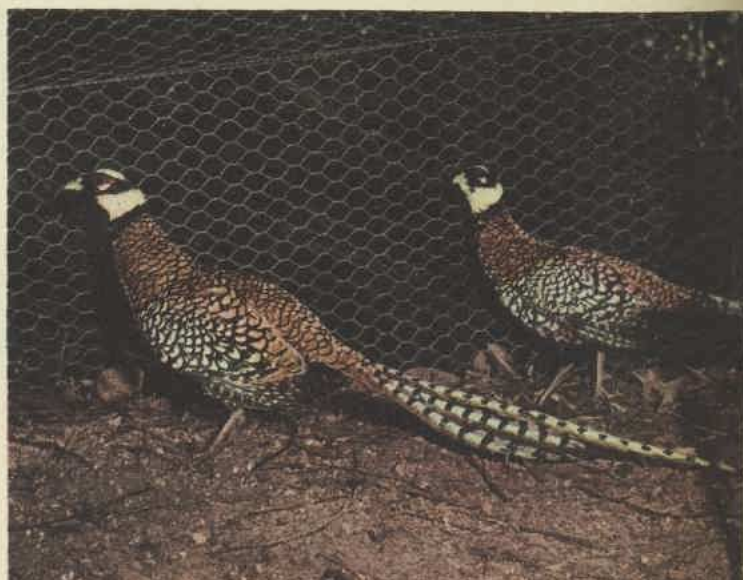
PEACOCK, which comes originally from Persia, is a gastronomic delicacy in Persia and India, although it is regarded elsewhere purely as a decorative bird. The 5000 fowls at the exhibition will be Australian-bred—quarantine regulations restrict imports.

● The birds pictured here were bred by Mr. A. E. Church, of Church Point, N.S.W., who will be one of the judges at the World Poultry Congress exhibition to be held at Sydney Showground from August 13 to 18. Visitors from many overseas countries will attend the congress, which marks the golden jubilee of the World Poultry Science Association and is the first to be held south of the Equator.

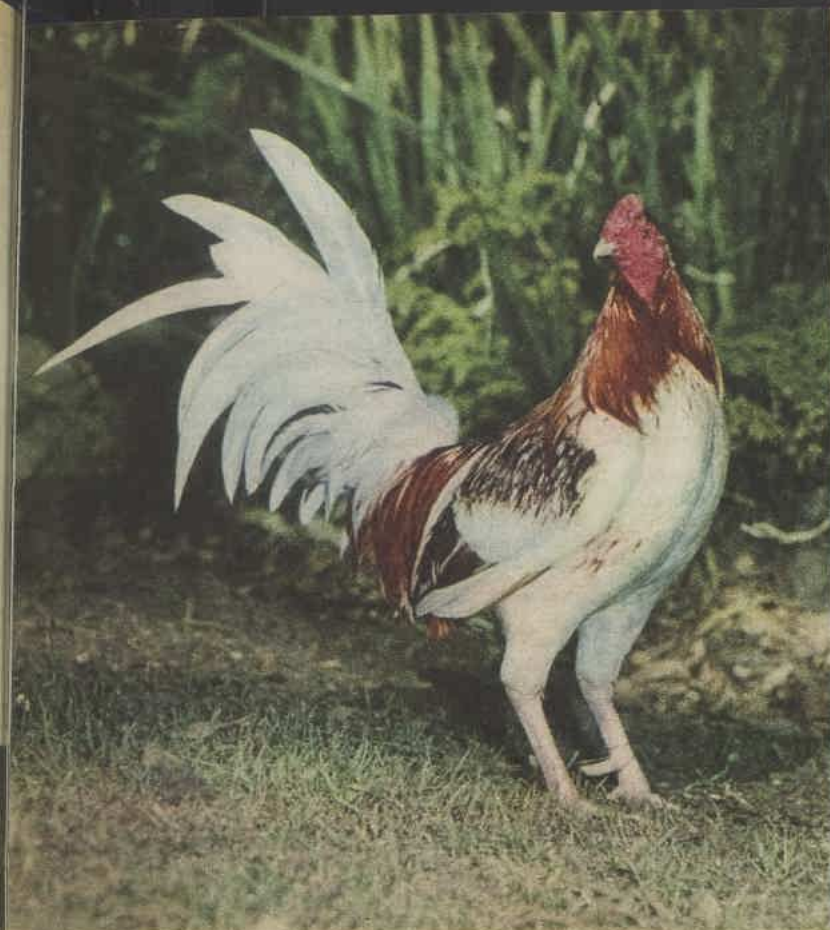
Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW



CHINESE SILKY, which has plumage like the osprey, and five feathered toes on each foot. Probably originating from Japan, its flesh was found by the Chinese to be delicious, though black. Mr. Church uses silkies to hatch out pheasants' eggs.



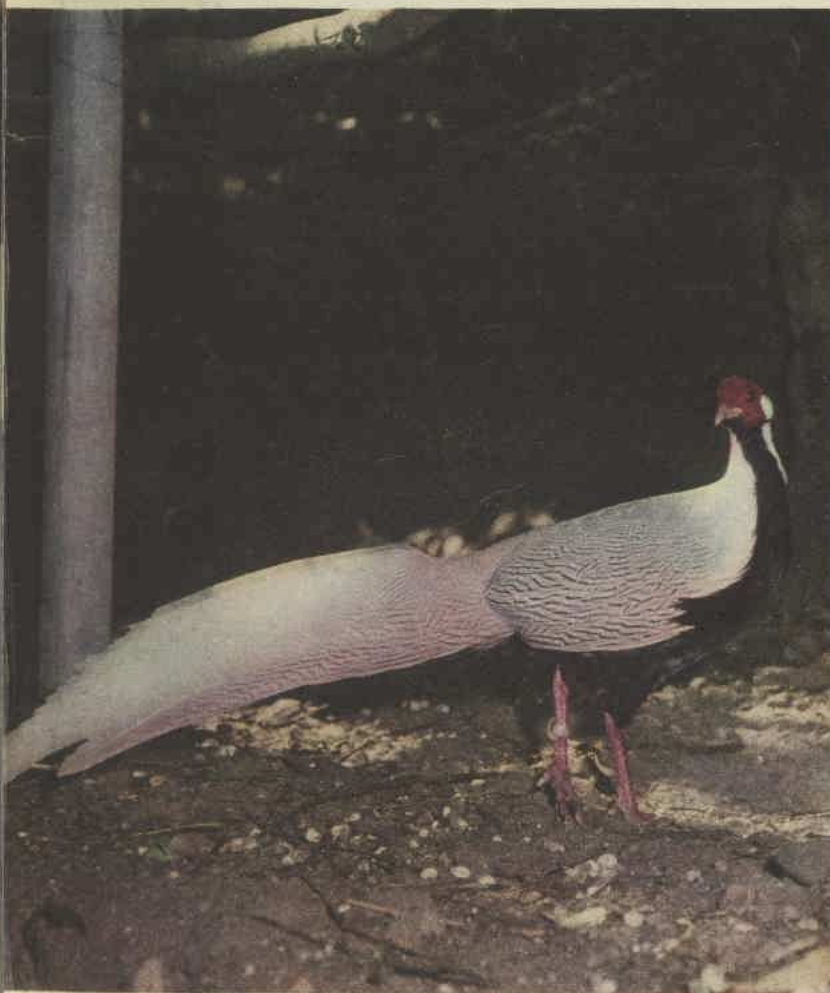
REEVES PHEASANTS, which originate in northern China. True long-tailed pheasants, they are decorative birds only, and breed easily in captivity. Mr. Church, who will judge at the Poultry Congress exhibition, is a well-known bird collector.



OLD ENGLISH GAME PILE COCK has tangerine head and body feathers. It is a fighting cock, one of the oldest breeds known in England in Roman times. British Parliament banned cockfights in 1849, but cockfighting is still popular in many other countries.



POLISH FOWL has a peculiarly crested head. A good table-bird and layer, it is rare in Australia. The breed was first brought to this country by coal baron the late John Brown, of Newcastle, N.S.W. Mr. Church has been a keen ornithologist since his school days.



SILVER PHEASANT comes from Indo-China. Most breeds of poultry and waterfowl will be seen at the show, as well as some Australian native birds. There will also be a comprehensive exhibition of modern industrial, scientific, and technical products.



GOLDEN PHEASANT, a decorative bird from China, India, and Malaya, is an "ugly duckling" for the first two years of its life until it gets its beautiful scarlet-and-gold plumage. The golden is the best-known of all pheasants and one of the most beautiful.

● Emmanuelle Gassion, of Paris, who, with Jill Stinchcombe (London), Carol Ashmont (New York), and three Australian mannequins, will model the All-Australian Parade clothes.



Model's magic "bag of tricks"

● Three "Vogue" mannequins will arrive in Australia by Qantas this week to show the clothes in our All-Australian Fashion Parades in Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

JUST as a magician carries his bag of tricks, so Emmanuelle Gassion, one of the models, would be lost without her "sac-a-malices" — in English it's "bag of tricks."

She carries in it:

- Make-up box containing —among other things— a spare set of eyelashes.
- Bag of hair-rollers.
- Switch of hair—ash-blond to match her own.
- A tin of hair-lacquer.
- Stockings.
- Light raincoat.
- Silk chiffon headscarf—waterproofed so that she never needs an umbrella.

- Jewellery.
- Extra pairs of gloves, of different lengths and colors.
- Uncrushable black sheath dress—sleeveless, with neckline plunging at the back.
- Spare blouse.
- Small purse for money.
- Dressy evening bag.
- Two pairs of shoes.

Emmanuelle's bag is fairly deep, with a broad firm base and gusset sides, so that it opens well out.

She recommends it for businesswomen who need to change quickly for evening outings.

Emmanuelle's wardrobe isn't extensive. She buys clothes for their versatility.

She likes to have one or two good suits in neutral colors—white for summer,

black for winter—which don't date too quickly.

She dresses them "up" or "down" with silk blouses, which she wears slightly bloused and tucked into the skirt waistband.

Some are classic shirt styles; others are sleeveless, with scarf collars. All are brilliantly colored—flame, orange, or citrus-yellow.

For casual wear Emmanuelle likes separate skirts teamed with cashmere sweaters. But blouses and sweaters MUST button down back or front.

"Pull-ons," she says, "make a mess of the hair."

A cocktail dress is included in her wardrobe, because it's useful for modelling jewellery, hairstyles, or hats.

She considers that head scarves—large chiffon squares—are essential for keeping her hair in place. She ties the ends at the back so that her head is well enveloped.

Shoes are her big extravagance.

"As I have to stand a lot I must be comfortable," she says, "so I rarely wear the same pair all day or for two days running."

Important points in her make-up routine are:

- Foundation and powder, not only on the face, but also all round the neck, behind the ears, well into the hairline—and, if she is wearing a décolleté dress, over the shoulders.

- Special attention to eyes. "They must 'eat' the face," she says, "and attract all the attention."

She elongates them with a short black line at the outside corners, then sticks on her false eyelashes, which are fairly short. (When she buys them, she trims them straight.) Eyeshadow depends on the color of the dress she is wearing.

- Special care to remove make-up before she goes to bed. She uses anti-wrinkle cream on her eyelids.

AFTER a whirlwind engagement, titian-haired Diana Steege and young diplomat Anthony Dingle will wed at a picturesque candlelit ceremony at historic St. John's Church, Canberra, on August 2.

A few days later they will leave for Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, where Anthony will be acting High Commissioner at the new Australian Mission he is to open there.

Diana will be a lovely bride in a rich magnolia Thai silk gown made from material bought by Anthony during his recent tour of the East as private secretary to Sir Garfield Barwick.

Incidentally, Anthony, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Dingle, of Pymble, gave Diana the material for her bridal frock and then dashed her off and bought the engagement ring—a beautiful ruby surrounded by diamonds. She'll be attended at her marriage by Tonia Moffatt, who'll be frocked in blush-rose-pink satin-backed shantung.

After the ceremony her parents, Group-Captain and Mrs. Gordon Steege, of Canberra, will entertain at the Hotel Canberra.

Guests will include Diana's grandfather, Sir Frank Tait, of Melbourne, Lady Tait, and their children, Isla, Anne, and Sally, who are the bride's youthful step-aunts.

★ ★ ★
MR. and MRS. LEN PLASTO will say au revoir to friends before flying abroad at a dinner dance Mr. Plasto's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Plasto, are giving at their home at Darling Point on August 11.

★ ★ ★
FAMOUS entertainer Sophie Tucker, currently starring at the Tivoli Theatre, puts down straw to carry bricks. Offstage, she spends most of her time at a writing-desk personally answering fan-mail in her own hand and keeping in touch with the 7000 friends listed in the huge address book she carries round with her. She dashes off birthday greetings as well as Christmas cards to all of them. "Being busy" is one of her cardinal rules for "staying young." Sophie will be guest of honor and guest speaker at a luncheon at Chevron Hilton Hotel on July 30. The function is being arranged by the N.S.W. division of the National Council of Jewish Women to raise funds for the Dr. Fanny Reading War Memorial Council House.

★ ★ ★
AS she has an amethyst birthstone brooch with diamond clips, Edwyna Phillips chose a diamond ring set between small amethysts when she and her fiancé, Gerard Mollenhorst, went engagement-ring shopping. Edwyna, who is the daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Phillips, of Darling Point, and the late Dr. Phillips, recently returned to Sydney after a six months' visit to her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Fischer, who live near Frankfurt, in Germany.

BELOW: Polo enthusiasts Miss Barbara Bell, of "Lynton," Goulburn, and Miss Chris Smith, of "Glenwood," Wellington (at right), hold Mr. Tom Payne's horse while he tightens the stirrups before umpiring a match in the Dudley Cup Polo Tournament at Warwick Farm.



A LITTLE bit of old Arizona brought from America for Mrs. Max Mainprize, of Wahroonga, by her sister Mrs. Vincent Acri, of Scottsdale, Arizona, is an attractive, locally mined turquoise ring set in silver. Mrs. Acri, who is paying her first home visit to Australia since her marriage fifteen years ago, has THE most gorgeous suntan—acquired beside her own swimming-pool. In Scottsdale the sun shines almost every day of the year. She is now spending several weeks in Brisbane, but will return to Sydney in time to join in Mr. and Mrs. Mainprize's party at the Carousel Committee's ball at Princes on August 3 for the Karitane Mobile Clinic.

★ ★ ★
THRILL for Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Courtney, of Canberra, was a phone call from the United States, with "hellos" on the other end of the line from their daughter Elizabeth, her brother Peter, and his American wife, Catherine. Elizabeth had just arrived from Australia to spend several months with Peter and Catherine, who are living at Marblehead, an Atlantic coast resort (with wonderful swimming and yachting), about twenty miles from Boston. Peter has been practising as an architect in Boston for five years, but he is planning to return and settle here with Catherine and their baby son after a tour of Europe next year.

★ ★ ★
BARNEY REMOND and his attractive English fiancée, Catherine Wootton, are home-hunting for an old terrace house with a little garden. They've chosen September 8 for their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, and after the ceremony guests will be able to just stroll across the road to The Belvedere, where Catherine's mother, Mrs. Stanley Wootton, will entertain at a buffet luncheon. Catherine, who will be given away by her cousin, Christopher Wootton, of Maitland, will be attended by Mrs. John Dacres-Mannings, Peggy Wootton, and Barney's small nieces, Elizabeth Ann and Belinda Remond.

★ ★ ★
"THE RIDGE," Mr. and Mrs. David Rossell's charming home at Bowral, will be en fete on August 4, when they entertain about a hundred guests at a dinner dance to celebrate their daughter Ngareta's 21st birthday. The carpet will be taken up in the living-room for dancing on the tallow wood floor, and the adjacent enclosed courtyard will be furnished for sitting out with glowing coal braziers, lots of easy chairs, and lovely flower arrangements.



ABOVE: From left, Mrs. Tom Payne, of "Waverley," Scone, Miss Margaret Mackay, of "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, and her mother, Mrs. Ken Mackay, watching play at the Dudley Cup Polo Tournament at Warwick Farm. Eight teams vied for laurels during the three-day polo carnival arranged by the New South Wales Polo Association.

PARADE BOOKINGS

● Bookings for our All-Australian Fashion Parades can be made at Farmer's, Sydney.

THE parades, presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium, will be held from August 4 to 15.

Seventy high-fashion originals, based on recent spring fashions in Paris and all made by Australian manufacturers, will be shown in the parades.

The gala opening on Saturday, August 4, will be in aid of the Children's Medical Research Foundation at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Camperdown.

The gala, which will be held in the sixth-floor Rose Room Restaurant at Farmer's, will begin with a cocktail party and six-course dinner. The parade will follow.

Tickets, £5/5/- each, may be obtained from

the Information Desk, ground floor, Farmer's, by calling personally for them.

Monday, August 6, to Wednesday, August 15, parades 3 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Tickets 7/6, including afternoon tea.

For the benefit of Sydney's businessgirls there will be evening parades 6.30 to 8, Wednesday, August 8, Friday, August 10, and Wednesday, August 15. Tickets 5/- each.

Coffee and sandwiches will be available at 5.30 p.m. before the parades at a minimum charge.

Tickets for the daily afternoon parades and the three evening parades are available on application to Farmer's Information Desk on the ground floor near the escalators.

ROUNDAABOUT



IN LONDON. Miss Rosemary Oliver, daughter of the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canberra, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver, was married to Lieut. Nicholas Bonham Carter Eveleigh, R.N., at the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Pictured with the bridal couple are their attendants, from left, Miss Rosemary Wykeham, Miss Carolyn Docker, Lieut. Michael Hutchinson, R.N., and Master David Eveleigh. On the right are Miss Patricia Perkin and Miss Catherine Clayton with Master David Boyle. Lieut. Eveleigh and his bride met in Sydney two years ago when he was serving here in H.M.S. Anchorite.



JUST WED. Mr. Neville Gentle and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Carolyn Copeland, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gentle, of Rockley. After a honeymoon cruise along the coast of Queensland the young couple will make their home at Darling Point.



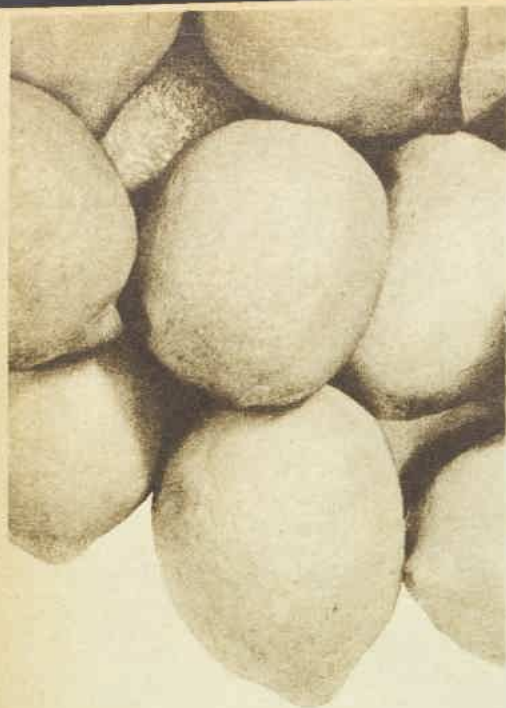
ABOVE: Miss Helen Woods, of "The Glen," Ashley, via Moree, Mr. Andrew Kennard, Miss Susan Phillips, and Mr. Douglas Salier (couple on the right) at the Wenona Old Girls' Union Ball at the Trocadero.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. David Faulkner with Mrs. Paul Veron (at right) at the dinner dance arranged by the Baby Bunting Committee at The Hamlet Restaurant, Pymble, for the Women's Hospital, Crown St.

AT RIGHT: Miss Jill Kinsela and Mr. Nick Lloyd were among guests at the Point Piper Royal Motor Yacht Club's cheery dinner dance held at the Pickwick Club.





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TELEVISION — FILM NEWS AND REVIEWS

**With Dawn and Bobby
in New York**

From **BILL WILSON**, in New York

● Wisecracking their way around the world, the Australian TV comedy team of Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake dropped in for lunch at Sardi's restaurant, New York — the world's most glamorous hash-house.

"WE'RE having a terrific time," said Bobby. "But I want to get back to Debbie," interrupted Dawn with a slightly forlorn expression.

The Limbs' six-year-old daughter had protested at being left at home in Sydney, but her parents didn't want to take her out of school for a month.

"She said if we loved her we would take her," said Dawn. "She's already using all the feminine tricks, you can be sure. But it's because we love her we are travelling in separate planes."

The Limbs' round-the-world trip is ostensibly a holiday, but their days have been filled with work assignments.

"We just came from reading 24 scripts," said Bobby.

They are also collecting additional material for shows they are planning for their return.

The previous day in New York had seen them trailed round by a camera crew — in Times Square, Rockefeller Centre, the United Nations, all the New York sights—making a film soon to be seen on Channel 9, Sydney.

On camera

From Sydney the Limbs stopped briefly in Honolulu.

"I bought a movie camera before I left, and wouldn't you know it," said Bobby, "no instructions came with it."

"I couldn't take any pictures in Honolulu; it wasn't until we arrived in Hollywood and I got a studio cameraman to show me how the thing worked that we were able to start taking our own pictures."

But most of the time they were in America the Limbs were in front of a camera instead of holding one.

In ten days in Hollywood they visited the major studios and met many of the stars seen on Australian TV.

"We talked to Clint Walker (of 'Cheyenne') on the set and he invited us to his caravan for lunch," Bobby told me, "and what do you think we had?"

"Carrot juice! Clint's six feet six, a great, enormous strapping bloke, and he lives on this stuff—carrot juice, beet juice, and coconut juice, sometimes all mixed in together."



● Dawn and Bobby Limb on the 65th floor of Rockefeller Centre with a view over Manhattan south toward the Empire State Building, the world's tallest skyscraper.

How did it taste? "Beautiful," said Bobby.

Dawn grimaced and carried on with the Chef's Salad restaurateur Vincent Sardi had brought her.

Another TV personality the Limbs enjoyed meeting was Dan Blocker ("Hoss" of "Bonanza"). And when they visited Disneyland it was Walt Disney who showed them around his magnificent fun fair.

"The submarine ride was what I liked best," Dawn

said. Disneyland contains a lake which visitors cross underwater in a submarine.

In a two-day visit to Las Vegas, the gambling capital of the U.S., the Limbs managed to see 11, yes, 11, stage shows.

Chaperoned by Bob Crosby, they called on Red Skelton and Jimmy Durante — and the one-armed bandits in the gambling room of their hotel, The Desert Inn.

"I won two jackpots,"

said Dawn. "And I lost," said Bobby.

"But what can you do? They give you change in silver dollars and they're too heavy to cart around. So you lose it in the fruit machines."

The Limbs left for New York while they still had plane fare and in between shopping trips checked on the state of the Broadway stage.

"What I think we enjoyed most was riding into the country to see the theatre-in-the-round in Connecticut," said Dawn. There the Limbs were guests of Van Johnson.

When Dawn told of her visits to the Fifth Avenue shops, she was asked what she bought.

"A half share in Sak's," cracked Bobby. "Everything I got was for Debbie," said Dawn in explanation.

"You know, it's only now that we are leaving that I'm getting the hang of this money," said Bobby. "All the bills are the same color."

"After I tipped a Honolulu taxi-driver 10 dollars I started studying the bills more carefully. Now taxi-drivers just sneer at me."

Later the Limbs took off for London — Bobby on a morning flight, Dawn in the evening.

Dawn's greatest fan is always on hand to meet her when she steps off a plane this way.

New Film, Movie Gossip

★ ★ COME DANCE WITH ME

Brigitte Bardot minces her way delightfully through this light-hearted murder mystery, endeavoring to prove the innocence of her attractive dentist husband, Henri Vidal, when he is suspected of having murdered his mistress, Dawn Addams. A typically French production. S.F.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . **LIGHT.**

HOLLYWOOD friends say Frankie Sinatra made a point of meeting Dorothy Provine in both Paris and London during his recent round-the-world trip. Miss Provine, to further clear the record, is the girl Sinatra spurned in favor of Juliet Prowse. The game of Hollywood musical chairs goes on and on.

HENRY FONDA has found a new romance since returning to Hollywood to star in "Spencer's Mountain." Her name, Ce Ce Shane. The two dine out almost nightly at Jack's Restaurant, the exclusive seafood house at Santa Monica. His daughter Jane recently announced from Greece, where she's starring in "The Cool of the Day," that she would marry her drama coach, Andreas Voutsina.

BING CROSBY'S relationship with sons Dennis, Phillip, and Lindsay is back on a friendly basis now, but the star's eldest son, Gary, still carries a chip on his shoulder. When Bing recently gave a surprise party for Georgia Hardwick—his maid for 25 years—all the boys showed up except Gary.

SAMMY DAVIS Jr. is not only a good father—he's a wonderful husband, too. The other day he told wife Mai Britt that for being "such a good mother" she could go to the department store on Sunset Boulevard and buy anything her heart desired. Mai came home with 7000 dollars worth of clothes, jewellery, etc!

LANA TURNER'S daughter, Cheryl, waited until her mother had left on a 10-day holiday at Palm Springs before agreeing to model bikini bathing suits on stage at the Summit, a down-at-heel jazz nightclub on Sunset Boulevard. Cheryl has been home now for only two months after receiving psychiatric rehabilitation treatment at an exclusive girls' home in Connecticut.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

At 75, she rebuilt a house



● Faced with buying a home with very little capital, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Steadman found a tiny, tumble-down cottage in Archer Street, North Adelaide. At 69, Mrs. Steadman became an expert bricklayer, carpenter, and painter, and in six years completely remodelled the house. Here she writes of her "do it yourself" venture:

SIX years ago we were rudely jerked from complacency at a time of rising rents and housing shortage by the sale of the "roof over our heads" after 20 years' rental.

While we were wondering just what we could get with our limited funds, an acquaintance casually mentioned a small cottage going cheap.

Nobody would buy it because it was in such a decrepit state that it was likely to be condemned.

My husband and I went to see it and found it truly dreadful — three good-sized rooms and a terrible back verandah with an old wood stove, flanked by black-painted (yes, black) cupboards set in an end wall, with a cubby-hole bathroom.

Two architects had given estimates to would-be purchasers of a minimum of £1000 to make it habitable.

After paying for the place we would not have that sum, so with the courage of ignorance, and to the horror and dismay of our friends, I decided to do it myself. My husband was still working and could supply the cash as the work proceeded.

I was then 69 years old and he 71, but something new and different always had a lure for me, and I had already discovered the fascination of cement while cementing an old tank at our little beach shack.

The great question remained: Did I have the ability to remodel the house? Well, being an Aussie of pioneer stock I decided to "give it a go."

My first job was to pull down the chimney of the back verandah kitchen brick by brick, standing on the roof wearing Dad's old jeans, the happiest woman in the district.

Next, the old stove was loosened from the wall to await help in removal. I had to be careful over lifting or dragging heavy things,

accidents could stop the work.

The old cupboards joined the growing heap of rubbish in the backyard.

In three rooms I pulled down old lath and plaster ceilings which were cracked and looked dangerous. A falling piece grazed my head as I stood on a ladder, giving me the beginnings of a cauliflower ear.

My husband, coming home from work, was shocked to find me with the dust of ages coating my face so that I looked like an old black mammy. But I was having more fun than I'd had for years.

Weekends and evenings my husband used to help, and with the help of a friend we replaced the ceilings.

The outer walls needed quite a bit of scooping out of crumbling limestone and replacement with cement.

While looking over the roof inspecting gutters, we found that the chimney needed fresh mortar between bricks for at least four courses at the top.

In fact, a heavy cluster of bricks from the fancy top came away in my hand, and I'm still wondering how that chimney withstood the storms of the years. The previous month had been noteworthy for 19 gales.

There is a wonderful view from the roof, not only of the beautiful hills and the sea, but of other roofs which reveal astonishing economies in paint—with paint on the gables that show, while hidden valleys rust away quietly, out of sight, out of mind.

Windows, doors

Our living-room was quite a problem. In its original form it had been the kitchen, with a small pantry leading off it, and a bathroom approached from the middle room.

Previous owners had knocked down the dividing walls, leaving an arch across the room, which spoilt its proportions and made floor-covering difficult — eight corners instead of four, not counting the two corners of the jutting fireplace.

All the men who looked at it advised me to leave the arch—as removing it might endanger the roof—but after I had climbed up and satisfied myself about the rafters, I ripped out the offensive thing without any trouble.

The original bathroom window was still there, high up and small, with an additional glass panel giving it an L-shape anything but ornamental. The original kitchen window faced on to the back verandah, as did the exit door.

So I filled up two doorways, took out windows, made a door where the kitchen window had been, and placed a big sash window in the outer wall.

We now have a room 12ft. by 17ft. with only two doors, and a modern grate replacing the old open fireplace.

Next we bought bricks and built on a bathroom and laundry at one end of the old back verandah.

The old kitchen window was inset so that it would look out on (we hoped) the back garden when the rubble

was cleared — size 11ft. by 10ft. A sink and built-in cupboards were installed.

Our biggest expense was new plumbing. Water and gas pipes had to be renewed and piped to the new kitchen, bathroom, and laundry. Another expense was all new electric light and power.

Years ago, after the war, when I was released from voluntary Red Cross work, I had taken a woodwork course. This knowledge came in handy now.

I wanted things like bookshelves and a linen press of my own design, 5ft. x 5ft., with the top shelf easily accessible instead of having to climb on stools to find out what was on top.

Our bedroom had a chimney and ancient grate in the middle of one wall, leaving a space each side just not big enough for modern furniture. So we pulled out the old grate and cemented a chest of drawers into the cavity.

Then we cut up an old-fashioned wardrobe, and, using the long glass doors, made clothes cupboards on

each side, forming a built-in unit right across one wall.

The walls are painted mist-blue, and the woodwork is pale mushroom-pink, including the headboard we made for our new divan bed (containing a shelf for light and books), and a dressing-table with plenty of drawers.

The middle room is a spare bedroom.

We now have a four-room cottage of considerable comfort, with wide front verandah facing north which catches the winter sunshine, and sufficient garden space to suit two old people who like pottering, but don't want a big garden which would mean too much work.

When we started on the house we were bordering 70. If we could make it habitable for the next 10 years, we told ourselves, that should see us out. Now my husband is 77 and I am 75. We think maybe we might need it a bit longer than that.

Security, freedom from worry, proximity to an excellent shopping centre, easy access to the city for occasional concerts and shows, and very good neighbors add up to complete contentment, but not stagnation.

We moved in as soon as we got the kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom ready, and have worked from within, with spells off for necessary shopping, washing, cooking, and an illness which very nearly put paid to all my endeavors.

We have paved part of the back garden, re-paved the front verandah, painted the roof twice, built a workshop and painted it.

There is still some cement which should be used up, and, with the remains of the seven tons of sand we started with, we could make some urns to hold potplants.

There are glass doors to be made for an alcove cupboard for the filled-in doorway in the lounge, and we still need more bookshelves.

But first, we are going to have a holiday.

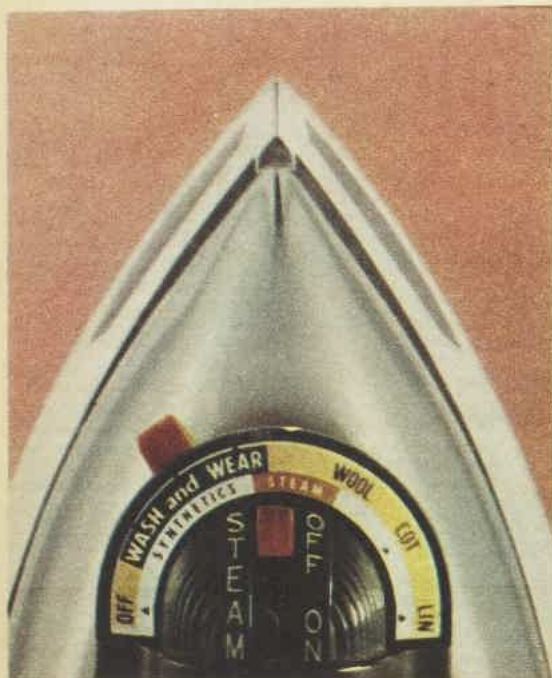
MR. and Mrs. Steadman enjoy the sunshine in the tiny front garden of their cottage in North Adelaide. He is 77, she is 75.



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SPRING FASHION SECTION

The wealth of individual designs in this spring's fashions will give every woman a chance to dress to suit her type — and still be in style.

The Paris houses showed soft frilly designs, stark lines, romantic dresses, and lots and lots of beautiful suits. But the big important factor for spring is the new figure.

HOLD your breath, pull your rib cage up out of your waist, and you have the figure at which to aim this spring. Slouching is way out of fashion. Spring clothes have been designed for a figure that has a flat midriff be-

tween a high bosom and a trim waist.

The waistline itself can be low, high, or natural.

Skirt-lengths remain short for day, around knee-tipping length, varying slightly with individual taste and propor-

tions. After twilight, skirts drop to ankle or floor.

Saint-Laurent triumphed at his new house and was voted the best suitmaker since Chanel.

His suit silhouette is crisp and young, with a slightly squared shoulderline and set-in sleeves. All the suits had wide-brimmed hats.

My pick of his suits is illustrated below. Copied in pastel linen (linen is high fashion in Paris), it would be excellent for spring in Australia.

Worthy of note: Saint-Laurent ignored the Paris trend of ruffles and frills. He says, "Frills have no place in modern living."

Cardin's collection was romantic and at times extreme. A favorite two-piece was a large-brimmed hat of soufflé weight and a simple dress.

Cardin also intro-

duced raised tucks radiating on skirts — or fitting and flattering the midriff. Another fancy was a printed blouse matched to a printed hat.

Marc Bohan at Dior showed some of the frilliest outfits of all — and also some of the starkest.

The suit that opened his collection (we showed it in our March 7 issue) is now a New York best-seller. It had a four-square skirt, short matching overblouse, and unbuttoned jacket designed to show at least half the blouse.

The square, or carton, skirt is a Dior signature.

Designer Crahay at Ricci stressed the natural waist. Ricci skirts are often cut on the bias and widen as they unfurl.

Roberto Capucci, star of Italian couture for 10 years, opened in Paris with a "pretty" collection featuring lots of prints.

Balmain had no frills or fuss. His collection included simple daytime dresses, often banded in contrasting color. He circled his evening dress with wide waist-whittling belts.

Laroche showed some of the most enchanting "young girl" dresses. His flowery organzas were a delight, and his bow-trimmed floor-length evening dress was the talk of Paris.

Chanel's best-seller was a white silk suit with a flap skirt slit to show a glimpse of navy-blue lining. The cardigan-type jacket was bound and bowed with gros-grain ribbon.

Many of the beautiful Paris coats have a young, high-waisted look. Numbers are made in a delicious bright yellow.

All in all, spring clothes are wearable and lovely. But, they're a two-way deal. The designers provide superb variety and you produce the correct figure and stance. It's over to you.

Continued overleaf

● Yves Saint-Laurent suit in creamy-colored shantung has set-in sleeves ending in buttoned winged wrists. The hat has a swooping brim.



A breeze of new

● A quick look at the spring fashions shows ruffles, squares, and shapelier shape. Interest centres on exquisite prints and bright color. Belts focus attention at all levels; and a vast assortment of hats sit prettily on spring heads.

● Cardin has always liked tucks, and this season used them wherever he could. At right, tucks shape this simple coat-dress. The sombrero hat in matching stiffened organza was the hit of his collection. Below, Cardin shows sheer inspiration in the invention of a shawl scarf which grows out of a crushed belt and a large buckle.

● Getting a big play in Paris is the new union of printed organza and matching silk. The twosome above, by Capucci, has a blue silk sheath dress and a swirling coat in matching flower-printed organza.



● Spring coats in Paris were voted the best ever, and waists were generally lifted as in the Michel Goma design below. There was a bright yellow coat in every collection to compete with the soft pastels and white.



● Fashionably current in Paris are frills and ruffles. Above, Guy Laroche uses them effectively to outline the tunic top and sleeves of a chiffon dress. Flowery and plain organzas and chiffons floated through all the spring collections.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 1, 1962

fashion ideas



● Pierre Balmain had none of the frou-frou of other designers in his spring collection. His shapely unbelted dress, above, depends for high waist emphasis on inset bands in two shades of scarlet.

● Designer Jules Crahay at Nina Ricci spotlights the natural waistline in the two suits at right. At this house skirts unfurled with great charm, and every suit had its own blouse. Orange and oriental-pink had great impact through the Ricci spring collection.



for this summer

● Dior's collection, by Marc Bohan, showed some of the season's best fashion points. Utterly feminine is the frilly late-day dress at left. The one-piece dress below has one of the much-discussed "carton" skirts and an easy-line bodice-top. The carton line squares the silhouette via defined seams or tucks.

Continued overleaf





NEWSWORTHY — FROM PARIS

Concluding
SPRING
FASHION
SECTION

● These French couture clothes show an impeccable sense of current fashion. Suits have a fresh outlook, and the hat with a cartwheel brim is right back in favor. The beautiful formal evening gown (below) is designed for great occasions.

● Wide-brimmed hat (above) in toffee-brown crinoline straw is by Svend. Below is Chanel's spring best-seller, a suit in white silk with a flap skirt slit to show a glimpse of navy-blue lining. The cardigan-type jacket is bowed and bound in gros-grain ribbon. The hat is ruffle-trimmed.



● Christian Dior's two-piece jumper-suit (above) is made in heavy crepe. The shaped self-material belt sits on the hips of the easy-fitted top. The square-cut skirt has side-slit pockets.



● Jacques Heim's white crepe dress (left) is a good example of the flattened midriff silhouette so popular in Paris. The dress shows a second important spring item, fine all-over pleating.

● Guy Laroche designed the floor-length evening dress above. The material is red mouseline patterned in rose leaves. The satin sash is matched to the ribbon bows at the hemline.



Bedourie

A dramatic short story by **R. A. Moncrieff**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

STARK against the empty skyline, the gate had all the appearance of incongruity. Evocative of life and movement, it served but to accentuate the desolation of a land devoid of both. On either side of the stout coolibah posts the straggling fence had long ceased to be. The posts themselves, twisted and hardened by extremes of heat and cold to a metal-like durability, rose like pillars from the vast, horizontal expanse.

So featureless, so lifeless was the red gibber plain that the posts obtruded themselves, and the gate became a kind of monument to decay. Straddling the twin wheeltracks that stretched from infinity to infinity across the sad and lonely land, it could as well have been a barrier between desolation and despair.

The spirit of the land was that of timelessness, and a huge indifference to the mutability of human affairs. Ruthlessly, it rendered small the unbounded egotism of mankind. By insidious ways, it asserted itself into the comings and goings of the few who ventured out into the wastes of the drought-ridden Diamantina Channels. Some, the more receptive ones, understood it for what it was and turned back while there was still time. Others, to whom the desert was home, and the only land they would ever know, remained. To them, too, came understanding, but of a different kind.

Harassed by the all-pervading silence, the barren and the uncouth, they yet perceived in these things the spirit of the wilderness interpreting itself. They grew wise in the ways of loneliness. The iron instilled into their souls became no more than the penalty of endurance; suffering and hardship but the inevitable aftermath of survival under grim and merciless decree. Beneath it all, they remained men. But the spirit that moved them did not belong to the accepted world of mankind.

Such a one was Harry Roper, native half-caste and orphan of the wilderness. One time ringer on the remote cattle stations of the Diamantina Channel country, Roper was a strange admixture of good and evil. Early awareness of his origin had kept him instinctively aloof from his kind. Desire to vindicate himself as an entity had likewise withheld him from yielding to the temptations of the flesh that come to plague all ringers with the prospect of "breaking down" a pay cheque.

The result was his present way of life as fencing contractor. Possession of a fencing outfit, including the coveted four-wheel-drive truck, was in itself no small achievement for a man who had been born without even a name.

Mission-bestowed, the name gave him little beyond an identity. When he was old enough to comprehend, the mockery of it irked him. Sensitive and intelligent to a degree, the thing he needed most was assurance and understanding, but they were not forthcoming from his harsh, predestined environment of wind-tormented gibber plain and sand dune.

A stranger to the ways of affection, he was incapable of bestowing it. Whispered to by the savage voices of the wilderness, he learnt well the

one law that mattered—the law of survival. In living the law, there was room for little else. The full-blood lubra he took to wife remained a possession, no more; an easement of the flesh but not of the spirit, where dwelt the troubled thing that was himself.

Bedourie, the half-wild dog that prowled about the camp, was there not as a human concession but because his presence fulfilled a need, an instinct that was ages old. Part heeler, part dingo, he went heedfully, expectant of blows and hopeful of meat. Many of the one, and little of the other, was Bedourie's lot in the lonely outback camps of Harry Roper.

Thus, from the beginning, the workings of the law were made manifest to him also. The beginning promised badly, for much of it was concerned with hunger. Seldom in his puppyhood did he know the taste of real meat. His jaws and fangs had grown strong from incessant struggles with bones in which the marrow alone offered sustenance.

It was then that the dingo in him revealed itself. Instinct with savagery, his abruptly shaken head, writhing lips, and bared fangs as they fastened on the bone were the mark of the killer. Much practice had soon developed the terrible lock of the true dingo bite, a characteristic which was to stand him in good stead in the days to come.

Because of Roper's nomadic and isolated way of life, there was always a shortage of meat in the camp. When the stations killed, it was invariably the big, curved rib bones, hewn from the carcass with an axe, that found their way to the fencer's campfire. The meat on the bones was palatable and sweet, but there was never enough of it.

The days of Bedourie's puppyhood were behind him, but their memory still lingered. Roper he had learnt to identify with the food he ate. Reiteration had taught him respect, and the first small promptings of affection. Occasionally the lubra flung him scraps from the glowing mulga fire, but it was always the man who fed him the inadequate evening meal.

Caught between the two, any blossoming of affection there might have been was stifled in the imperative need for survival. Already half-wild, Bedourie turned to his savage environment for sustenance. It yielded little. Drought, like hunger, is without compromise. Turned back upon himself, the dog, now fully grown and gaunt with near-starvation, committed the one unforgivable crime in the fencer's camp.

To page 66

When the imperious call came, Bedourie, prompted by primeval instinct, restlessly roamed the limitless expanse of the lonely desert country.

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FATHER



"Perhaps we could make ends meet better if we cut down on these before-bed snacks."

MOTHER



"Jimmy! . . . That's QUITE enough water in your bath!"

It seems to me

SHUFFLING along in the queue to see Colonel Glenn's space capsule, on display in Hyde Park, I was calculating the money that could have been raised at two shillings a head.

This proved to be not an original thought. "We had innumerable requests from charities," a spokesman for the U.S. Information Service told me, "but Washington was adamant that no charges must be made."

The sightseers, with men and boys outnumbering women by ten to one, were quiet. We filed by, peered into the tiny capsule, with its silver-suited dummy astronaut inside.

"Questions answered," said a notice, but the crowd around John Williams, of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, was thick. So I saved my question—"Whose inspiration was the blue color of the sheltering marquee?"—for the telephone.

U.S. Information agreed that the color was appropriate. But Sydney City Council had provided the marquee.

Yes, said a Council spokesman, the color had proved advantageous, but they couldn't claim credit. They had merely hired the marquee from a firm of tentmakers.

At the tentmakers a helpful woman solved the problem. "We are making all our marquees blue," she said. "Surveys showed it was the best color. Why? Well, green is no good for flower shows. It doesn't provide a contrast. White gets dirty. Women don't like yellow. It casts such an unflattering light on their faces."

"A marquee must be strong and durable. It must be waterproof. The blue is best for all purposes."

And, as it happened, ideal for casting a glow like the light of outer space.

MORE wig news: American shops are now advertising wigs for small girls. The new season's bathing wigs are more lifelike than last year's. And if you're a wig-woman you can buy a wig-carrier which is the size and shape of a small hatbox.

MISS UNIVERSE, a 24-year-old model named Norma Nolan, an Argentinian of Irish extraction, says that crossword puzzles are her hobby.

How fortunate are beauties. A lesser girl wouldn't dare to confess to such a hobby. She must like dancing, swimming, maybe the theatre.

Miss Universe has no need to favor pursuits that stress her feminine charm. She could be interested in oxywelding or butterfly-collecting and the boys would still flock around.

By



Dorothy Drann

SOMETIMES when I try to explain to people that I like racing for reasons other than gambling they look as if they don't believe me.

It's true that betting is attractive, but the Scots section of my ancestry always sits on my shoulder warning that it is not profitable. Nor, after following racing for the bare two years, can I claim to have developed into a judge of horses.

But among the main pleasures is listening to the talk of racing characters.

There was a good example the Saturday before last on the Sydney Channel 9 session now shared by tipster Clarence the Clocker and broadcaster Ken Howard.

They were arguing about the chances of a filly. It had been raining and Howard raised the point that she might not be able to manage the heavy track.

"Arr, going on breeding?" asked Clarence. Howard nodded.

"Don't give me that," said Clarence. "Look here, Madame Melba had a sister couldn't sing a note. And what about those two champion swimmers—just can't think of their names. They had a son. And you know what? They couldn't get him to wash his neck. Then there was Snowy Whistname, been teaching boys to fight for years and couldn't even beat his missus."

The relevance of the last example eludes me. But it's that kind of talk that makes me look forward to Saturdays.

A YOUNG cave-explorer has embarked on two months' self-imposed solitary confinement in a cave near Nice in the south of France.

Army doctors will use him to study the effects of isolation.

And their conclusions will not be worth twopence because the isolation is voluntary and the subject knows when it will end.

THE British Army invited mothers of three recruits to spend four days in as the Army's guest, watching their sons in training with the Royal Engineers at Cove, Hampshire. One 19-year-old recruit said: "It's wonderful having Mum in the Army."

Sing the saga of Private Brown, Poor Brown, his name was Bertie, He once had a face without a frown, But today he's always shirty.

His mates sing songs about Private Brown,

Poor chap, it drives him barmy, But he never, oh, never, will live it down

That his Ma came into the Army.

Portrait of Elizabeth



Elizabeth and Mark stood in astonished silence as they gazed at the portrait.

THE taxi drew up before the steps to the gallery at two o'clock. Paying the fare, Elizabeth felt the first needle-sharp stab of panic. I'm too early, she thought wildly. But as she stepped from the kerb a man's voice hailed her.

"Elizabeth?"

She turned round slowly. "Yes?" she asked. Then recognition dawned. "Why, Mark—Mark Anselm."

The dark-haired man standing on the pavement smiled. "Did you think we weren't open yet? As a matter of fact, I was looking out for you. Come on in, it's hot out here."

Neither of them spoke until they reached the main room. In the small entrance vestibule they paused.

A large notice, in discreet black lettering, announced an exhibition of paintings by the late Chad Michaels. The exhibition, continued the notice, was to be opened officially that afternoon, February 3, at 3 p.m., by Mrs. Elizabeth Michaels.

Elizabeth stared at the board, clasping her hands together to stop their shaking.

"There'll be a large crowd, I think," Mark spoke carefully in the impersonal voice of the director of the gallery. "The unveiling of your portrait has got them all intrigued. Chad was original, all right!"

"Yes. I—I didn't know about the portrait at all until the will was read."

"No one's seen it. No one will until you unveil it this afternoon. Must have been the last big work he did, and it's still covered as he left it. I know he was hell to live with, Elizabeth, but he was a genius in his own right!"

His frankness broke down her reserve. She glanced up, biting her lip.

"It's common knowledge, isn't it? That we didn't get on very well? I know what he used to say in his rages. And, of course, there was Tess." Her voice was bitter.

Mark met her look squarely.

"Yes, there was Tess. She's beautiful, Elizabeth. You couldn't blame him." And then, seeing the color flame in her cheeks, he checked suddenly.

"Now look, I didn't mean—"

Elizabeth finished his sentence. "You couldn't blame him, when his wife was so plain? That's what you mean." She tried to laugh, unsuccessfully. Then she said, "Have you ever lived with the devil, Mark? And loved him?"

Mark Anselm felt unavailing pity as he watched the woman beside him. The deep scars of malice and thoughtlessness inflicted by Chad marked the face of Elizabeth.

It was a large-boned face; the mouth was too wide, the nose prominent. But the eyes were magnificent—wide and black-lashed, a deep sea-green.

Mark remembered Chad saying once, years before: "Elizabeth has beautiful eyes. Extraordinary, you know. Like emeralds—in a pudding bowl."

And suddenly he understood why Elizabeth was afraid to unveil the portrait, so secretly painted by Chad.

Just like him, too, he thought, letting her go through hell in front of a crowd. Why couldn't he have stipulated a private unveiling first?

They stood silently, eyes wandering down the long walls of paintings—landscapes, several portraits, and one or two abstract works. All were familiar except the large square canvas covered by a velvet drape.

"I—I wish someone else could have opened the exhibition," Elizabeth glanced around as the first echo of footsteps reached them along the corridor.

"I don't think I've got the courage to pull back that drape."

Mark did not reply. He seemed to see Chad in the room with them, his satyr's grin and the mocking gleam in his eyes. In that moment he was alive again; brilliant, enraging. What was it Elizabeth had said? Living with a devil?

He patted her arm as the first of the visitors entered the gallery.

"You'll be all right. No one expects a portrait to be a good likeness!"

At five minutes to three there was a sudden pause in the subdued chatter. A tall, dark girl, petulant and lovely, made her entrance.

"Tess," Elizabeth breathed the word through closed, white lips. "I didn't think she'd have the nerve to come here." She was conscious of the bold glance the model gave her as she went to stand in front of the small, voluptuous portrait Chad had painted of her.

The talk rose again. Elizabeth spoke to a few people she knew. The rest were strangers. Come to dance at my funeral, she thought, and then her breath stopped. Mark was standing in the doorway, holding up his hand.

Was it three o'clock already?

She never knew what she said to that silent, staring crowd. Or how she managed to walk the length of the gallery to stand before the high, shrouded portrait.

The cord was in her hands. She pulled once, feebly. It did not move. And then again, with all her strength, because she had reached the limit of endurance.

The drape fell back. Astonished silence greeted the unveiling. The portrait of Elizabeth was beyond all expectations.

A beautiful woman looked down at the staring gallery, and for several seconds Elizabeth could not recognise her. Then, noting the ugly features she knew by heart, she realised that this was herself reflected in Chad's portrait—but a self she had not known she possessed.

For where nature had been unkind the painter's brush had shown beauty—of line and expression—which in some way cancelled out the irregularities of shape or bone structure. And the eyes glowed with such light that they illuminated the whole face with charm and warmth.

Vaguely, Elizabeth heard the murmurs of admiration and felt Mark's grip on her arm. She sensed the movement as Tess departed. But she could only stare at the portrait.

In her memory she heard Chad's familiar mocking laugh. But the portrait gave the message he had never been able to speak. It said, quite simply, "I love you."

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A short short story By MARION ORD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 1, 1962

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FROM THE **KRAFT** KITCHEN

KR22D

AGE OF RETIREMENT

By Fairley Wood

He thought his useful days were over until he learned there is a place for everyone willing to seek it . . . a short short story

NOT all the dwellers on Elysium Heights realised they dwelt in Elysium. The old man working in his garden at the picturesque Swiss chalet copied from his honeymoon hotel in the Alps was mentally in the other place.

He was active, supple, and healthy, and had never given a thought to getting old. He hadn't grown bored with his work in the executive offices of one of the mammoth used-car dealers in Los Angeles. He hadn't faltered in it, either, so far as he knew.

But the boss had called him in that morning, smiled sadly, and said: "Mr. Riddell, I hate to be the one to tell you the news, but we have to cut out the dead wood to keep up this killing pace. For that we need young men. I think, I hope you will be glad to retire. After all, you're long past our retirement age."

If only he'd been prepared he could have seemed young and jaunty and talked them out of it. But it was such a shock his heart had stopped beating. Only for a second, but only long enough for him to grope for the nearest chair and collapse in it. He had refused, however, to scare his wife by going home early in a taxi. He had sat at his desk, recuperated slowly, and driven home expertly up the winding hill as usual.

His wife came out to the carved white balcony and looked down at him.

"For goodness sake, Joe, what are you doing?"
"Cutting the dead wood out of the geraniums."
"Then come on up. Dinner's served. How come you don't leave garden chores till Saturday?"

"I felt in the mood, that's all."
His wife patted him affectionately. "You should come right up and rest — not come home from the office and start gardening — your time of life."

"So you think I'm old?"
She laughed cheerfully. "Old enough to live sensibly."
Joseph Riddell, seventy-six and suddenly overpoweringly aware of it, sat down to boiled beef and cabbage and made a very unconvincing effort to pretend he was enjoying it.

"You're too tired to eat now," said his wife. "You do aggravate me. You're lucky to be still working. Won't you ever learn to take things easy?"
"You think that's lucky. How would you like it if I retired, Martha?"

She said spontaneously, "I know you, Joe, so, frankly, I would hate it."

He was leaving at the end of a month. He would break the news at a better moment. It was getting dark. He drew the curtains and turned on the television. He sat unseeing before it, thinking his painful thoughts, while Martha stacked the dishes and made coffee in the kitchen . . .

It was hard to believe his useful days were numbered as he backed with a flourish out of his hillside garage and passed all the young sprouts down the winding hill by sheer expertness. He drew into the service station before the entrance to the highway.

Young Ben Hadlow was changing a tyre, so Joe Riddell got out of his car and unscrewed the cap of the tank and started to feed petrol into it.

He was looking at his oil stick when the young man came over.

"Sorry to delay you, Mr. Riddell. I know you're in a hurry."

"That's all right. I like servicing cars. I've always loved them. And out here in the sun under the blue sky. Why, you've got it all over those white-collar prisoners in offices."

The young man smiled, a dazzle of white in his mahogany tan. "That's what we think. And then again you can't be thrown out of your own business."

Another car drove in and Joyce Hadlow came over in blue jeans and got to work polishing Mr. Riddell's windshield. The old man watched, amazed at her deftness as she filled his radiator, checked his tyres, and noted his petrol purchase on the pump meter.



He noted something else, too. It wouldn't be long before she'd have to retire from active help, at least for a period. He thanked her and drove away.

He hadn't the heart to tell his wife the great adventure of life was over, the rest was peace from the wars, and their living from now would be restricted by the smallness of his retirement pay. They hadn't saved much. They had invested in their children's education. Some of that had been lost on battlefields and some were far away making good use of it.

It was the last weekend before he left the office that he went back to the garden and took a basket to tidy up the dead wood scattered on the ground around the geraniums.

He stood looking at them, astounded. Several pieces that had been black and with no apparent shoots on them had sent out roots into the ground and tiny brilliant green leaves were scattered like jewels all over them. All they had needed was freedom from the great greedy bush to make a new life for themselves. A small life, true, but a sunny life, and so far as he was concerned they were welcome to it.

There was corned beef and cabbage for midday dinner because it was Saturday. He ate with appetite, drank three cups of coffee.

He drove down to the Hadlows' garage.
Ben nodded to him, but was too busy to attend to him. Mr. Riddell drove his car to the back, parked, took off his jacket, and pitched in at the second row of petrol pumps.

He went into the little office and rang up the money.
After the rush had died down, Ben came over, an amazed and delighted grin on his face.

"I'm glad you noted that, Ben, for you're going to need help around here shortly. How about considering me?"

"You can't possibly be serious, Mr. Riddell."

"Yes, I am, Ben. I'm retiring next week. My brain is ready for a rest. I've always liked handling cars and working in the fresh air has always appealed to me, too."

"I've some money to invest and the way things are going in this neck of the woods, you'll have to enlarge, or be just a delay and annoyance now that they have opened the highway."

The young man's mouth trembled with an emotion he quickly controlled.

He held out his hand and they shook on it.

"It's an answer to prayer. It was going to be too much for us. Wish I could run home and tell Joyce right now, but nothing doing. This is Saturday."

Mr. Riddell rolled up his white shirtsleeves as he noted a customer with a flat draw carefully to a standstill on the other side of the road. "You go right ahead, partner, while I hold the fort. But get back pronto. I promised to hurry back to my wife."

Mr. Riddell whistled softly while he polished windshields.

Nobody called him Sir, probably never would again. They called him Joe, unaware they'd guessed correctly.

With the alert, well-ordered mind that had solved executive problems for many years, he made no mistakes in the counting of the money. Nevertheless, his mind was not on it. It was on the delightful news he was taking to his wife.

That he was dead wood thrown out, but already rerooted and throwing out healthy new shoots.

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RICE 飯**

MOUNTAIN MAID CANNED FOODS—FAMOUS FOR FLAVOUR

TOWARD the end of 1939 CAPTAIN TIMOTHY BAILEY, of the Royal Artillery, was known as the bore of the Rock because he took his job as Officer-in-Charge of Apes so seriously, believing the legend that if the packs of Barbary apes which roam freely over Gibraltar should die or disappear the British would have to leave. GUNNER LOVEJOY, Keeper of the Apes, was the only other person who had any love for them, especially SCRUFFY, the leader of the pack. BRIGADIER GASKELL has forbidden Tim to make any more requests for the apes. Despondent, Tim meets FELICITY, daughter of ADMIRAL and LADY FRENCH, and finds her sympathy touching. They fall in love, and when war is declared Felicity joins the Wrens, hoping to return to Gibraltar to marry Tim, although her family are against her marrying out of the Navy. Working in the Navy Optical Repairs Department on the Rock is one ALFONSO RAMIREZ—an unfortunate, unloved, unhappy man with German blood in his veins. At one time Felicity giggled after nearly running over him, Scruffy humiliated him by stealing his wig, and Lovejoy spurned his friendship. He vows revenge, deciding to kill Scruffy with a large firecracker during a celebration arranged by MAJOR CLYDE, attached to the Secret Service. The cracker goes off harmlessly, but the Brigadier angrily sacks Tim from the position of O.I.C. of Apes. NOW READ ON:



"Clyde of the Secret Service!" whispered the figure caught in Felicity's and Tim's torchlight.

SCRUFFY

Part three of our diverting serial

By PAUL GALICO

IT didn't take Tim long to find out in Army terms what it meant to displease the boss, though in fact the Brigadier was not a vindictive man, and had no time to spend hounding a Captain of Artillery. There actually had been no charge which could be brought against Captain Bailey which would stand up in a court martial, nor had anyone really wanted to investigate what had seemed like a very bad practical joke, for fear of whom it might turn up. Likewise, since Scruffy had made off with the container of the firework and it was never seen again, there wasn't even an adequate clue upon which to base a probe.

But the fact that the General was furious communicated itself down the ranks, and his subordinates took it upon themselves to make things as uncomfortable as possible for young Bailey.

To begin with, Tim found himself ousted from his comfortable quarters and banished to Outer Siberia, the stark unfinished bungalows out near Point Europa, where the unmarried Second Lieutenants were housed. Every unpleasant chore and duty that could be visited upon one who was still an officer was handed to him, in addition to his guns, so that he was kept working from seven in the morning until eleven o'clock at night in order to keep up.

Worst of it all, it had been made plain to him that he was not welcome anywhere on the Upper Rock near the apes' village. A new O.I.C. Apes had been appointed, a young subaltern by the name of Barton, who had come to the Army from civilian life and arrived on the Rock with a recent draft, whom Tim was not even allowed to meet or contact to act as the link in the chain of handing on an office, instructions, and bump connected therewith.

Apparently the General himself had supplied these instructions, and from what Lovejoy had been able to tell Tim in a brief encounter on the library steps they had been short and to the point.

If one lives for a long time in a doghouse one becomes eventually doghouse-minded. One tends to see all life as through the small, low-down archway of the kennel, and by the time he had news of Felicity's imminent arrival Tim had all but managed to convince himself that he had lost out on this front as well.

The wall of the grey transport helped by the tugs pushing against her port side loomed massively over the dock, closing the gap of open water. Her rails were lined with troops of every kind, and topside in their dark blue uniform and circular or tricorne hats was a group of some twenty Wrens. Standing on the pier below in the crowd, Tim Bailey gazed upwards looking for Felicity among them and failed to find her.

Tim raised his fieldglasses again and swept the row of girls lining the rail at the centre of the boat deck. There

were two stunners among them, a small girl with dark, glossy hair and sombre, smouldering kind of looks, and a slender blonde with beautifully chiselled features and exquisite complexion. Her hair was lemon-gold in color, burnished, and gleaming from beneath her hat. They were both rare types, and Tim thought with a half-smile of the chaos they would create on the Rock. Each had a Naval officer on one side and an Army officer on the other. The Naval officer attending the blonde had the gold leaf of a Commander on his cap, and was being solicitous and attentive. Tim half-smiled to himself; the chap looked like a man in love. That kind of beauty frightened Tim. He had never pursued it. It made him feel inadequate. Once more he swept the ranks of the twenty or so Wrens looking for Felicity.

There then occurred one of those strange and dramatic silences which are so often encountered during a docking, when for no known reason all sound and cries suddenly die away. This silence was shattered by Felicity's laugh.

Unmistakably the bubbling, pealing laughter came from Felicity, and it at once evoked her, living, vibrant, desirable, as she always had been in Tim's mind.

Once more with eagerness he turned his glasses topside. He heard the laugh again; he was focused upon the slender, petite, exquisite blonde next to the tall, handsome Commander. Felicity's laugh was coming from her throat. And then Tim saw that it was Felicity.

Felicity! But how changed! And not his Felicity, this ravishing beauty. It was a Felicity thinned down by hard work and discipline, her hair groomed and shining. But the greatest change had taken place in her features, which had been marred or rather disguised by the baby fat about which she had never bothered. It had melted away to leave a classic loveliness, finely sculptured nose and lips, and a movingly enchanting line of jaw sweeping from ear to chin.

And now that Tim stared and stared he saw what had always been most surely there, buried beneath the chubbiness, and it terrified him. It set his heart to beating and filled him with a thousand fears and sadnesses and the certainty that this glorious creature was no longer for him. Already she belonged to the tall Commander at her side with whom she was in laughing unison.

He turned and fled into the shadows of the shed and thence out into the street, where he climbed into his car and raced off blindly to nowhere.

Felicity's immediate disappointment at Tim's failure to meet her was mitigated by her thought that in the first place she had not been able to let him know the date and time of her arrival, and in the second he had probably

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and mother told me...

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drawn duty at that hour and had no way of letting her know.

Too, she realised that she had steeled herself to expect it. It was the simplest way for a man to say, "I hope you didn't take our little instant of several years ago seriously."

Immediately upon her arrival she found herself overwhelmed with details and problems connected with the department in her charge. It was a week before her head was above water sufficiently to realise that that amount of time had passed and she had neither seen nor heard from Tim. She herself had received permission to quarter at the Mount, even though it had mostly been turned into sets of offices and she had her old room.

What saddened Felicity almost as much as the loss of the man she had

thought she loved was his neglect of his manners. For surely by that time Tim would have heard of her arrival. It would have been more kind and less cowardly and rude if he had sent around a note or telephoned to say, "Heard you were back. Frightfully busy. We must have lunch some time."

Once in a moment of weakness, loneliness, and longing she had picked up the telephone and dialled the number of Tim's quarters one evening.

A strange voice had replied, "Captain Ducrow speaking," and Felicity had hung up. He was no longer in his old quarters. Perhaps he was not even on the Rock any more. She laid hold of the service telephone directory with a gesture that was almost savage and thumbed through it. Well, he was

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 25

on the Rock still. There it was, "Captain Timothy Bailey, R.A. office, First Battalion H.Q., Tel. 134, Home Catchment Road, Point Europa Barracks, Tel. 84-972." But she didn't pick up the telephone again; she only sat looking at the name and thinking. Catchment Road was the Sahara as far as quarters were concerned, where young lieutenants were parked until they had gained some seniority, experience, and rank.

Then unaccountably one afternoon Felicity found herself in her car headed out of town and up the road past the ruins of the Moorish Castle, then sharply around the bend, climbing along the face of the

cliff on the familiar road that led to St. Michael's hut and the place known as the village of the apes.

What Felicity found where the apes' village had been just surprised and shocked her. Lovejoy was not there. Nor was anyone else. And, furthermore, the place was filthy with scraps of foul and rotting food. Heretofore the place where the apes fed was kept scrupulously clean by Lovejoy, nor had Tim been above taking a hand.

Felicity heard a sound between a cough, a squeak, and a wheeze. It came from a dog ape curled up

in a tree. She parked her car, got out, and went to the thorn tree and looked to see if it was someone she knew. The ape regarded her with apathy, pulling back its lips to bare its canines. It wheezed and coughed again. Felicity knew enough about apes to know a sick one when she saw it. Someone ought to be looking after it. No one was.

A loose pebble rolled and she heard a scuffling sound and turned in time to see a full-grown female gliding along at the side of the road. She was carrying an apelet in her arms, but it was dead. When she had got past Felicity the girl saw the dark stain of clotted blood behind the left ear of the female, or rather where the left ear should have been. She felt suddenly as though she wanted to weep.

Uncertain of herself, thoroughly put out, miserable, Felicity walked somewhat farther up the road to the place where she had first come upon Captain Timothy Bailey at His Majesty's Royal Artillery and Officer-in-Charge of Apes. This was the small, curved, and railed-in concreted enclosure which jutted out slightly over the cliff, looking out over the port and the sea, and there she saw a familiar figure which made her heart leap.

"Scruffy," cried Felicity. "Oh, dear, dear Scruffy."

The old boy had been sitting there scratching himself and reflecting. He was bored; he was hungry, and he was out of sorts. He was permanently out of sorts these days and resenting the changed world in which there were no longer tourists who brought him goodies to eat and cameras and fieldglasses to throw over the cliff.

SCRUFFY recognised Felicity at once, whether from voice or smell or because he was a bit sharper than Captain Bailey was beside the point. His amber eyes lit up, his black lips were drawn back from his yellow teeth, and he leaped up and down and coughed and barked and scolded her.

"Oh, Scruffy, dear," she cried, "how good it is to see someone." And from force of habit she put her hand into her pocket to see what was there and found a chocolate bon-bon wrapped in silver paper.

Scruffy sidled over and reached with his firm black leathery hand. With one he clutched Felicity's wrist and the other took the chocolate. He smelled the sweet and for a second a look of blissful anticipation crossed his otherwise grumpy features. This was more like it. On the other hand, there was no reason to exclude the amenities. He therefore pulled Felicity's wrist toward him and bit her severely on the thumb, then skipped away eight paces, clutching his comfit and leaping up and down, coughing and railing at her. Felicity let out a scream of pain and at that instant she found herself possessed of a savage and unreasoning rage against Captain Timothy A. Bailey.

It was as though Tim had bitten her. The blood spurted from two deep gashes, one on top, the other on the bottom of the fleshy part of her thumb, but no more freely than the hot tears of anger that came welling from her eyes. Everything that had happened or had not happened since her return combined to fuse into one petrol-soaked knot of fury. Scruffy's bite had now set it alight and flaming.

Unmindful of the gore dripping from her wound on to her uniform, she ran to her car, climbed in, crashed the gears into place, and went rocketing down the mountain, half-crying, half-muttering phrases to herself in which things and allusions uncomplimentary were coupled with the name of Timothy Bailey.

She careered through the town until she caught the sign indicating Catchment Road. Her glance peeled off the names over the doors outside the barracks until she glimpsed that of Captain Bailey and she stopped the car.

The screen door was closed, but the inner door to Captain Bailey's quarters was open. There was a small lamp burning and the Captain was seated at his desk in his shirt-sleeves. Before he had time to

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CT.3LWY18

Their hearts were heavy
as the time to part
drew near . . .

ADRIAN'S mother welcomed them as though this were just an ordinary visit, with nothing particular about it. They found her, as they had found her so many times before, working in the big herbaceous border facing the sea, crouching girlishly with a frail little green plant in the palm of one earthy hand. She greeted them abstractedly, pushing back her wispy grey hair with the back of the hand that held the trowel and leaving a smudge. While they talked, Ruth looked at the border, which Adrian had built for his mother on a ledge of the cliff garden, facing it with a paved path beside which the rosemary and the seeded mulleins sprang.

Even now, in late autumn, with the sea mist hanging in drops on the spiders' webs that festooned the last red-hot poker, it was beautiful. Sometimes Ruth wondered if the cold woman, her mother-in-law, didn't express some secret frustration in these savage reds and yellows, these sullen purples, which she caused to gush out of the warm Cornish earth.

Ruth was grateful now for the lack of outward emotion which had so often chilled her. When Mrs. Vyner asked Adrian, as they walked back to the house, "Which day do you go?" she might have been asking about some weekend visit that he was going to make. He said "Wednesday," and she repeated "Wednesday" in a vague voice, her attention wandering to a bough of japonica which the wind had loosened from the wall they were passing. She sat down on the porch to unlace her shocking old gardening boots.

"I suppose you don't know where you're being sent," she said. "I know it has to be very secret nowadays, because of the submarines."

"I think it's Syria," Adrian said. "From the stuff we're taking, I'm pretty certain."

"You can't be sure," Mrs. Vyner said. "There's a Mrs. Mason, who's come to live at the Cross Glens. You know, Adrian, where old Colonel Fox used to live. Well, Captain Mason went off with a topee and shorts, poor man, and the next thing she heard was that he was sitting up on a fiord in Iceland. It's all done to put the spies on the wrong track. I'll point Mrs. Mason out to you in church tomorrow."

Later, when the rector came in, he made more of an occasion of it than his wife had. He gave Ruth a heartier kiss than usual. "It's good of you to think of the old people when you've got so little time left," he said. Ruth disliked the phrase, "so little time left." Suddenly she was inordinately conscious of time. The house was full of it, ticking between simpering shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, grumbling out of the tall mahogany case in the hall, nervously stuttering against Adrian's wrist. The church clock, just across the rectory garden, struck every quarter. Ruth thought, "Four days, and one of them nearly gone."

After dinner the rector got out the Times atlas and pored over it with Adrian, while Mrs. Vyner sat knitting a sock and talking about the garden and the village. The rector's broad thumb, tracing the possible course that a convoy would take out into the Atlantic, swooped down upon the Cape. He and Adrian sounded quiet and contented, as though they were plotting a fishing holiday.

Ruth and her mother-in-law sat knitting a little apart, chatting in low voices.

"The black spot has been dreadful on the roses this year," Mrs. Vyner said. "Really dreadful. What do you plan to do after he's gone?"

"I shall get a job," Ruth said. "I thought I might go into one of the services. Shorthand and typing ought to be useful. Anyway, I'm going to do something."

"That's sensible," Mrs. Vyner said. "After all, you'll be perfectly free, won't you? It isn't as though you have any ties."

"No, I've got no ties at all," Ruth said.

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GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE

By **MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES**



Illustrated by Pererona



ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

THE PRE-COOKED WEANING FOOD

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in an easily digested powder form containing vitamins and minerals essential for

STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING

Baby Rice Cereal provides the tempting variety needed during the weaning period, and is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A father rebels

HAVING led four daughters up the aisle, I think the archaic custom of fathers having to pay the wedding expenses should be quietly put to death. Nowadays, when daughters can earn nearly as much as their fathers, giving his daughter away shouldn't cost the "old man" such a packet. The young man should pay, not leave the "old man" to push the boat out alone. I've warned my next daughter that when she feels like getting married I don't mind buying a few drinks for close friends—but that's all.
£1/1/- to Mr. C. Ephraim, Liverpool, England.

The bushland vandals

I'M amazed by the number of people who rob our bushlands of their natural beauty. The offenders take protected plants from their natural environment and smuggle them home in cars. Quite often the plants die from root damage and sudden change in soils. Most native shrubs and plants can be bought from nurserymen. Our heritage needs to be preserved for future generations and for all to enjoy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. McNaughton, Kurri, N.S.W.

All things bright and beautiful

STANDING next to me in church was a little girl who sang so happily the hymn "All Things Bright and Beautiful." When we came to the line "He gave us eyes to see them," I couldn't go on singing because of the lump in my throat. She was blind and she was following the words in a book of Braille. I felt very humble.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Blake, East Victoria Park, W.A.

Still on the job at 87

MY husband, who runs a newsagency, was asked by a nine-year-old boy if he had a suitable birthday card he could send his grandmother. As several of my husband's suggestions were turned down, the youth explained he couldn't make up his mind which to choose because his grandmother had just changed her job. Her age, 87; her job, housekeeping.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Taylor, Balwyn, Vic.

Allowance for flyweights

I CONSIDER it unfair that airlines weigh the luggage but not the passengers. Weight allowance should be changed to include both the traveller and his or her luggage. On a recent plane trip I was charged excess baggage fees — yet I weigh less than eight stone.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Knight, Carnegie, Vic.

Mother's Day

I HEARTILY agree with "Guilty Mum" (S.A.) that the "sentimental piffle" inside Mother's Day cards is insincere. A sincere and simple "Thank you" or "I love you" expresses everything in a wonderful way, despite the manufacturers' claim that we want to be told in "flowery phrases" that we're "sweet, self-sacrificing, patient angels."

£1/1/- to "Another Mum" (name supplied), Youngtown, Tas.

I CERTAINLY don't appreciate "sentimental piffle." My most treasured card is one showing a horrid little boy, complete with ball and chain, and the words "For Me Mudda" printed in red underneath. I loved it, for the mother of my urchin just wouldn't be angelic.

£1/1/- to "Mudda" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

IT seems a shame "Guilty Mum" doesn't appreciate those lovely verses. I always choose cards by their words rather than by their pretty covers, and notice my mother always reads them through.

£1/1/- to Miss F. J. Daw, Esperance, W.A.

WHAT is printed on the card doesn't matter; it's the personally written thought that counts. More likely the sender has not even read the printed verse inside!

£1/1/- to "Suspicious" (name supplied), Brisbane.

HERE'S another mum who doesn't like fancy verses. I prefer the card I received this year, "Thanks, Mum, for your great gift to society—Me."

£1/1/- to "No Sweet Stuff" (name supplied), Sans Souci, N.S.W.

READING those well-meaning words on Mother's Day cards makes me try harder to be an ever-loving, self-sacrificing mum.

£1/1/- to "Guilty, Too" (name supplied), Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE house was completely silent for a moment. It was rather eerie.

No yells, no Top Forty, not even the thunder of the refrigerator motor.

But instead of being pleased my wife looked worried. She was thinking about our two-year-old daughter. "I wonder what she's up to," she muttered, and went to have a look.

The silent baby was sprinkling talcum powder over her bedroom floor. She was making a thorough job of it.

Her mother took the powder-tin from her, exclaiming: "Oh, you naughty little girl!" As soon as her guilty fun was stopped, Baby gave a loud wail. The silence was over and things were back to normal.

This fear of silence is common among mothers of walking babies. There are sound reasons for it. A silent baby is usually up to no good. I have seen them stealthily squeezing toothpaste from tubes, tearing pages out of books, sneaking lipstick on walls, and eating lollies purloined from fridges.

Sometimes the silent baby is not there at all, but is wandering down the street. They are unreliable persons in every way.

SILENCE ISN'T GOLDEN

There are, I am told, a few exceptions, known as Good Babies, who will sit quietly in a play-pen occupied with blocks or dolls or plastic ducks. But I have never had the luck to meet a Good Baby.



In my experience babies regard a play-pen with much the same feelings as convicts regard Alcatraz. Faced with the harmless amusements of the play-pen, they demand loudly to be let out. Only when they are engaged in some shady enterprise like mixing cold-cream and face-powder does a mood of quiet contentment set in.

A difficulty which often comes up at our place is this. The older

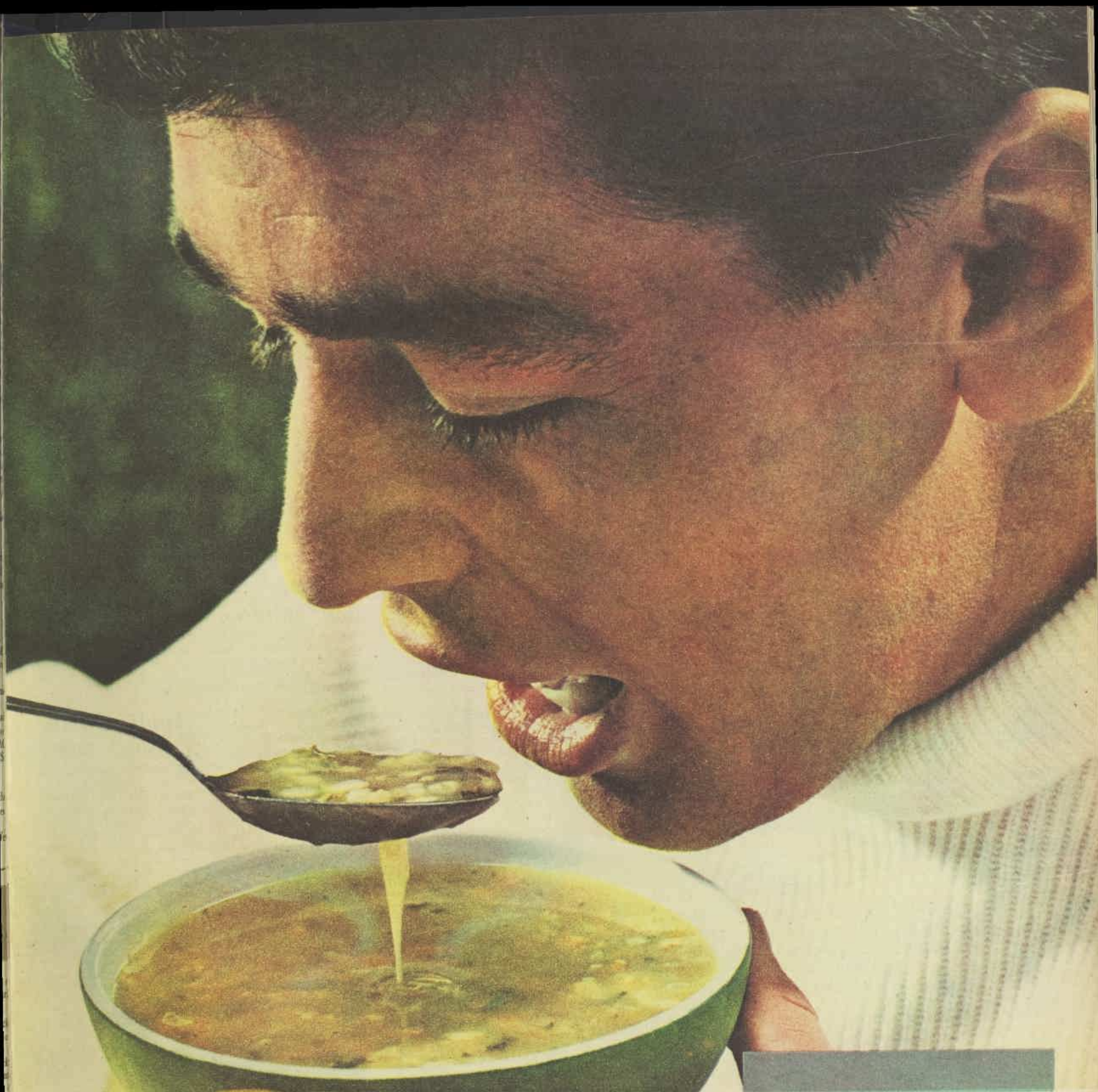
members of the family make so much noise that you cannot tell when the youngest one is silent.

My son is playing *Does the Chewing-gum Lose Its Flavor* on the ukulele, one of his sisters is talking about her new tight slacks, and another is bouncing a tennis ball on the floor. Under cover of the din, the baby goes off to enjoy the quiet pleasure of throwing her shoes and socks into the bath.

The ideal condition is a certain amount of noise—not bedlam, but not a sinister silence. Baby should be within earshot, asking for a "gween dwink," pushing a stool across the floor, or grabbing forks from the table. While occupied like this she will cause irritation but will probably not do serious damage.

What is the answer to the menace of the silent two-year-old? One of those clever electronic fellows, the father of an active baby, might invent a suitable device. I have in mind a gadget that gives a warning buzz and turns on a red light in the kitchen when baby has been silent for ten seconds.

I like peace and quietness as a rule. I am in favor of rubber heels, mufflers on motor bikes, and silent cops. But quietness without peace is no good at all.



Taste those Vegetables in **Continental Soup** BRAND

Ah—here's a hearty, man-style soup—Continental brand Thick Vegetable. You've never tasted a soup so loaded with garden-fresh vegetables, so rich in flavour, so warming and good. The chefs from Continental brand know that the best soup comes from the best ingredients. That's why they choose only the ingredients you'd shop for yourself—juicy vegetables, tender barley, and delicate seasonings—and for extra flavour, choice meat pieces. Serve hearty Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup tonight.

"Try this new recipe" says *Betty King*

Vegetable Medley. Cut 1½ lb. bladebone steak into thin slices then into 1"-1½" pieces and sprinkle with 1 level tablespoon flour. Melt 2 oz. Copha or margarine in a saucepan and fry 1 small onion sliced and add meat to brown, then ½ cup chopped capsicum and ½ cup chopped celery, cooking together 3-5 minutes. Blend contents 1 packet Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup with ½ pint (15 oz.) water and add to saucepan, stirring until mixture boils. Pour into a greased casserole and spoon a border of creamy mashed potato around the edge. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour.



Taste the home-made goodness in Continental soup
BRAND

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your teeth
more
thoroughly

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SUPER-WHITE KOLYNOS toothpaste has an active foam you can actually *feel* cleaning your teeth as you brush. And its new fresh flavour knocks out that stale morning taste — makes your mouth feel fresh, alive and thoroughly clean.

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NEW KOLYNOS cleans, cleans, cleans best of all!

P.S. Smokers will notice the brighter difference Kolynos makes to their teeth.

KY352CR

Worth Reporting

SHE was wearing a hibiscus in her long black hair. Her brown shoulders glistened above a red muu-muu and she danced barefoot to Polynesian music.

Mrs. Leilani Kemp, of Blacktown, N.S.W., Tahitian by birth, Fijian by upbringing, Australian by marriage, was doing her housework.

"I take so long," she said in a soft, lilting voice. "My husband says 'Are you finished your work yet, Leilani?' But when I hear the music I have to dance."

Leilani's husband is George Kemp, a Sydney advertising man. They met while he was holidaying in Fiji, and they now have a five-year-old son.

Leilani, who has been in Australia seven years, is a professional Polynesian dancer—and has never had a dancing lesson in her life.

"In the islands everyone dances," she told us, "the old men, the grandmothers, and the little children. When I was little I watched the older girls and copied them. Dancing was part of my life then, and if I do not dance now I feel restless."

Leilani makes all her clothes.

"But I wear only Tahitian clothes, which are very simple."

"Some of your suits and dresses are lovely, but I am not comfortable when I wear them. The muu-muu is best for me—it is free."

Leilani also makes her grass skirts for professional appearances.

"After a month or two the grass gets thinner and thinner, so I have to keep making new ones," she said.

"It is easy — you don't even want a needle. The waistband is plaited, the grass or raffia tied on, and the shells fixed to the waist with fishing line."

"You know, some of the island girls are making their skirts of soft plastic now. It wears well — but it is a little sad, don't you think?"

Dainty when you smoke

"DO you smoke?" Mr. McCracken asked. And he offered us a cigar.

Arthur McCracken, tobacco buyer for a department store, is back from a world tour, during which he visited his home town in England for the first time in 40 years.

We called to ask him about trends in women's smoking habits.

"Yes, pipes seem to be catching on again," he said. "Our order should be arriving soon. They're smaller, more delicate than the gentleman's pipe and colored."

Cigars, too, are taking on with girls overseas.

The one we smoked was a sample of those ordered by the store. Advertised in America as a family cigar, they are mild and have a small white plastic mouth-piece.



Leilani Kemp . . . the hula hinders her housework — but it helps, too.

Art — for sick children

"I WAS asked to do a mural for the Far West Children's Home here in Sydney," said part-time artist Robert Owen. "But when I saw the convalescent kids flat on their backs in the Home's sickbay I thought a mobile would be better."

"A mobile keeps moving. The kids can watch it for hours and imagine it to be lots of things—a fish or a bird."

"I try to make mobiles seem so delicate that a fall of dust or a fly would shatter them."



• Artist Robert Owen

His Far West mobile is an airy creation of slim steel rods and colored metal discs that hangs from the ceiling and floats in the breeze.

Robert, who is 24 and lives in Sydney at Manly, works as a window-dresser by day and at hobbies of painting, sculpture, and jewellery-making by night.

"Soon I hope to work at the hobbies full-time," he said.

AN Italian holiday resort

advertises itself: "This place is known as the preferred resort for those wanting solitude. People searching for such solitude are, in fact, flocking here from all corners of the globe."

Apples on the (china) tree

MINTON willow-pattern china came not from China but from Thomas Minton back in early 19th-century Britain.

Minton heard the Chinese legend of a girl who eloped with her lover. Pursued by her father, the lovers fled downstream by boat. But he caught and killed them. Their souls turned into the twin doves depicted in the willow-pattern sky.

This information comes from "Antiques for Amateurs," a little book by C. G. L. Du Cann and published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London.

Many others have made willow-pattern china since Minton. The number of apples on the tallest tree is the best give-away of which firm and when.

For instance, Wedgwood has 34 apples, Spode (like Minton) 32, and Leeds 63.

We were browsing through the book when the office coffee arrived—in a willow-pattern cup.

Ah, ha! A find! Probably worth hundreds . . . 63 apples on what looked like an apple tree. Leeds?

No. Antiques turn up in strange places—but hardly ever at a chainstore for two bob.

★ ★ ★
DID you hear about the girl who was applying for a "pay-later" travel scheme to go round the world on a working holiday?

She was asked to fill in the usual form. Under the heading "Assets" she wrote in a bold hand, "Personality."

California, here she comes.

PUDDINGS

● A twelve-page feature planned to answer the housewife's often despairing query, "What shall I give them to finish the meal?"

There are recipes to suit all occasions — family-style puddings, glamor party desserts, cold-weather specials, low-calorie desserts, last-minute quick-to-make puddings, and the old favorites below.

Perennial favorites

FASHIONS in food may change with the times, but there are some dishes, like the puddings on this page, which have been top favorites since great-grandmother's day and probably will always remain so, especially with the men of the family.

SAGO PLUM PUDDING

Four tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 scant teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup mixed fruit, pinch salt. Wash sago well, add milk. Stand overnight or as long as possible. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add soda dissolved in milk and sago. Fold in crumbs, fruit, and salt; mix well. Turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper, steam $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot with custard or clear lemon sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

QUEEN PUDDING

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, canned peaches drained from syrup (or any well-drained canned or home-cooked fruit), 3 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, walnut pieces.

Beat 1 whole egg and the yolk only of second egg with the milk and sugar. Add vanilla, pour over breadcrumbs on piedish. Stand dish in pan of warm water, bake in moderate oven until set; cool, top with fruit. Make meringue by beating remaining egg-white with extra sugar until mixture stands in peaks. Spoon round edge of dish, decorate with walnut pieces. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serves 4 to 6.



PASSIONFRUIT DELECTA

One and a half cups sugar, 4oz. butter, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3 eggs, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 12 passionfruit.

Cream butter and sugar together, add sifted flour and salt. Add passionfruit pulp to beaten egg-yolks, stir into first mixture. Gradually add milk, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased oven-proof dish, stand in dish of warm water. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until set and lightly browned. Serves 4 to 6.

BAKED RICE CUSTARD

Two-thirds cup rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch mace, 4 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, cinnamon.

Wash rice, combine with golden syrup, salt, mace, and milk. Put in deep buttered casserole, bake in slow oven about 3 hours. Stir several times during first hour. After 2 hours stir in butter and sprinkle top with cinnamon. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4 to 6.

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLES

One cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 6 small apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, good pinch nutmeg, 1 egg, 1 extra tablespoon sugar for meringue.

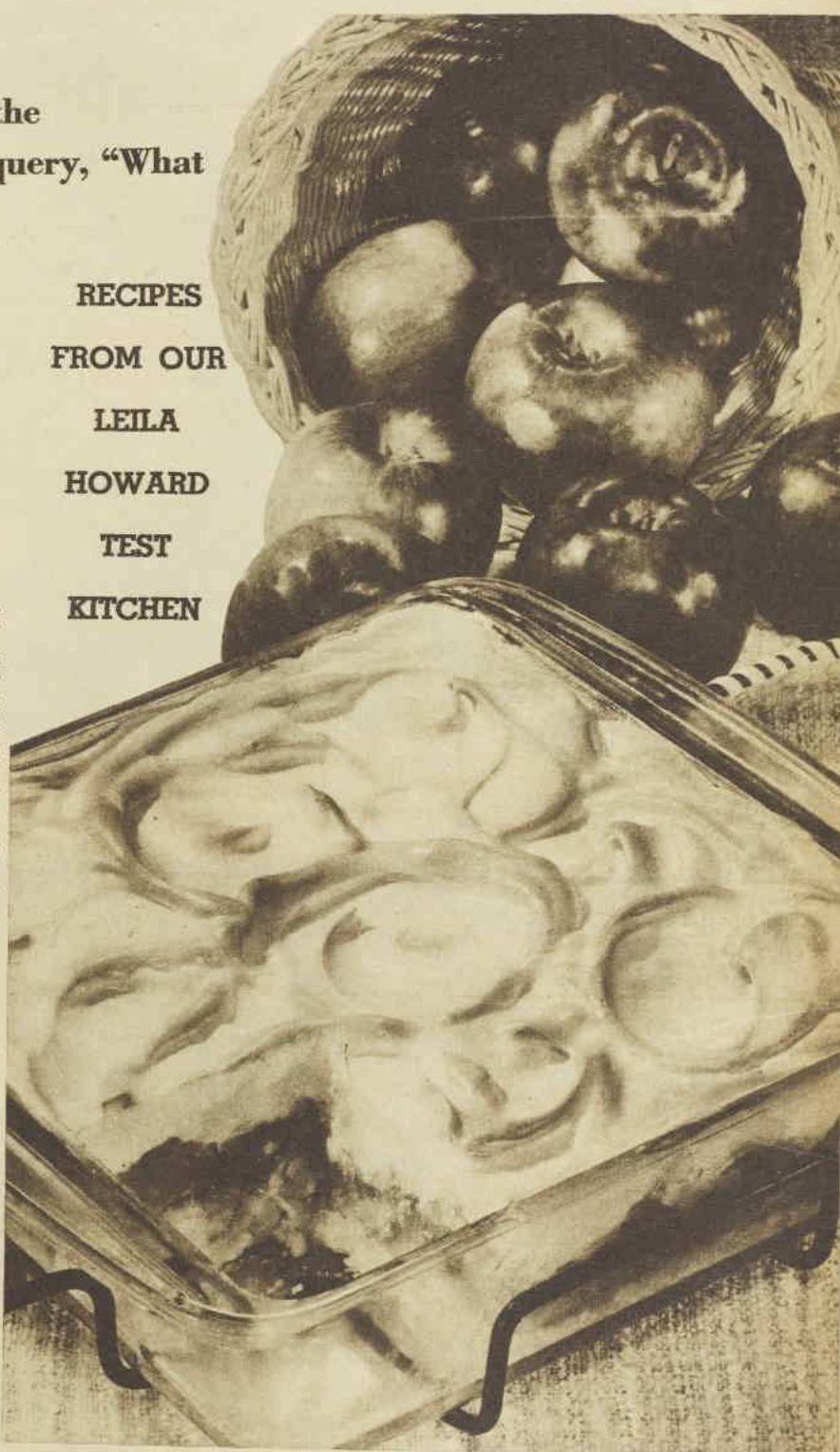
Make syrup of brown sugar and water, pour over peeled and cored apples in ovenware dish. Bake in moderate oven until apples are tender, basting occasionally with the syrup. Pour off syrup into small saucepan, add cornflour and milk powder, blended smoothly with the water. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add butter or substitute, salt, vanilla, nutmeg, egg-yolk. Roll apples well in coconut, return to ovenware dish, pour the butterscotch mixture over. Sprinkle with any remaining coconut. Top with meringue made by beating egg-white and sugar together until mixture stands in peaks. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serves 4 to 6.

COCONUT PLUM COBBLER

One pound plums, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, red food coloring, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water), 3oz. butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons coconut, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, extra 1 tablespoon sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 tablespoon coconut.

Cook plums with sugar and water until deep rich red color (add food coloring if desired). Mix plum syrup with blended cornflour, stir over heat until syrup boils and thickens; add plums, simmer 5 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, turn into ovenware dish. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and lemon rind, add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in milk, then coconut, sifted flour and salt, making soft dough. Spoon in 6 or 8 mounds on top of hot fruit. Sprinkle with extra sugar mixed with lemon rind and coconut. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot and freshly baked. Serves 4 to 6.

RECIPES
FROM OUR
LEILA
HOWARD
TEST
KITCHEN



TOPPED with snowy meringue, this ever-popular dessert can be varied by using stewed or canned fruits to replace the apple layer. See recipe for apple meringue on this page.

APPLE MERINGUE

Half pound biscuit pastry, 6 tart, peeled and sliced apples (about $\frac{1}{4}$ cups), 1-3rd cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 to 2 tablespoons cornflour (depending on juiciness of apples), 2 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currant jelly (beaten with fork), 2 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar, vanilla.

● Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measure are used in all recipes in this cookery feature.

Press pastry firmly into bottom of square pan. Bake 15 minutes in moderately hot oven; cool. Reduce oven temperature to moderate. Combine apples, water, sugar, and cinnamon in saucepan. Cook slowly, uncovered, until apples are tender (7 to 8 minutes). Blend cornflour, water, and jelly; add to apple mixture. Boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Spread over baked crust. Cover with meringue made by beating egg-whites until stiff and gradually adding extra sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Return to oven, bake 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

Family style..



NO ONE can resist the beautiful aroma of a freshly cooked steamed pudding such as golden glaze, shown above. To save time and fuel, try cooking a shorter time in individual cups or in fancy moulds.

MERINGUE-TOPPED butterscotch pie (right) brings a touch of spring to tempt the appetite. Add a hint of coffee for extra flavor by blending a little instant-coffee powder or some essence into pie filling or topping.



PUDDINGS on these two pages are suitable to serve at family meals. Some are substantial hot puddings which are ideal for serving after a light main course; some can be served hot or cold; others are specially planned for spring days ahead.

GOLDEN GLAZE

Half cup golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wholemeal flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, extra 2 tablespoons golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Pour golden syrup into well-greased pudding-basin, allow to coat sides; stand aside while preparing pudding. Sift flour and salt, add wholemeal flour, sultanas, raisins, orange and lemon rinds. Mix extra golden syrup with melted butter or substitute, add to dry ingredients alternately with beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased, prepared basin, cover with greased paper, steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Unmould on to serving-plate, serve with custard or sweet white or lemon sauce.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

One cooked and cooled 9in. biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, 1 pint milk, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 2 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 bar peanut brittle.

Blend cornflour with the milk, add brown sugar and egg-yolks. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens. In separate saucepan place the white sugar, butter, and vinegar. Allow to brown slowly, stir into custard mixture. Pour into cooked pastry-case, allow to cool. Prepare meringue: beat egg-whites until stiff and gradually add extra sugar, spoon meringue on to top of pie, sprinkle over crushed peanut brittle. Place in moderate oven and bake until meringue is just lightly browned. Serve chilled.

FROSTED TROPICAL PARFAITS

Two cups lime jelly, 1 can crushed pineapple (chilled and drained), green food coloring (optional), 1 quantity pineapple flummery (see below).

Chill jelly until almost set, add pineapple, mix well. Add extra green coloring if desired. Chill until set, chop roughly. Spoon into parfait glasses in alternate layers with the flummery. Top with a "fan" of pineapple. Chill thoroughly and serve.

Pineapple Flummery: Two tablespoons gelatine, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup pineapple juice or juicy crushed pineapple.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 cup of the water, blend flour smoothly with remainder of water. Pour both mixtures into saucepan with sugar, bring to the boil. Boil 5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add pineapple, reheat to boiling. Cool, allow to set partially. Whisk until stiff and frothy.

BROWNIE STEAMED PUDDING

Two ounces unsweetened chocolate, 1 cup water, 1 cup chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Melt chocolate in water over low heat, stir in dates, nuts. Cool to lukewarm. Cream butter and sugar together, add egg and vanilla; beat well. Add sifted flour alternately with chocolate mixture. Beat until smooth. Fill into greased mould, cover tightly with aluminium foil. Place a rack in large steamer, add boiling water to come 1-3rd up side of mould. Cover tightly, steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Unmould while hot; serve with your favorite hard sauce or ice-cream.

GALAXY WHIP

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 scant cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup crushed or sieved fruit (such as pineapple, orange, raspberry, peach, strawberry, apricot, or prune), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 egg-whites, pinch salt, cream, extra fruits.

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve with the hot water; stand aside. Combine sugar and lemon rind, add to gelatine mixture. Fold in lemon juice and fruit, flavor with vanilla. Chill until beginning to thicken, whip with egg-beater until frothy. In separate basin beat egg-whites and salt, fold into gelatine mixture, pour into wetted or oiled mould. Chill until set, then unmould. Serve with extra fruits and cream.

Serve hot and cold

PINEAPPLE CRUNCH SQUARES

Crunch mixture: One cup crushed corn cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter. Combine crushed corn cereal, sugar, and melted butter, reserving few crumbs for top. Press firmly into greased oblong tin; chill. Prepare pineapple topping.

Pineapple Topping: One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 cup crushed pineapple, 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, whipped cream, cherries.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, pineapple, lemon juice, lemon peel, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, add cottage cheese, beating until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg-whites until stiff, gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture, pour on to cornflake crunch. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs, place in refrigerator. When firm, cut into squares. Serve topped with whipped cream and glaze cherries. Serves 4 to 6.

MOCHA TAPIOCA

Three-quarters cup tapioca, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups black coffee, 1-3rd cup sugar, pinch salt, 2oz. finely chopped chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in little hot water.

Soak tapioca in milk for several hours or overnight. Cook in top of double saucepan with coffee, sugar, and salt until tapioca is quite clear. Cool slightly, then add nuts, chocolate, and vanilla. Add dissolved gelatine, mix well, and pour into wet mould. Chill; when firm turn on to glass dish. Serve with cream or ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

GLAZED RICE RING

One cup rice, thin pieces lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint warm water, 6 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 can apricot halves.

Wash rice, cover with boiling salted water. Add lemon rind, cook quickly 20 minutes; drain. Add powdered milk whipped into warm water and sugar. Cook over very low heat, stirring frequently until very thick. Add butter or substitute, vanilla, lemon juice. Fill into mould; chill 1 to 14 hours. Unmould on serving-dish, surround with apricot halves and glaze with apricot sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Apricot Sauce: One cup syrup from canned apricots, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 teaspoons arrowroot.

Combine syrup, jam, lemon juice, and rind in saucepan. Add arrowroot which has been blended with some of the syrup. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 minutes. Color slightly if liked; use cold.

LEMON DELIGHT

Two tablespoons golden syrup, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 lemon or orange, 1 egg, 6oz. plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Grease pudding-bowl, pour in syrup and smear it well round sides. Cream butter or substitute thoroughly, add grated rind of lemon or orange, then egg. Beat well. Add well-sifted dry ingredients; mix slightly. Use enough strained lemon or orange juice to make soft mixture. Turn into prepared bowl (it should be 2-3rds full), cover with greased paper. Steam 2 to 24 hours. Serve hot with lemon or orange sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

COFFEE NUT PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 oranges (peeled and thinly sliced), extra 1oz. butter, little rum or sherry.

Beat butter or substitute with brown sugar and coffee essence until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg, fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with nuts and milk. Fill into greased pudding mould, cover, and steam 2 hours. Melt extra butter in small frying-pan, lightly fry orange slices on both sides. Pour over rum or sherry, serve round pudding. Trickle any remaining juices over top. Serves 4 to 6.

CITRUS BASKETS

Four to 6 medium-sized oranges, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons warm water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, cherries to decorate and angelica strips (if available) for handles.

Wash and dry oranges, cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slice off top of each. Carefully scoop out pulp without breaking cases. Crush pulp, extract juice. Place 3 tablespoons juice (reserve remainder for drink) in basin with sugar, egg-yolks. Whip over hot water until thick and creamy. Allow to cool, stir in dissolved gelatine, lemon rind, and juice. When beginning to thicken, whip again, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pile into orange cases, chill until set. Make handles of angelica and decorate baskets with cherries before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

GOLDEN HONEY SQUARES

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, a little boiling water, cream or custard.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add honey, and beat well. Sift flour, ginger, spice, and cinnamon, add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Mix soda with little boiling water until dissolved, fold into mixture. Pour into greased square ovenproof dish, bake in hot oven about 45 minutes or until risen and cooked through. Remove from oven, cut into squares. Serve topped with cream or custard. Serves 4 to 6.

HAWAII FRUIT CHANTILLY

Three and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 6 slices swiss roll, 2 or 3 dessertspoons sweet sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 eggs, 24 cups milk, 14 tablespoons arrowroot, 3oz. sugar, 1 can sliced pineapple, 6 tablespoons coconut.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, line sides of mould with slices of swiss roll trimmed to fit. Moisten with sherry. Mix sugar and arrowroot smoothly with little milk. Add remainder of milk, stir over low heat until mixture boils, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, then add vanilla, beaten egg-yolks, dissolved gelatine, chopped pineapple, coconut. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour or spoon into cake-lined mould; chill until set. Unmould on to serving-platter, decorate with cherries and pineapple. Serves 4 to 6.

COFFEE CREAM PUDDING

Four slices bread, butter, sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups cold coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, cinnamon.

Butter bread and cut into thin neat squares, place in greased piedish in layers, sprinkling each layer with sugar. Beat eggs well, add coffee, sugar, salt, and milk. Pour custard over bread; stand 1 hour, then sprinkle with little ground cinnamon. Set dish in container of warm water, bake in moderate oven until set (about 30 to 40 minutes). Serve with the following sauce trickled over top.

Coffee Cream Sauce: Three egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, little vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stiffly whipped cream.

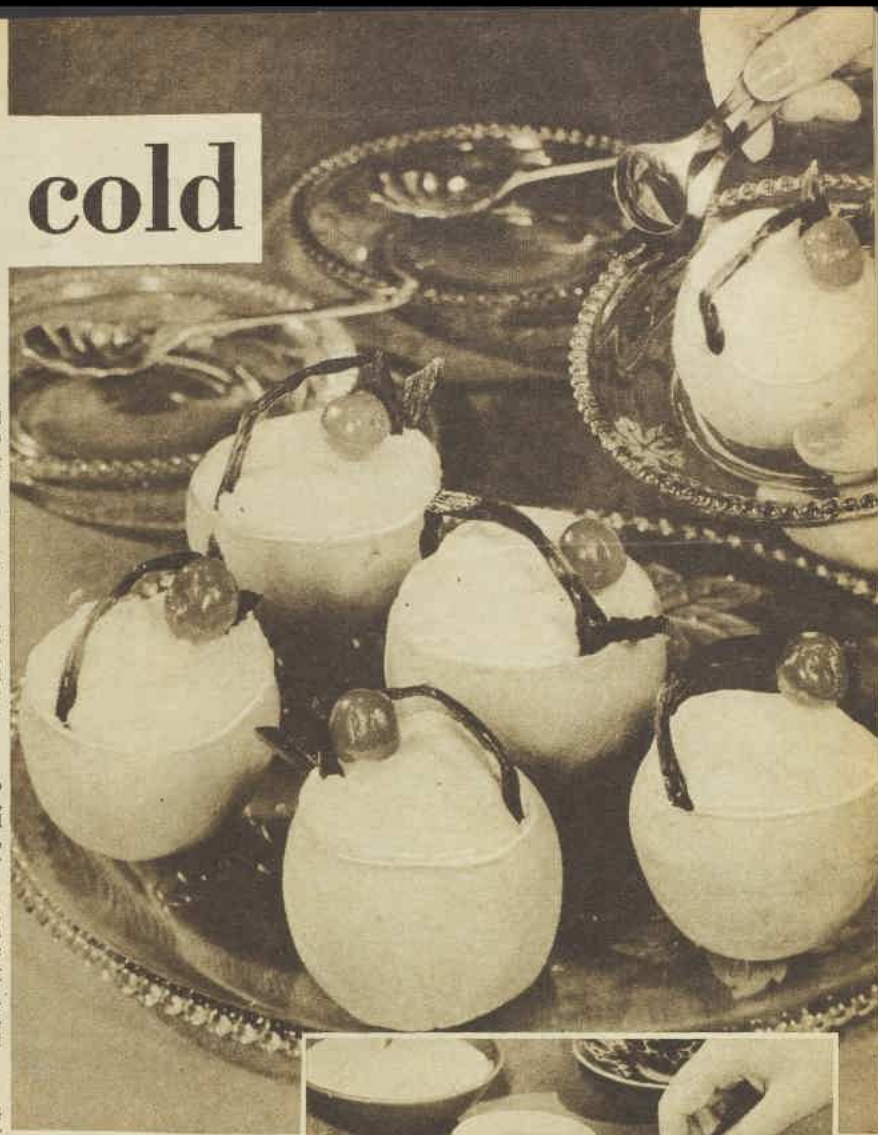
Place egg-yolks, salt, sugar, and vanilla in top half of double saucepan, stir over simmering water until thick. When cool, fold in stiffly beaten cream. Serves 4 to 6.

FRUITY MACAROON CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup scalded milk, 1-3rd cup chopped seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons blanched shredded almonds, 1 cup coconut macaroons (crumbled), 2 teaspoons rum, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 drops pink coloring, 2 egg-whites.

Soften gelatine in cold milk. Slightly beat egg-yolks with sugar and salt, gradually add scalded milk. Cook over hot water, stirring until mixture thickens slightly (do not allow to boil), add gelatine and milk; mix well. Fold in raisins, almonds, macaroon crumbs. Allow to cool. Lastly add rum, vanilla essence, pink coloring, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Mix well. Pour into wetted dish; chill until firm. Decorate with cream and strawberries. Cut into squares to serve. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued on page 35



CITRUS BASKETS (above) make an attractive novelty dessert to serve while oranges are still in season. Mandarins or grapefruit (with extra sugar to taste) could also be substituted.



FLAVOR OF COFFEE gives a luxury touch to this simple pudding (right) which makes good use of left-over bread. For extra sophistication and flavor add a little rum or a coffee liqueur.



SIMPLE yet pretty dessert to serve to family or friends, this fruity macaroon cream matures in flavor if made ahead of time and refrigerated until mealtime.

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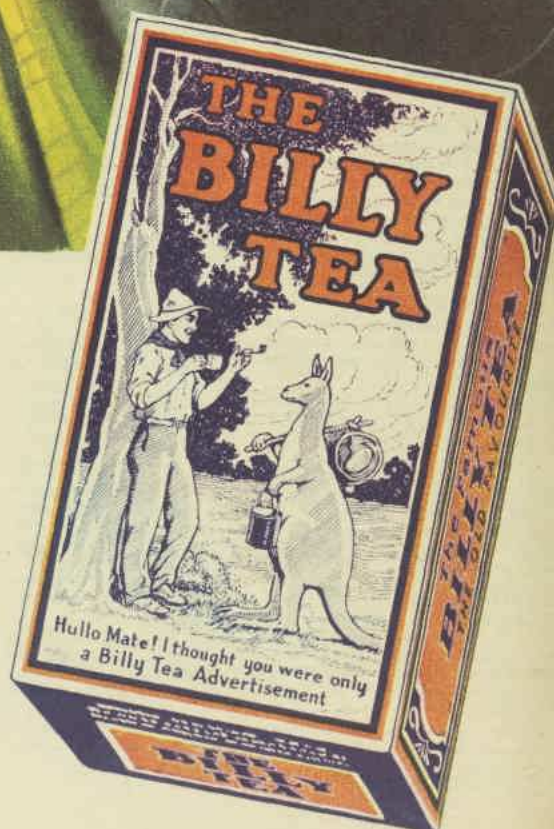


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BILLY TEA — PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIVING

FAMILY STYLE (from page 33)

COCO-PINE SQUARES

Base: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Topping: One small can pineapple rings, 1 cup mixed chopped fruits, grated rind 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped shredded coconut, 1 banana (mashed), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts, 2oz. melted butter.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla, add beaten egg; mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with pineapple syrup and milk. Fill mixture into base of greased shallow tin. Prepare topping. Combine in basin half the pineapple rings (chopped finely), lemon rind, chopped fruits, coconut, brown sugar, mashed banana, walnuts, butter. Mix well. Spread evenly over top of cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until cooked through. Serve cut into squares and topped with remaining pineapple rings cut into pieces. Serve with cream or ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

NUTTY APPLE SURPRISE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. peanut butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. grated apple, 1oz. candied peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar, 3oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

Sauce: Two ounces glace cherries, 4oz. butter, 6oz. icing-sugar, little fruit juice.

Cream butter and peanut butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating in thoroughly. Stir in apple and candied peel, add vanilla essence and vinegar. Sift flour and remaining ingredients into bowl, then stir into creamed mixture. Pour into greased mould, cover, and steam 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

To Make Sauce: Chop cherries, reserving few for decoration. Cream sugar and butter, adding fruit juice if necessary. Add cherries.

Turn pudding on to hot dish, decorate and add sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

APRICOT NUT CRISP

Two cups well-drained cooked dried apricots or canned pie apricots (sweetened), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cups crushed corn cereal, 1 extra egg-white and 5 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, walnut pieces, extra lemon rind.

Place apricots in greased ovenware dish. Cream butter, brown sugar, and lemon rind until soft. Add beaten egg; mix well. Fold in crushed corn cereal. Spread evenly as possible over fruit. Bake in moderate oven about 15 to 20 minutes or until crisp. Meanwhile, prepare meringue: Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually add extra sugar, beat until smooth and stiff. Flavor with lemon rind. Pile on to pudding, sprinkle with nuts, return to oven a few minutes to brown lightly. Serve hot. Serves 4 to 6.

CARAMEL PUDDING

Two ounces suet, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 large cooking apples, 3 or 4 bananas, extra sugar, juice of 1 lemon.

Grate suet if dry enough (if not, flake with knife). Sift flour and salt. Rub suet into flour with fingertips, add enough water to form very dry dough. Cut off about 1-3rd for top of pudding. Cream butter and brown sugar (for caramel), spread over inside of greased bowl. Roll out larger piece of pastry, line the bowl (over caramel). Place layer of grated apples in, cover with layer of sliced bananas. Sprinkle with sugar and squeeze of lemon juice. Continue layers of grated apples and sliced bananas, sprinkling with sugar and lemon juice. Add about 2 tablespoons water. Roll out remaining pastry, cover bowl. Pinch edges together, cover with greased paper. Steam about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Turn on to hot deep dish. Serve with sweet sauce or custard. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: Well-chilled butter or substitute can be used in place of the suet in this recipe if desired.

CANNED PEARS, peaches, or apricots could be substituted for the pineapple in these coco-pine squares to give a different flavor. See recipe on this page.



APPLE CHARLOTTE

Five or 6 apples, thin piece lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake-crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, cherries to garnish, 4 or 5 slices stale bread, butter or substitute for frying, lemon juice.

Remove crusts from bread, cut into strips 1in. wide and as long as depth of tin to be used. Fry golden brown in hot butter or substitute. Arrange round sides of greased cake-tin. Wash and core 1 apple, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, drench with lemon juice. Arrange on bottom of tin, filling core holes with cherries. Stew remaining apples until tender with sugar, water, lemon rind. Remove lemon rind, strain off syrup. Beat apples to pulp, fold in coconut, cake-crumbs, beaten egg-yolks, and milk. Fill into tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out carefully and serve piping-hot. If liked, apple syrup can be flavored with lemon juice, thickened with arrowroot, and served as a sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

For variety, a few sticks of rhubarb can be added to the apples before stewing. Fruit-loaf slices can replace the bread.

TROPICAL PAPAW MOUSSE

Two teaspoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 16 marshmallows, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 cup mashed papaw pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple, strawberries or cherries to decorate.

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add remainder of milk and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool, add egg-yolks. Cook 3 or 4 minutes longer without allowing to boil. Set aside to cool. Place marshmallows in saucepan with the pineapple juice. Heat slowly until melted and well mixed. Add gelatine soaked in hot water. Allow to cool. Add lemon juice and custard. Whip with rotary beater until very thick. Fold in papaw and pineapple. Pile into serving-dish or fill into wetted mould; chill until set. Garnish with strawberries or cherries before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: If using fresh pineapple it must be cooked slightly first, otherwise the gelatine will not set to its full capacity. Canned pineapple is quite successful in this recipe.

Continued on page 37

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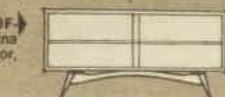
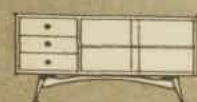
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Another mystery of Egypt: How do they wash out the dust?

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 1, 1962

Teenagers

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

WEEKLY



NATALIE WOOD
— see page 2

LETTERS

A uniform uniform for girls?

WINTER uniforms of secondary schools are so old-fashioned. Summer uniforms have been improved over the past few years, but the winter ones that students wear now are almost identical to those our parents wore. Surely a collar and tie is not necessary in a girl's uniform.—*H. Mills, Howe, S.A.*

TV for teens

WHY aren't there more television programmes for teenagers? I don't mean rock-'n-roll shows, but teenage panel discussions on etiquette, our views on world problems. There could be films on teenagers of other countries, newsreels with special interest to us.

Career guidance could be another aspect of this programme. Art shows with pictures painted by teenagers or music written and played by teenagers would give us an outlet for our talent.—*M. McNaught, Blackburn, Vic.*

Peace prize

AN item of wide public interest was given only a few lines in one of our newspapers recently. At last an engineer has invented a gadget which will rid us of the transistor-happy morons who swarm the beaches and public transport during summer.

The invention causes interference and distortion and is very cheap. I suggest we nominate the inventor for the Nobel Peace Prize.—*A. Hutton, Boronia, Vic.*

Royal tour now?

WHILE I imagine no right-thinking Australian has any personal dislike for the Queen, it seems to me that the British and Australian Governments have chosen a bad time to launch a Royal tour of Australia. The cost of these tours is enormous, and Australia cannot afford the expense just at the moment. Couldn't we forget about the idea for a few years at least, until we know just where we stand with the Common Market?—*J. W. West, Pymble, N.S.W.*

"P" for idea

RECENTLY a suggestion was made that new drivers should display an "N" plate for "novice." This seems to be a sound idea, but why not take it further and classify all drivers in this way?

Teenagers could have a "T" plate, women drivers could perhaps show "W" or "G" for girl. And where a driver has been convicted of speeding several times he should be made to display an "S" plate, to warn people of their potential danger.

Page 2—Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our Cover

NATALIE WOOD is 23, and since the age of four she has appeared in 36 films. The last two—"Splendor in the Grass" and "West Side Story"—have established her as one of the most promising young stars in Hollywood.

At present she is making "Gypsy," in which she co-stars with Rosalind Russell. Her marriage to actor Robert Wagner ended last year, and since then she has given all her time to her career, which since "West Side Story" earns her £125,000 a film.

Aside from its comic aspects, those classifications would allow drivers to know just what they were following and to take the necessary precautions.—*Lynne Herrington, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

On marriage

TEENAGERS who are madly in love and anxious to rush into marriage should remember the words of William Congreve, who lived in the 17th century: "Courtship to marriage: a very witty prologue to a very dull play."—"Sweet Sixteen," Brighton, Vic.

Togetherness

WHY do mothers and daughters, in many cases, argue about cosmetics? My mother and I share the cost of our cosmetics, and the happy result is an up-to-date mother and a teenage daughter who has learnt how to use make-up properly.—*"Happy Medium," Redcliffe, Qld.*

Meeting-point

WHAT should a girl do when a boy comes up and starts talking to her when she is walking along the street? If you speak to boys like this, people look down their noses at you, but if you don't it is rather snobbish. How else are you to get to know people?—"Margaret," Mosman Park, W.A.

Timely query

THIS quote is driving me mad—perhaps it might provoke thought in others:

"Time does not exist, since it is composed of past and future. The past no longer exists and the future does not exist."

BEATNIK



"I've always wanted to live in the Dark Ages—my father refuses to send me money for sun-glasses."

And can someone tell me how parallel lines meet at infinity, which, apparently, they actually do?—"Aristotle," Aspendale, Vic.

Mum's chore?

SHOULD teens do the washing-up after a meal with the family? Some friends of mine say "No" because the washing-up is a woman's job, not the teenagers'. Also, a housewife's main place in the home is in the kitchen, so she should do the cleaning-up herself.

I give my mum a break and help wash up so that she can sit down for a change instead of working all the time. I would like to know the opinions of other Australian teenagers.—*"D.H.," Greenacre, N.S.W.*

Next week

DO you ever wonder how you can really show that you love the boy in your life? Next week March Wingate again comes to the aid of the girls—giving them some fascinating ideas on the best ways to prove their love. On our cover is a pin-up of Ann-Margret, popular singer and actress, and our main color feature shows you how to improve your golf, with tips by Wayne MacIntosh, the Junior Champion of N.S.W.

SUFFERING SUFFRAGETTES!

WHAT makes this egotistical male think that woman loses her individuality and power of self-expression when married? In my experience, married women take far more interest in politics because the issues at stake normally affect them more deeply. Perhaps one day in the future "Bachelor's" wife will be driving her opinions home with a rolling-pin—she will need to, by the sound of him.—*Mrs. M. Davies, Coromandel Valley, S.A.*

YOU have suggested that all single women are the only ones capable of expressing themselves as individuals and are more interested in politics, and all married women vote as their husbands do and are bored by political affairs. Have you ever taken a door-to-door count to make sure that all the single and married women are as you say. You should realise that, although there may be a small margin of the female population bearing the title of "Mrs.," who do not think for themselves and vote the way their husbands do, the

majority are quite capable of and proud to use their right to vote. You have accused all married women of cheating in the most serious and important matter of voting, and no one likes to be called a cheat.

When one marries, the fundamental human rights remain the same. You would do well to sit down and think about all the married women who vote honestly and seriously at every election.—*Mrs. A. Hunter, Nth. Curl Curl, N.S.W.*

PROHIBIT married women from voting, indeed! Why, they might just as well stop a married man from voting, too, on the grounds that he will be nagged into voting for his better half's party! Are women to feel that once they have married they no longer have minds of their own?—"Spinster," Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.

"BACHELOR" has one of the most ridiculous and bigoted views I have ever heard. I hope he realises that the only reason he can speak so stupidly is because we live in a democratic country, with the right to vote by all free adult members of the community. His opinion of married women is a disgrace to our modern society.—*"Angry Young Woman," Rose Bay, N.S.W.*

"BACHELOR" should remove his rose-colored spectacles, poor little man, and take a good look at his fellow males, whose consuming interest is sport, sport, and more sport, fed to him daily through the medium of newspapers, radio, and television. Ninety per cent. of his fellow men are completely disinterested in politics and world affairs.

Most women, married or single, are extremely concerned with these subjects, the outcome will not affect our children but generations to come.

I suspect that "Bachelor" either very young and naive or that he is a throwback to Victorian times when women were supposed to be cabbage heads with not a thought in their heads beyond pleasing the "lordly head of the house" and obediently sat around doing their embroidery. Well, we are not. We are slowly becoming a force to be reckoned with, and higher education is slowly helping us emerge from the kitchen, where men like "Bachelor" have been delighted to keep us.—*Mrs. O'Toole, Apollo Bay, Vic.*

MANY women who are interested in politics are married to men who take no interest whatsoever in politics. I suppose it is just as reasonable to suggest that these men follow their wives' political party.—*M. Westbrook, Dandenong, Vic.*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—August 1, 1962

JENNIFER DUFF, 23, gets her suits made in London, gallops horses near the Nile . . .

Being an air HOSTESS is the MOSTEST

. . . HELEN DOBBS, 24, loves swimming New Guinea style!



● Where would you do your shopping if you had the largest cities in the world to choose from? London? New York? Tokio? Hong Kong?

London . . . wine and dine in San Francisco ("It's very like Sydney, and there are some marvellous restaurants if you've got an escort," she said) . . . visit Egyptian museums and go horse-riding in Cairo . . . play tennis and swim in Karachi, Pakistan ("There's really nothing much to do there").

Honolulu rests

And, of course, she likes to just shop and look round in Hong Kong. "I find that if I do have clothes made in Hong Kong I always provide Australian cotton. Theirs is very poor quality and rots quickly," she added.

"Honolulu is good for swimming and resting, and so is Mauritius. Tokio is such a mixture, there's so much to see.

"Sydney? I just sleep when I can, listen to my collection of records, and get my washing done."

Jennifer might be away for three weeks at a time, on a trip to London, so washing is a problem. She has her hair set once a week, wherever she happens to be.

It all sounds frightfully exciting, doesn't it? But these are the advantages of Jennifer's job. There are some disadvantages.

"For one thing," she said,

"it rules out practically all social life. Who's going to wait around till I get back each time? It's almost impossible to keep up with girl-friends, too."

I know exactly what Jennifer meant. It took our photographer nearly three weeks before he could organise pictures of Jennifer and Helen. Once Helen was unexpectedly sent to New Guinea, just the day before our appointment, and there was a 16-day delay while we waited for Jennifer to get back from an overseas trip.

"It's not true that air hostesses always marry crew or passengers," Jennifer said.

"They're far more likely to marry boys-next-door, chaps who are willing to wait around for them.

"Also it's very lonely. On most overseas trips you are the only hostess. Unless you've got friends scattered all over the place you do your sightseeing alone.

"And there isn't so much time for that. Sometimes we have a 24-day break in London, but I allow 12 hours of that for washing, packing, and having my nails done and hair set. Most trips have just 24-hour stops.

"It's incredible just how tired you can get, too."

But don't misunderstand. Jennifer really enjoys her job.

She lives in a house in the Sydney suburb of Vaucluse with three other girls. Two are also hostesses, the third a pharmacy assistant.

Jennifer's weekly salary is about £18/10/- with an allowance of 30/- for every day she is overseas. To become an air hostess she did two months' training with the Qantas Passenger Services Division at Mascot, Sydney, then worked for three months on probation.

Helen's life is quite a bit different from Jennifer's. Most of her trips mean only overnight stays, except for three-day stopovers in New Guinea.

"We can request a particular flight, or one particular day a week off, if we specially want to go somewhere, say to a ball in Melbourne," she said.

Loves the stage

"And we are rostered five days ahead, so we can plan social life accordingly." Even so, Helen finds that she does not have enough time at home to do all she wants to.

"I'd love to do acting and repertory work, but I haven't time, and can't start anything that takes regular hours," she said.

Twenty-four-year-old Helen spends most of her spare time dressmaking. She lives with

three other T.A.A. hostesses in a flat at Cammeray, on Sydney's North Shore.

Helen was well qualified to be an air hostess. She did four years nursing in Wanganui, New Zealand, her hometown, before starting her life in the air with a New Zealand airline.

She has been with T.A.A. for 14 months. Before getting her wings, she had to do the whole training course and probationary period again. Interstate airlines have a three-week training course on land and ten training flights.

During the probationary period of three months, Helen's pay was about £15/10/- a week gross. After the probationary period it increased to £16/15/6, and second-year pay is £17/13/-. Helen also receives an allowance of 7/- a week for dry-cleaning, shoe repairs, and so on. Her uniforms are provided free.

In general, to become an Australian air hostess you must be unmarried, between 21 and 27, hold the N.S.W. Intermediate Certificate or its equivalent, either 12 months' general nursing experience or a current St. John Ambulance First Aid Certificate, have a pleasant appearance and personality, be between 5ft. 2in. and 5ft. 6in. (Qantas 5ft. 7in.) and weigh not more than 9st. (Qantas 9st. 7lb.) in proportion to height.

For Qantas, knowledge of a foreign language is a great help, but not essential.

—PENNY FORD

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3

ATTRACTIVE 23-year-old Jennifer Duff gave her answer—Sydney.

"I do buy some overcoats and suits in London," she said, "but it's too expensive, with customs duty as well. Shopping in Hong Kong is wonderful, but prices have increased phenomenally lately.

"But I'll buy classical records anywhere if I can't get them in Australia."

Jennifer is not just a glamorous wealthy globetrotter. She has been an air hostess for two years with Qantas, Australia's overseas airline.

Another Australian hostess whom I talked to see what she thought of these girls "tick," Helen Dobbs, of T.A.A., has the voice of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Darwin, and New Guinea shops—but she takes most of her own clothes.

"The few I do buy, I get in Melbourne," Helen said.

Both Jennifer and Helen make the most of the limited time they spend in each place they visit on duty.

Helen likes best her trips to New Guinea. "It's lovely weather there most of the year, and we do a lot of swimming at Lae," she said.

"In Brisbane we pile into a taxi and go down to Surfers' Paradise.

"Sometimes I do the children's special flight to Canberra and spend the day sightseeing with the kids," Helen added.

Jennifer's field is international. She likes to attend theatres and art exhibitions in

supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 1, 1962



The boy who holds down 3 jobs

● Steve Raymond must be one of the busiest 17-year-olds around Sydney. He works a 68½-hour week and holds down three permanent jobs.

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

"It sounds farfetched, even to me," said Steve, looking fresh and eager. "I don't know how I do it."

From 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Monday to Friday, Steve is a junior clerk with Sydney's radio station 2GB. "That's my most solid job," Steve added.

From 8 to 11 p.m. seven evenings a week, he works as the compere for the floorshow of the Col Joye Theatre Restaurant. "That's a job that's coming along nicely and might develop," said Steve.

And on Sunday, from 1 p.m. till about 6, he is the official loudspeaker caller at Westmead Speedway for speed-car, hot-rod, and stock-car races. "That's a job I just sort of drifted into," said Steve.

STEVE RAYMOND, Sydney 17-year-old who works 68½ hours a week in three separate jobs.

Steve's permanent job at 2GB was earned through a lot of patience and pluck.

"I pestered the broadcasting stations for two years before I eventually got a job," he said.

During those two waiting years he worked in a large department store. "But I felt so discontented working there, I seemed so far away from a job in radio, but I knew something had to break soon."

£20 a week

Steve tried to make "something break" by taking a trip to Adelaide in the hope that his brother Mike, who has a radio job there, might be able to get him into radio.

"But it was no go," said Steve. "So I went back to the department store in Sydney."

Now that everything is moving and Steve has as many jobs as he can handle, he's a tired but happy boy earning approximately £20 from everything.

"Mind you," he said, "doing so much, I have to take care quite a lot and that costs a bit."

The distances he has to travel to his various jobs are not modest. He lives at Coogee with his parents. From there to his speedway job at Westmead is about 20 miles, and it's nearly five miles from the Col Joye Theatre Restaurant in Kings Cross.

"I don't ever drink, and I don't smoke much, and I'm fairly fit," said Steve, "but sometimes I think all these jobs nearly kill me."

How long does he think he can keep it all up? "Oh, I enjoy everything. Anyway, I believe in fate. Something's got to break soon."

He paused and grimaced. "Probably me."

FUN ABOUT WORK

"If three schoolboys doing odd jobs after school earn twice as much as their teacher, how long will it be . . . ?"



"Let's see . . . you want a summer job, preferably near a swimming-pool, for £20 a week with free transport . . ."



"Not bad, not bad . . . now type the second line."

"Your duties the first day will be mostly to stand around and answer yes to the question, 'You're new here, aren't you?'"



● Here is our third dispatch from Sue and Sally Sangster, two Australian teenagers travelling abroad with their parents. In this letter they tell of their travels from California to New York, via Nevada, Arizona, Texas, Louisiana, and Florida.

TRAVEL TEENS



LAS VEGAS is a day's drive from Los Angeles — a day which takes you from the green valleys and Pacific beaches of California to the stony deserts of Nevada.

But what a place! If all the neon tubing in Vegas was placed end to end, it would equal the distance covered by all the poker machines in Vegas placed side by side.

We got into awful trouble in a drug store on the main street. After buying a roll of color film, we played a nickel in a machine on the way out of the shop. Three jacks brought a crash of small change and a furious shopkeeper who said he'd be fined if children were caught playing his machines. We scooped up our winnings and fled.

Marryin' is big business along Las Vegas Boulevard. You can't miss the chapels—they're usually white or cake-icing-pink with the porch and little steeple tastefully outlined in neon.

Marriages are put through 24 hours a day, no waiting. The Silver Bell Chapel issues a folder containing all necessary information, signed off at the bottom of the page by the reverend gentlemen... "Cordially yours, Chuck and Jim."

Yes, Las Vegas is different.

IF you want to visit a Mexican border town, aim for one off the regular tourist track. We chose Nogales, where the people are helpful and the buying is cheap. (Later we crossed at El Paso—very big on tourists. A nastier, dirtier, cheaper dump couldn't exist.)

Nogales had lots of poky little shops and bazaars selling beautiful leatherwork, pottery, and huge Mexican hats. Men dozed in the sun, little donkeys wandered in the streets, and black-eyed urchins begged for cents.

As we drove back from Nogales, Mexico, to Nogales, U.S.A.—a matter of a few yards—we moved from a rutted dirt road on to a concrete highway, from a shanty town to a smart, well-to-do U.S. city, from one side of the world to the other.

WE headed north-east from Nogales for Tombstone Territory. Travellers to Tombstone are welcomed by the notorious Boothill Cemetery, where the perforated remains of a host of famous and infamous characters lie.

One of the biggest graves carries the names of Billy Clanton, Frank McLowery, Tom McLowery—"Murdered on the streets of Tombstone, 1881."

The victorious party in this particular hoedown consisted of Wyatt Earp, his brothers Virgil and Morgan, and "Doc" Holliday.

Even less fortunate was George Johnson, whose epitaph reads "Hanged by mistake."

Tombstone simply hasn't changed since the 44 was the law. The Oriental Saloon where Virgil Earp was shot down slumbers on at the corner of Allen and Fifth Streets.

Above the original honky-tonk piano in the Crystal Palace Saloon, the ceiling is riddled with bullet holes put there by over-exuberant miners and cowboys. One slug meant for the barman shattered the mirror behind him—now held together with glue. (The barman was not amused—his assailant is out at Boothill under an "Unknown" label.)

TEXAS is BIG. Biggest State (until Alaska arrived last year), biggest oil cheques, biggest steaks.

Our lasting impression of Texas is "biggest number of skunks." Every mile or so we would pass over a late skunk on the freeway. A few seconds' delay while the aroma found its way through the car's ventilation system and everyone would shout "Skunk"! They smell unbelievably bad.

NEW ORLEANS isn't worth crossing the Mississippi to see, except for the fabulous French Quarter. The "Vieux Carre," as it is known, is a sparkling centre of good food, good entertainment and incredible shops, set in a dirty, down-at-heel old harridan of a city.

By the way, "Vieux Carre" comes in handy for subtly expressing disapproval of teachers, fathers, etc. It's French for Old Square.

Bourbon Street really lived up to reputation. We all wandered way down past the bright lights one night and stumbled upon a real local Dixie Jazz session. One Kimball and his seven Negro jazzmen were playing in a small hall for the financial benefit of some New Orleans jazz players' society.

To commence each 90-minute session they'd up trombones, trumpets, etc., and march out on to Bourbon Street blasting out "When the Saints Go Marching In." This would bring in a few paying customers, then into "Alabama Jubilee," "Down by the Riverside," "Tiger Rag," "Way Down Yonder," "Tailgate Polka," and many more. We stayed till 3 a.m.

FLORIDA gives the impression of being one big park. Lush green grass carpets

both sides of the super-highway strips, right to the point where jungle rises from misty swamps.

We were delightfully surprised in St. Augustine. We had never heard of it, the oldest city in U.S.A. (1513). It's completely charming.

Horse-drawn buggies tour the streets between old Spanish forts and monasteries. Pirates' hangouts sit side by side with ancient ships' suppliers and slave markets.

NEWEST teenage party craze in the Deep South is a **Satellite**. Blast off with an astronaut-sized scoop of ice-cream, pour on lime (or any other flavor) topping, sprinkle with chopped nuts, THEN... light a sparkler, stab it in the ice-cream, and serve!

WE stopped to inspect an Atlas missile at Cape Canaveral, the type used by Major

John Glenn. Standing as high as a 10-storey building, the rocket looked bigger and more impressive than any picture.

Perhaps it was the effect of the moonlight, but looking upwards in the silence of the Cape our hearts leapt at the knowledge that we were close to one of the greatest feats of courage the world has known.

WITH 4000 miles of U.S.A. behind us, a word on costs might help intending travellers.

Gasoline is around 10 dollars a day (400-odd miles in a big car). A motel room with a double bed, two singles, and a "roll-away" for our baby brother Michael costs us nine to 12 dollars. Light breakfast, a picnic lunch, and a two- or three-course dinner at night comes to 10 dollars a day.

That's between 29 and 32 dollars for five people, plus souvenirs, sightseeing, or other extras. Say, £15 Australian.

LAST stop before New York was Washington, where we paid our respects to the White House and moved on.

Paying our respects meant wandering through the reception or entertainment wing of the executive mansion, under the watchful eye of the Secret Service.

NEW YORK is supposed to be tough, always in a rush, and unfriendly to strangers. Tough, yes. Fast, yes. But forget the unfriendly tag.

We were sitting in a park off Fifth Avenue when our accented conversation was picked up by two teenagers taking a lunch break from secretarial school.

They turned on real American charm that couldn't be bettered. We chatted for half an hour, mentioned that we were headed for Toronto next day. Not one, not two, but three cars were instantly turned on to help us to the terminal.

Goodbye till next month.

THE SANGSTER ALBUM



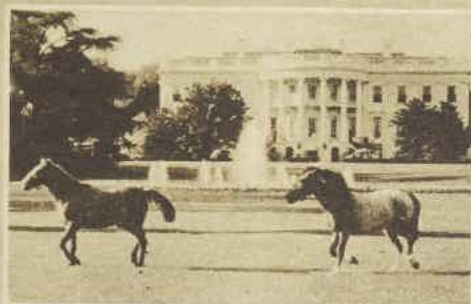
LAS VEGAS, a blaze of color in the middle of a desert—like Ayers Rock! It's the easiest place in the world to get married in.



FRENCH QUARTER of New Orleans, which specialises in jazz and Creole cooking.



NEW YORK is tough, always in a rush but never unfriendly. This shot was taken from a plane while flying over the harbor.



THE WHITE HOUSE, in Washington, where we inspected the public rooms under the eye of the Secret Service. But no one worried about Caroline Kennedy's pony, "Macaroni" (right), romping with a friend on the lawn.

PATSY ANN'S WARDROBE

● Before she left to try her luck in England, 18-year-old Patsy Ann Noble modelled for these exclusive pictures of her favorite clothes in the all-Australian wardrobe she bought in Sydney to wear abroad. The pictures were taken at the Kyle Bay, Sydney, home of Patsy and her parents by staff photographer Ron Berg.



LOVELY kangaroo-skin coat (above) with two pockets and adaptable collar is the pride and joy of Patsy's Australian collection.

STUNNING velvet and taffeta evening dress (left) took Patsy's fancy so much that she's going to have a second version in a pastel color.

SATIN all-weather, all-purpose coat (right) can be worn by day or night.

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POCKET PIN-UP of Patsy in her kangaroo-skin coat. She and her mother don't know how long they'll be away.



YELLOW for Australia's wattle is prominent in Patsy's wardrobe. This knitted two-piece is for casual daywear.



ALL-WOOL three-quarter-length coat (left) can be worn with slacks or over dresses. The stitched suede booties will help to keep out London's winter chill.

STRIKING gold brocade formal, in tissue paper since the Logie Awards, is too grand for general use, but will be fine to wear for very special gala occasions.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Lonely soldier

"I HAVE been writing to an Australian soldier in Malaya for 18 months (I am 18). Although I have never met him, I think I am in love with him. He has sent me a photo and many beautiful gifts. My mother says it is wrong to think too much of this boy because I may be terribly disappointed when he returns home. Do you think he likes me as I like him, just by our photos and our weekly letters to each other? He has never said anything to indicate that he likes me, although I wish he would. I dream of him every night."

P.K., Vic.

I am sure he likes you if he writes to you so regularly and sends presents. You can only wait and see when he comes home whether you like each other as much when you meet. You may be disappointed, but many a romance has blossomed from correspondence.

Double dates

"MY boy-friend tells me he loves me, but when he is at home, or out with his mother, he hardly ever speaks to me. He is 20 and I am 18. His mother is always telling me about his former girl-friend. When he asks me out (every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night) his mother wants to come, and if he won't let her she hits the roof and won't lend him the car. (We cannot afford a car of our own as we are saving to get married.) How do we get out without her? She is turning him against me."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Don't try to interfere between your boy-friend and his mother. It is up to him to explain to her tactfully that he doesn't want to "double-date" the two of you all the time. It is a difficult situation, and if he isn't man enough to stand up to her now you will find it tough going when you are married.

But if you don't want to have your future mother-in-law tagging along on dates it looks as though you'll have to go by bus—after all, it is her car.

Go and see him

"A BOY I know has been in hospital for a long time now, and my mother thinks it would be right for me to go and visit him, but I would feel too embarrassed. He is a nice boy (he lives nearby) and has asked to see me. I am 14."

"Nicknamed," Qld.

Of course you should go and see him, especially as he has asked for you. A long stay in hospital can be very dull and lonely. Imagine how you would feel if you were ill and no one came to see you!

Tell him what you and your friends have been doing, take him magazines on subjects that interest him, and ask him if there's anything he would like you to bring him next time.

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Possessive

"FOR the past 12 months I have been going out with a boy whom I love very much. I know he feels the same way about me, but we are nearly always irritable with each other and argue over small things. Lately his sport has been taking him away to other towns quite often, and I miss him and am lonely when he goes away. I have told him how I feel, but he says there is nothing he can do about it. He warned me about six months ago that he would be away a lot. Do you think I should keep going out with him or find someone else I can be with all the time? I am 17."

"Mixed-Up," Qld.

You are well on the way to being a possessive woman if you begrudge your boy-friend his sporting matches. Boys of that age usually put sport first, and he has already warned you that he is not going to give it up just for you. No wonder you both get irritable and argue when you are together—it sounds as though you already see too much of each other. Find some interests of your own to keep you occupied and to make you a more interesting person. If you drop your present boy-friend, the next one will soon find an excuse to escape from such a possessive girl.

Drifting apart

"MY mother and I have not been very close ever since my father died six years ago. I am only 16 and feel I am at the age when I need my mother most. I cannot spend a great deal of time with her, as she works each day and goes out most nights, and when she doesn't go out I do. I have been trying desperately to break down the barrier between us, but I just cannot succeed. I love her very much and I do not wish to hurt her."

"Unhappy Daughter," S.A.

Show an interest in what your mother is doing and talk to her about it. Tell her about your own activities. Ask her to go along with you to a show or picture theatre which you would both enjoy. Shared interests and outings may bring you closer together.

Walter Mitty

"I HAVE a very high imagination. I lose many friends because of it, but I can't control it. If I am talking to someone I just wander off into my imaginary world and I'm just not aware there's anyone there until they touch me or raise their voice."

"When I was younger and did not want to go to school I would imagine I was sick and eventually I would convince my mother and even believe it myself, and I WAS sick. I was told I would grow out of it, but I am nearly 17 now and I don't think I will. I can hardly go a day without losing myself in some imaginary world."

"I am very unhappy in my job, and I would like to do some work in which I could use my imagination (if that's possible). My one longing is to be a nurse."

"Day-dreamer," Vic.

You may be naturally highly imaginative, in which case I doubt if you would make a good nurse—nurses have people's lives in their care, and they have to be practical to keep their

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

minds on the job. Or you may just let your imagination run wild because you are unhappy in your present job. The Commonwealth Employment Service, corner of Spring and Latrobe Streets, Melbourne, has a Vocational Guidance service which could advise you on the type of work suitable to your talents and qualifications. A job you like may be all you need to help you concentrate.

Take the hint

"I AM 17 and have been going with a girl of 16 for nearly six months and I have never kissed her. In fact, I have never kissed a girl in my life. I get along well with girls, and the other boys at my school were very surprised when I told them I had never kissed a girl. My girl-friend is a rather wild type, but with personality plus. She is always talking about the fun she has during the holidays with other boys and how she was kissed by so-and-so. Do you think these remarks are hints?"

"Sour Seventeen," N.S.W.

Yes.

The age problem

"I WOULD very much like to know if there is anything wrong with a girl being older than her boy-friend. I am going steady with a boy who is two years younger than I, and I often wonder if there are any other girls who are older than their boy-friends. I sometimes think I'm the only one."

"Older," N.S.W.

You're not. Lots of women have married younger men, and two years is very little difference in age. What matters more in a partner is interests and an outlook in common.

Kiss of death

"IF a boy wishes to kiss me goodnight and either he has a heavy cold or I have one, what can I do? If there is an important function coming up for which I want to remain healthy, how can I refuse to kiss him without hurting his feelings?"

"Pondering," Vic.

What's wrong with telling him the simple truth, that you don't want to catch his cold or give him yours? If he has any consideration for you at all, there is no reason why this should hurt his feelings.

Rival cousins

"WHEN my boy-friend went away on a working holiday recently, he asked his cousin (with whom he boards) to look after me until he got back. At first I resented this, but now I find that I have fallen in love with his cousin. I think the cousin likes me, too, but I am not sure. My boy-friend writes to me often and tells me he loves me. Should I let him and his cousin know my feelings? My boy-friend is coming home quite soon."

"Lover," Vic.

Keep your feelings to yourself and wait and see what happens when your boy-friend comes home. If his cousin is interested, you will soon know then, but frankly I don't think you really love either of them.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



WHAT does your best beloved see when you smile? A row of teeth, clean, white, and sparkling (like pearls, they used to say), or a row of old utility chewing teeth, not too clean?

Check up next time you see your dentist—ask him are your teeth clean. Probably you are due for two shocks. My dentist says most people's teeth aren't really clean; that most people don't know how to clean them.

He says it doesn't matter what brand of toothpaste you use, the brushing is the thing that cleans.

Between 12 and 25 is the time when you are most prone to cavities, so now is the time to watch your teeth, see they are clean.

My dentist (we're great pals now) said he didn't learn how to clean his teeth until he was at university, where the first lesson he had was "How To Clean Your Teeth."

To teach me he drew clever little diagrams and explained that a tooth has many sides, and each side has to be thoroughly cleaned. Use your brush at right-angles to your teeth and use a circular motion.

Do it this way:

With your teeth edge to edge, brush the outside surfaces of your upper and lower teeth, working from the back of your mouth to the front. Now brush the inside surfaces of the teeth by placing the tip of the brush flat on your teeth.

Next clean the chewing surface of your upper and lower teeth by brushing two teeth at a time.

Finally rinse your mouth.

Part of the toothbrush should be on your gums as you clean. You might complain and say it hurts and makes them bleed, but this is a good thing, as it toughens the gums. Don't brush frantically, a gentle massage is all they need. If you stick to it, within three to four weeks your gums will be strong and healthy.

Don't think I'm mad, but the thing to do is to practise in the mirror. This way you can see if the brush is at right-angles and you're doing all the sides.

It will take a good five minutes to do a perfect cleaning job.

A frightening fact my dentist also divulged was that decay sets in within three minutes after eating. So immediately you've eaten use your toothbrush.

And at the end of all this, what do you have? Teeth like pearls . . . natch.

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

3. ROME

Rome invented lime concrete

THE ancient Romans were a vigorous, empire-building people who liked new ideas. In art and architecture they used older, traditional Greek forms, but added new ways of design and new methods of construction.

Where previously the Egyptians and Greeks had used stone carved into simple columns and beams, the Romans invented lime concrete and developed the arch and the dome.

This allowed the planning of buildings with less wall and much more open floor areas than previously.

One of the great domed buildings of the world, the Pantheon, was built in Rome in the second century A.D. The vertical wall is of concrete 20ft. thick, faced with marble and decorated with niches and columns.

The dome is built of bricks thickly bedded in lime mortar, with decorative panels on the underside, the whole surface being plastered over.

There are no windows, yet the building is beautifully lit by the "eye," 27ft. in diameter, in the crown of the dome,

which is completely open to the sky. This method of lighting produces a most solemn and impressive effect.

The idea was symbolic of the interior being open to the vault of heaven, the home of the numerous gods in whose honor the temple was built.

The Pantheon, unlike Egyptian and Greek buildings, gives more importance to the interior than the exterior. This shift of emphasis from the outside to the inside was to affect architecture for hundreds of years, so that many early Christian buildings which followed the Roman period are quite ugly outside and very beautiful inside.

The internal dimensions of the Pantheon are 146ft. 6in. in diameter and exactly the same distance from floor to the top of the dome, so that a huge ball would fit snugly inside. The elaborate gilt bronze decorations of Roman days have long since been removed, but an air of richness pervades the whole space.

Originally built as a temple to pagan gods, the Pantheon is now a Christian Church, thus being one of the world's oldest buildings in continuous use.

NEXT WEEK: The Pont du Gard.



THE PANTHEON, Rome. From "European Architecture in Color," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).



Grow nicer nails

● This summer why not embark on a nail-improvement programme—beginning NOW? It's quite the best way to give fingertips a nicer look if that's what you want.

By Carolyn Earle

IT takes about three months for a fingernail to grow its full length, but if your nail problem is chiefly one of split or breaking tips you can have—with care—nicer nails within four to six weeks. And that's in plenty of time for the summer.

If you seem to have trouble in growing fingernails to a decent length, the best results are always obtained slowly and with perseverance by following three quite simple measures.

First of all, be kind to your nails; apart from keeping them in shape by gentle filing and grooming, leave them quite alone for three months. With an emery board shape only the nail tips and let the sides grow out straight for about 1-16th inch above the cuticle.

Commonsense cuticle care—maintaining that fringe of skin that surrounds the base of the nail—is a must for strong fingertips.

During this time use no varnish or varnish-remover of any kind.

Next, keep your hands, as far as possible, out of water, soap suds, and detergents. This means using a good barrier cream and rubber gloves whenever you do any household and

other tasks that are apt to be hard on the hands.

Naturally, we all know the importance of these measures, but, well, we do have a habit of forgetting or skipping "just this once," and that's just not good enough.

Thirdly, get the hand cream (or lotion) habit. Keeping hand skin soft and healthy—not dried out—keeps cuticle soft, too, and that's precisely what you want to do.

The most practical hand cream to have around is any good one that has a lanolin base. Best way to use it is a little and often; this pays off infinitely better than great dollops of the stuff once in a while.

So... whenever you can manage it during the day squeeze out about a half inch of cream on to the back of your hand. Pick up a bit of the cream and smooth it around each fingernail and on the soft area beneath each nail tip. Then "wash" your hands with the rest until it all disappears into the skin.

Diet can be a nail aid—and that goes for ALL nails. Where deficiency of certain proteins has made nails delicate or brittle, gelatine used as a food supplement may improve them in time.

Vitamin deficiency is yet another cause of nail problems. Ask your doctor's advice on diet if your nails give real trouble.



Page 10—Teenagers' Weekly

DANGER— WOMEN AT WALK!

● I see that a Melbourne insurance company has officially decided that women are better drivers than men.

THE company will give girls a 10 per cent. reduction on car insurance.

Now, I'm not going to complain, ladies. Good luck to you, and I don't want to get into a fight about the move.

[I must, however, record the case of a Perth woman who recently drove at 50 m.p.h. in a 35 m.p.h. limit area.

Her excuse? She had on a tight foundation garment and wanted to get out of it!

Her licence was suspended. Or should it have been suspender-ed?

No, what comes to my mind is the fascinating question: If women are such good drivers, why aren't they equally good WALKERS?

Put a girl on a footpath and she runs amuck.

She'll career along the wrong side, colliding with oncoming traffic.

Or else she'll illegally park, talking to a mate and holding up others.

I'd make 'em all give hand signals—except, of course, the lass who swerves across my path to dive into a shop.

She's probably already put out her hand—to her father or husband!

Dangerous walking, strangely enough, seems to work in reverse to reckless driving.

Road safety people largely point the finger at young drivers.

With walking, however, if (to coin a slogan) a female's older she's bolder.

The most fearsome footpath femmes are the housewife with a loaded shopping bag and, horrors, the mother with a speeding stroller or pram.

The answer to the problem? Give every woman a car.

Anyway, I like a girl with a wheel of her own!

ALSO in the news recently was a story that Liverpool, N.S.W., bus proprietors are spraying the interiors of their buses with perfume.

Apparently there's a parking problem in the town, and police hope perfumed buses will induce more motorists to leave their cars at home and use public transport.

I suppose that, to carry the stunt off properly, the bus people will have to become fully perfume conscious.

Conductors might yell, "Move down the scenter, please!"

And there could be signs on the buses: "Do not reek to driver whilst bus is in lotion."

A girl might object to having to always go out with a squirt.

But she should respect Liverpool's bus custom, which has provided a famous saying:

When in aroma do as the a-Romans do!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

Thin Men aren't having lean time!

● Melbourne's smooth-singing Thin Men are each 6ft. tall and 25 years old. Only one, leader John Edwards, is married.

ALL are from Melbourne except Adelaide's Johnny Florence. All go bowling, too, except Johnny, who, when asked what is his hobby, says simply and truthfully, "Girls!"

The Thin Men are, individually, John Edwards, Tony Lee (playing guitar), Johnny Florence, and Ron Patrick, and actually they are not that thin. More streamlined.

Most recent disc of this smart, smooth-operating quartet is "Can't Get You Out Of My Mind" (W. and G.).

Their appearance on "The Evie Hayes Show" was a major hit with young viewers, and they followed this up by appearing regularly on "Sunnyside Up," a popular TV show in Melbourne.

Unlike many young hopefuls who grab the nearest mike and holler, the Thin Men are a highly trained, much-rehearsed team of professional musicians who have been singing for their supper, singly or in groups, since their schooldays.

Their poised on-camera presentation is all the more remarkable, because Melbourne, unlike Sydney, with three teen TV shows, and Adelaide with two, has no proving-ground where young talent can gain TV experience.

Local talent: Using his "new" deep voice, an unsuspected comedy flair, and a great sense of timing, "Dig Richards Gets Out Of The Groove" well and truly on a Festival EP. Emerging as a wholly new personality, he

makes a great fist of the sickish "Ricketty Ticketty Tin," and follows up with bright new arrangements of "Sixteen Tons," "John Henry," and "Frankie and Johnny." More like this and he'll have a big student following.

Dig's young brother, Doug, who wrote his first success, "I Wanna Love You," and is now a commercial artist, appears for the first time on disc, playing guitar. Dig's off soon on two variety show tours with the Ted Quig outfit to gain more experience in stage work and comedy sketches.

SOMETHING new in the way of a gimmick spoken introduction is used by Johnny Chester on his W. and G. single "A Funny Little Feeling." It's an attractive number, full of beat, and Johnny uses his voice much more freely than he has before. Plenty of teenagers will understand just how he feels with "Shy Away" on the flip.

WHEN you've watched them from the beginning, it's fine to hear our own boys and girls gaining new maturity and polish. Noeleen Batley's new Festival single, "Crying Fool," is an example of this; "Don't Play Number 9" (On The Juke Box) the flip should have quite an appeal on its own account.

SLAP Johnny O'Keefe's "Come On" on the player and it's like turning back the clock to the wild days of gold lame shirts and skin-tight pants. This Leedon LP's a run-down of Johnny's past singles, including some which are quite good to hear again—"Roll Over, Beethoven," "You Excite Me," etc.

Pops: A type of down-home, corn-on-the-cob American regional music that had its last run in the '30s is "Doo Wacka Doo" (R.C.A. LP), "Tiger Rag," "Goofus," and "Sugar Blues" are among those given the old sound by The Doowackadoodlers, a group re-assembled and conducted by big-band arranger Marty Gold. Try it for size.

THERE'S more than one type of hit sound, and it's the Nashville imprint The Anita Kerr Singers give to "The Hit Sound" of their R.C.A. LP. This excellent group of mixed voices working with such Nash-



THE THIN MEN (from left): John Edwards (leader), Ron Patrick, Johnny Florence, and Tony Lee.

ville-composed material as "Hey Joe," "Bye, Bye Love," and "Half As Much" has the ability to make songs you've heard before sound as listenable as when they were new.

ANY boys in school cadet corps will probably react to the martial sounds of the Royal Marines band LP "Beating Retreat And Tattoo" (H.M.V.) by snapping to attention and staying there. Theirs

is one of THE sounds in military music.

WITH the Gilbert and Sullivan operas fast coming out of mothballs and emerging as tuneful all-age entertainment, "Martyn Green Sings The Gilbert And Sullivan Song Book" comes along to give those who don't know an idea of what it's all about. June Bronhill and Andrew Gold are the other principals. An M.G.M. LP.

RECORD OFFER REPEATED

● The response to the recent announcement of "BANDSTAND STAR PARADE" has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which the 8-record set is available for £12 cash or £3 deposit and £1/10/- a month for 6 months.

The 8 records included in this offer are:

Brian Henderson—"Everything's Swingin'"; Johnny O'Keefe—"Oldies but Goodies"; Col Joye—"The Golden Boy"; Brenda Lee—"This is Brenda"; Paul Anka—"Swings for Young Lovers"; Dion—"Alone with Dion"; Buddy Holly—"Memories of Buddy Holly"; Lonnie Lee—"A Night Out with Lonnie Lee"; but possibly the most interesting is Brian Henderson's selection, "Everything's Swingin'", which includes The Joye Boys, The Delltones, The Leemen, The Crescents, Warren Williams, Rob E. G., Noeleen Batley, Patty Markham, Ray Melton, Johnny Devlin, The De Kroo Brothers, Paul Wayne, and Judy Cannon.

Each record is in its own color jacket and the full set is enclosed in a handsome red-and-gold embossed vinyl cover.

Listen to these records in your own home for five days—if not completely satisfied, your deposit (if you have purchased on terms) or full price will be refunded.

If keeping them, and buying on terms, you have the choice of paying £9 balance immediately or of paying 30/- a month for 6 months. By keeping the set you automatically become a member of the Popular Record Club, and so entitled to make selections from amongst the 400 best-selling records in the popular and classical fields.

HURRY — THIS OFFER CANNOT LAST INDEFINITELY! MAIL THIS BIG REDUCTION COUPON TODAY!

WORTH HEARING

The art of CESARE VALLETTI

THERE is a firm belief among musicians that intelligence in a singer can be measured according to the depth of his or her vocal range; in other words, that high tenors are of low intelligence and deep basses have all the brains.

One singer who firmly refutes this legend is the Italian tenor Cesare Valletti, who has been singing to Australian audiences in recent weeks. Valletti also refutes another well-established belief: that operatic singers, and particularly Italian operatic singers, are not adept at singing lieder (or songs).

(Lieder is a slightly snobbish but useful word meaning serious songs with piano accompaniment, such as Schubert wrote, as distinct from just any songs.)

Valletti is a "complete" singer; he has a beautiful voice, a perfect technique, intelligence, and knowledge that enable him to sing a wide range of different kinds of songs and arias in the style appropriate to them.

You can hear Valletti on three records issued here by R.C.A. to mark his Australian tour. The best of these, technically and musically, is called "The Art of Song."

—Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 1, 1962

To "BANDSTAND," BOX 3410, G.P.O., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

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LONNIE LEE

who, at 21, is one of the oldtimers of Australia's pop-record industry. He made his first disc, "Ain't It So," composed by his discoverer, Johnny O'Keefe, in 1959. Since then there's been "Starlight, Star-bright," "Sit Around And Talk To Me," "When The Bells Stop Ringing," and recently "Don't You Know." "I Found A New Love" won him last year's Golden Microphone Award in Perth. He's appeared with many American singers, and is often seen in national TV shows.

Television

BOUNCY blond TV star Dorothy Provine is making the most of the present and sees a great future—in reliving the past!

In both her big TV starring successes — "The Alaskans" and "The Roaring '20s" — she has played entertainers of bygone days.

Dorothy was Rocky, a singer in Alaska during the hectic goldrush there at the turn of the century.

In "The Roaring '20s" viewers see her as Pinky, a lush thrush and energetic dancer in a New York speakeasy in Prohibition days.

Dorothy enjoyed the role in the Alaskan period piece, but she really loves her "life" in the '20s.

She even lives the part of Pinky off the TV camera. She wears flapper-style dresses, cloche hats, short hair bobs so popular 30 and more years ago, and her speech is studded with expressions of the '20s.

For instance, enjoyable things aren't "the most" to Dorothy, they're "the cat's pyjamas."

"I don't think the clothes I wear are funny," she says. "I think girls were much more attractive to men and charming than they are today."

"I guess the character transformation started when I was a child," she explains.

"Mother taught my two sisters and me the Charleston when we were tiny and we were always dancing it."

"From pretty well that time on I wished I could be a flapper."

Her chance came years later when Warner Brothers studio planned "The Roaring '20s."

The producers were looking for a girl to fill Pinky's part and asked Dorothy if she would like to try out for the role. Dorothy won it by her spirited dancing at the audition.

"I worked hard at home getting the Charleston as fast and furious as I could. The secret was that I put on 33 r.p.m. records at 78 r.p.m.!"

Dorothy, 26, who was born in San Francisco, is a small dynamo. She is only 5ft. 3in. tall.



**DOROTHY
PROVINE**



Michael Denison in his role as Boyd, Q.C.

Boyd, Q.C., is Dulcie Gray's pin-up

● In the theatre there's a well-established tradition of husbands and wives who work together. Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, British stage, film, and television stars with 23 years of marriage and working partnership behind them, are a case in point.

THEY'RE in Melbourne for the taping of George Bernard Shaw's "Village Wooing," which is being produced at ABV2's Ripponlea studios for Australia-wide showing on A.B.C.-TV.

This not only gives Australian viewers their first opportunity of seeing these two famous stars together in a play but is also the first Australian TV production of a Shaw play.

We are seeing our first Shaw TV play, producer William Sterling says, only because two stars of such calibre are appearing in it.

The executors of Shaw's estate have the final say on casts for Shaw's plays, and such is the reputation of the Denison-Gray team that permission for this production went almost without saying.

Michael Denison is, whether he likes it or not, indelibly printed on the square eyes of Australians as Boyd, Q.C.

Prof. Higgins

In Melbourne, certainly, he also has another "image," that of Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady." But, good as he is in these two characterisations, it is hardly fair to his reputation that he should be judged by them only.

Dulcie Gray we know here for her performance in the 1956 stage production of "Tea and Sympathy," and for her films (she has made 20 in all), which we are seeing again now on television.

"Village Wooing" is a wonderful vehicle for this famous husband-and-wife team. The battle of the sexes, fought in words in Shavian fashion, gives them every opportunity to show their paces.

Somehow they seem made for Shavian roles. Very English,

—By
**MARGARET
BERKELEY**

they are both capable of those nuances of look and voice which make Shaw plays a delight.

This will be their third Shaw play together—they've done "Candida" and "Heartbreak House" in London — and Michael Denison's fourth. He appeared in "Village Wooing" during the Edinburgh Festival in 1956, when his wife was in "Tea and Sympathy" in Melbourne.

It's not surprising, somehow, that the part Michael Denison has liked his wife in most in recent years is Candida. It was surprising, though, to hear Miss Gray plump for Boyd, Q.C., as

her favorite among her husband's roles.

"I watch it whenever I can," she said. "I have appeared in one episode, but not more because this is his own series."

"Michael makes it look so easy and so natural that people think he is really like Boyd, Q.C. They are apt to forget that he is a very good actor."

15 star roles

"Village Wooing" gives us a chance to see these two top actors as they love to work — together. They do work separately sometimes, of course, and mainly because they feel it's good for the public and themselves that they should do so.

Michael Denison came up with some statistics to show just what they have done since the war in West End theatre. They have each starred in 15 plays, 13 together and two each, separately.

This business of working in partnership started just by chance, Dulcie Gray recalls. When they were engaged to be married they came together, she from dramatic school and he from Westminster Theatre, to play juvenile leads in a repertory play.

And later, after Michael Denison's six years in the Army, when Dulcie Gray was engaged to play the lead in "My Brother Jonathan," coincidence struck again.



British husband-and-wife acting team Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray photographed in Melbourne when they were rehearsing for their roles in A.B.C.-TV's production of Shaw's "Village Wooing." Michael Denison, of course, is well known to Channel 2 viewers as Boyd, Q.C.

"They wanted a male lead," she said. "And they asked me if I could remember the name of an actor who had once auditioned with me. It was Michael. It happened just like that."

It was their first big partnership and they were a great success.

London home

Looking back now to the first year of their marriage when Miss Gray was filming from 5 a.m. till 9 p.m. and Mr. Denison was in the theatre, she recalls that they didn't see each other on weekdays, and even on Sundays she was doing other work.

Since then they have worked out a formula for living and working which seems to run like clockwork.

They live in one of the lovely Nash terrace houses overlooking Regent's Park and, even though they're only a stone's throw from the rush and bustle of the West End, they see no other house from theirs—just the park and the gardens.

Home is, of necessity, well organised—with a housekeeper to run it—but Miss Gray says she can and does cook and nearly always cooks the evening meal when they are working together in a play.

Mr. Denison has a great big white labrador called Titus, which he takes for walks in

the park. When he has time which isn't often, he says, he paints a bit, plays golf, watches cricket.

Miss Gray, however, professionally has two careers. As a writer of detective stories she now has seven completed novels to her credit. One of them, "Murder in Melbourne," was written when she was in Melbourne for "Tea and Sympathy."

"I don't have a special routine for writing," she says. "I carry the plots round in my head and write when I can find time. I don't make a thing of it."

Busy writer

She writes in longhand—manuscripts are later typed by her secretary—at all sorts of odd moments, under the dryer and in hotel rooms when over England when she's on tour.

"I spend so much time in gloomy station hotels in provincial cities before the play gets to London and I find it makes me indifferent to my surroundings if I can write," she said.

"It's a wonderful way to occupy waiting time. But in spite of what has been written about this I never write in a dressing-room, and I always leave two hours between writing and rehearsals so that I can unwind."

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Each week in this supplement we will publish Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.

● Momma once said: Status symbols have been with us since time began. Some people never seem to be happy with what they have. The minute you get your old car paid for, and owe nothing on it, everything seems to be wrong with it. It's time to go into debt on a new one.

The people next door build an addition on to their house, and you just have to have one, too.

Your friend gets a new television set (23in. no less) and you have to turn in your perfectly good 17in. set on a new one. It just never seems to stop. Hasn't that happened to you?

Momma's moral: It's a wonderfully smart man who can convince his wife that she looks fat in a fur coat.



● Beverly Garland

The face that launched a stack of hits

● An attractive blond, blue-eyed actress recently bounced on to a sound-stage in Hollywood where a new TV series was being born. The "sample" or "pilot" film, as the trade calls it, was being made.

IT soon became apparent that the girl—Beverly Garland—wasn't just any actress, because the producer rushed over, kissed her on the cheek, and took her by the arm to a coffee urn. "How is television's 'Girl Friday'?" he asked as he poured her a cup of steaming coffee.

The fact is that when Miss Garland marches on to a TV sound-stage today it is almost as though a good-luck charm had just arrived.

She's good luck

So far, Beverly, or "Bev" as her friends know her, has put her special stamp on no fewer than nine TV series pilot films and each one has turned out to be a "smash," enjoying immediate world-wide success.

"I'm a good-luck omen for new shows, I suppose," she said. "Three of the pilot films I did were with Rod Cameron—'State Trooper,' 'Coronado 9,' and I can't remember the other one."

All three were sold, though, and went on the air. Now Rod says he'll never make another pilot without me in the cast."

Strangely enough, after Beverly does her amazing job on a pilot film she rarely is ever seen again on the series. Mainly because she hasn't much time. Other producers, wanting the "good-luck omen" in their embryonic projects, are calling. She demands and gets very high salaries.

"I starred regularly in only one TV series," Beverly said. "I played a policewoman on a show called 'Decoy.' Was it a success? It played long enough for us to grind out 39 complete half-hour episodes. Considering only one out of a hundred series can do that—yes, it was a success."

"Decoy" certainly was a success in Australia, where it proved to be one of the most popular adult TV shows, and where viewers requested a repeat of the series.

The show specialised in the offbeat police station crime story. Beverly, whether a decoy for a drug peddler, procurer, or sly-grog merchant, always gave a very real acting performance.



BEVERLY (as an alcoholic) and star Richard Chamberlain in the first episode of "Dr. Kildare."

Other successful shows Beverly has helped launch to world-wide fame include "Climax," "Wire Service," "87th Precinct," "Medic," and "Dr. Kildare." Of them all, she is proudest of the job she did for Raymond Massey's and Richard Chamberlain's "Kildare."

"Most producers want their very first episode to be a shocker," she explained, "so it will gain immediate attention. I'm the one, apparently, who can always be depended upon to provide that—or so they say."

Offbeat roles

"Even though I have what I like to think is pretty fair looks, I specialise in playing alcoholics, the sick, dying, psychotics, bad, and pregnant women. There's nothing sweet and lovable about me on television. I never play the heroine because I don't look like one. Off-stage, though, it's a different story, I like to think."

A woman in her mid-30s who has certainly managed to develop her theatrical talent well, she added: "Producers think I am a good sufferer and crier. I can cry at the drop of a hat."

"And I almost know in advance what my costume will be just by picking up the

script. It's either a nightgown or a hospital robe. The Western Costume Company in Hollywood, which is the main supplier of costumes for series, had a 'pregnant pad' with my name on it because I need one so often!"

Beverly says she enjoys the offbeat roles that come her way as she marches from one sample TV show to the other, playing "Girl Friday."

"I remember I played a glamor role once in a movie, 'The Joker Is Wild,' with Frank Sinatra. It wasn't a big hit and I returned to playing problem-girls on TV. Altogether I've been in about 200 TV shows and 190 of my roles were not what you could call savory."

In one of her most recent television series appearances Beverly Garland dropped into Desi Arnaz's TV studios to help him launch a show in grand style—with luck.

"I don't die in Desi's series," she said. "But I do play the kind of girl mothers try to discourage their sons from marrying. I play a fallen woman. It's getting to be second nature with me."

... And she hustled off across the sound-stage to cast her own special spell of good luck on still another TV series pilot film.

DID YOU KNOW?

TELEVISION personalities Robert Stack, Diane McBain, Janis Paige, Polly Bergen, Van Williams, Susan Oliver, Constance Ford, and Bob Vaughn are all in a movie just being completed, entitled "The Caretakers." It is Stack's first starring movie role since he became Eliot Ness.

IN Britain a new code of cigarette advertising has been agreed on between the Television Authority and cigarette-tobacco manufacturers. In future the manufacturers will not suggest to viewers that:

- Smoking is inseparable from masculinity.
- It is a desirable recreation for young people.
- It is a socially essential habit.
- It produces ecstatic pleasure.
- It is enjoyed by popular heroes and heroines.

THE popular "Robert Herridge Theatre" will make its debut in Africa this month when it is screened on two stations in Southern Rhodesia. It has already been seen in Australia, Belgium, Hong Kong, Italy, New Zealand, the Philippines, Finland, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, Denmark, Germany, and the Netherlands.

ELVIS PRESLEY was talking about his 12,000-dollar white limousine the other day. It is equipped with TV, stereo, bar, and medicine chest, but, Elvis says: "I can't drive around in it. Everyone stares so much it could cause accidents."

THE UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA recently honored "The Defenders" in a special ceremony. The reason for the citation was "to range the churches more solidly behind some of the fine programmes TV networks are putting on."

CLARA RAY, steady girl-friend of the "Dr. Kildare" series star, Richard Chamberlain, says her life has been plugged into a telephone since it appeared in print that she was secretly married to Dr. Kildare.

Calls have come from newspapermen in Tokio, London, and West Berlin testing the truth of the story.

Both Clara and Richard say it is not true and they are definitely not married.

THE Hanna-Barbera team, creators of "Yogi Bear," "Huckleberry Hound," and "The Flintstones," have three more cartoon series on the drawing-boards—"Lippy The Lion," "Hardy Har Har," and "Wally Gator."

THE old "Honeymooners" team of Art Carney and Jackie Gleason will get together again for two "Honeymooners" guest shots. Carney says he would like to do more, but these days he has his own career to think about. He also says he would like to do a movie or a play with Gleason, or both, as they work so well as a team.

FRANK SINATRA has been quoted in America as saying he reckons he has "only a few more years to go" as an actor and singer after 30 years in show-business.

The 3000 dollars he won while gambling in England recently and the 20 million dollars his corporation is reputed to gross each year should be handy in his old age!

COMEDIAN Danny Thomas was recently awarded a "Friend of Youth" citation in Los Angeles for outstanding service in national, civic, and community affairs relating to youth.



DANNY THOMAS and television "daughter" Sherry Jackson ... youth no laughing matter.



THE OLD, LOVELY MELODIES

"SINGALONG," the latest Australian live TV show, is the perfect illustration of that old saw about imitation being the sincerest form of flattery.

It is a frank pinch from America's famous Mitch Miller "Singalong," shown here for the first time last year.

Miller's "Singalong" rocked all the TV experts in America last year when in a knock-down, drag-out battle for ratings it outrated "The Untouchables," taking over its proud place among the 10 top-rated American shows.

A show formula with such qualities cannot be overlooked. It hasn't been. "Singalongs" can be found now everywhere.

Happily the Australian variety has special quality, a choir of more than 20 men (pictured above), with from time to time a handful of pretty girls (at right) who can sing, too, and TV personality Leonard Teale as compere.

It also has those lovely old melodic songs, the ones that come from about 1930 to 1945, sung square — there's not a sound of a rock beat or a hint of the blues or jazz.

It's real "our song" music, nostalgic, wonderful.

—Nan Musgrove



GLAMOR PARTY SWEETS

SERVED on your prettiest dish with piles of luscious cream and strawberries, cherries, almonds, or other attractive decorations, a simple dessert can become the highlight of a special dinner party. A word of warning: practise a new recipe until you have it perfect well ahead of the important day and so avoid last-moment catastrophes such as unset fillings or subsiding toppings.

STRAWBERRY CREAM TORTE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 10oz. flour, 2oz. custard powder or cornflour, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar together, beat in egg. Work in sifted flour, custard powder, and salt; mix to a stiff dough. Chill 30 minutes. Divide into 5 sections, roll out each into circle 8in. in diameter. Carefully place on oven-trays, prick well, bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Loosen on trays, allow to cool. Prepare filling.

Filling: Two egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons custard powder or cornflour, 1 pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 box hulled strawberries, pink coloring, vanilla or sweet sherry for flavoring, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream.

Blend egg-yolks with custard powder and a little milk, add remainder of milk and sugar. Stir over low heat or in top half of double saucepan until custard thickens. Fold in vanilla or sherry, half the strawberries (chopped), and a little pink coloring. Allow to cool, then fold in half the cream and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Sandwich biscuit layers together with this mixture, pile remainder of cream on top of torte. Decorate with remaining strawberries and few strawberry leaves, if available.

GLAZED APRICOT BABA

One ounce compressed yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strained apricot jam, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup strong black tea, 1 to 2 teaspoons almond essence.

Soften yeast in lukewarm milk, add flour and sugar, beat until smooth. Cover, and rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 30 minutes). Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in lemon rind, sifted flour, and risen yeast mixture. Beat 6 to 8 minutes. Turn into greased 9 or 10in. tube or ring-tin, let rise in warm place until doubled. Bake in moderately hot oven 35 to 45 minutes. Prick top with fork, invert into large pan, and pour over baba sauce.

Baba Sauce: Mix the sugar and tea in saucepan, bring to the boil. Cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat, cool, and flavor with almond essence. After sauce has been poured all over hot cake, spread with apricot jam and stand in tin until most of sauce has been absorbed. Serve on attractive platter, decorated with apricot halves.

CHOCOLATE CREAM MOUSSE

Quarter pound plain block chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 cup evaporated milk, 3 dessertspoons gelatine (softened in extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water), 3 eggs, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon rum (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds.

Place chocolate, water, and evaporated milk in top half of double saucepan. Stir over boiling water until chocolate is melted. Stand cup containing softened gelatine in saucepan of boiling water, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Allow to cool slightly, but not set. Beat egg-yolks, add to hot chocolate mixture, stirring constantly. Return to heat, stir over boiling water until mixture thickens slightly without boiling (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat, add sugar; cool, then add dissolved gelatine. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, almonds, and rum. Chill in refrigerator until set. Unmould, serve decorated with whipped sweetened cream and blanched almonds.

Note: Extra sugar may be necessary, depending on type of chocolate used or according to individual taste.

MARASCHINO CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Half pound sugar, 6 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2oz. gelatine, 1 pint whipped cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino liqueur, 2oz. macaroons, 4 or 5 sponge fingers, canned fruits as desired.

Place sugar, egg-yolks, and milk in basin

over boiling water or top of double saucepan, cook until almost boiling, stirring all the time. Add gelatine (which has been dissolved in little hot water) after mixture is removed from fire; stand mixture aside to cool. To the whipped cream add finely crushed macaroons and sponge fingers. Sprinkle 2 cups chopped fruits with the liqueur, fold into cream and custard mixtures. Fill into large wetted or oiled mould, chill in refrigerator until firm. Dip mould lightly into hot water before turning out on serving-tray. Decorate with extra fruits and piped cream.

RASPBERRY TEMPTATION

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup softened butter or substitute, 4 to 6 tablespoons iced water, sugar, raspberry and vanilla fillings (see below), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, little almond essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched chopped almonds.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, mix to stiff dough with iced water. Form into ball, chill 30 minutes. Divide into 6 even parts, flatten each into circle about 9in. in diameter. Place each on oven-slide, prick with fork, sprinkle with a little sugar. Bake in hot oven 5 to 7 minutes. Loosen on trays, allow to cool. Prepare fillings and sandwich layers together with these. Whip cream, flavor it with sugar and almond essence. Spread all over sides of torte, sprinkle top with almonds. Serve within 2 hours of assembling.

Vanilla Filling: Combine 1 package instant vanilla pudding mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk as directed on package. Beat well and chill.

Raspberry Filling: Blend together 2 tablespoons cornflour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water in saucepan. Add 1 frozen package or can of raspberries and sugar to sweeten. Stir over low heat until thickened. Chill thoroughly.

CHOCOLATE DELITE

One 8in. chocolate sponge (cooked in recess-tin), 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 drops peppermint essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, green food coloring, 1 pint vanilla ice-cream (bought or home-made), chocolate peppermint buttons, whipped cream.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water in large heatproof bowl, add peppermint essence. Chop ice-cream into pieces, add to gelatine, stir over hot water until dissolved. Cool until thickened, whisk a few minutes and add food coloring to desired shade. Turn into wetted mould, chill until very firm in refrigerator. Unmould into recess of chocolate sponge. Partially dissolve half the chocolate peppermint buttons, use as sauce over mould. Decorate with remaining buttons and rosettes of whipped cream.

Chocolate Sponge: Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2oz. cooking chocolate, 1 tablespoon hot water.

Separate eggs, beat whites until stiff, gradually add sugar. Add egg-yolks, beat until mixture becomes very thick and holds its shape. Carefully fold in sifted flour, then melted butter and chocolate which has been grated and melted in the hot water. Pour into lined and greased 8in. recess-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Turn out carefully, remove paper, and cool.

Vanilla Ice-cream: Half pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon water, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.

Warm milk, add junket tablet which has been crushed and dissolved in water. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Flavor with vanilla. Stand in warm place until set. Beat in cream, pour into refrigerator tray, chill 1 hour. Remove, beat 3 or 4 minutes, return to trays and continue freezing until firm.

STRAWBERRY CREAM TORTE:
Layers of crisp sweet biscuit pastry are sandwiched together with a delicious strawberry-flavored cream.

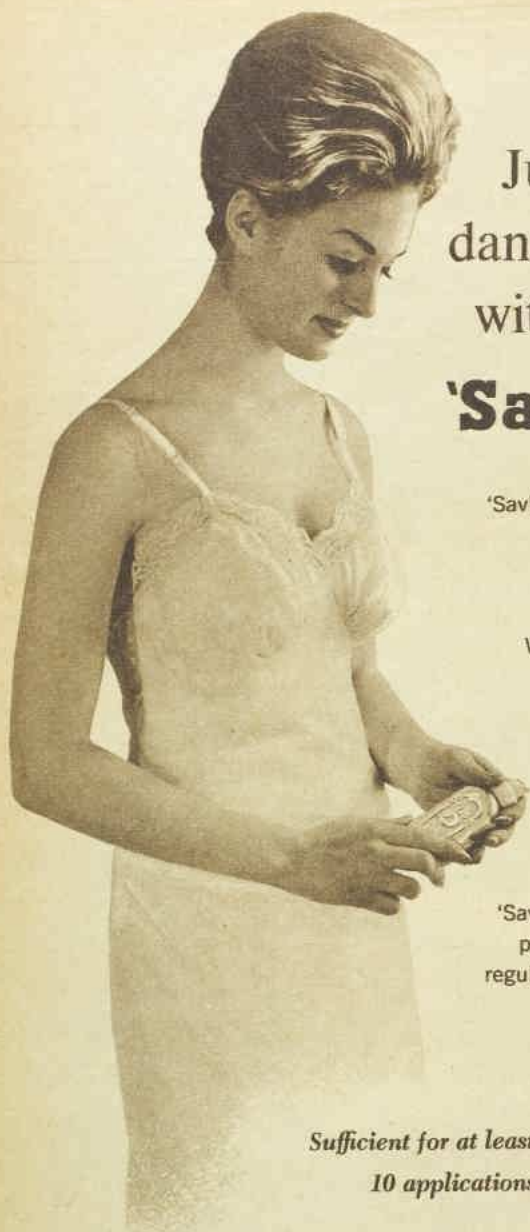
PEACH MACARON LAYER

Whites of 3 large eggs, 5 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons finely chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon cool melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sifted flour, 1 cup cream, 1 dessertspoon extra sugar, rum or vanilla to flavor, 1 large can sliced peaches, toasted almonds.

Whip egg-whites until stiff. Carefully fold in sugar, chopped nuts, butter, and flour; mix well. Grease four oven-trays, dust lightly with flour. Mark 8in. circle on each. Divide mixture evenly among the 4 oven-trays. Spread out evenly with spatula. Bake until golden brown in moderate oven. Remove, loosen at once with spatula. Place saucepan lid same size (8in.) on top of each, trim off edges; cool. Beat cream until it begins to thicken. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar, flavor with little rum or vanilla, continue beating until stiff. Mix in carefully the chopped peaches. Sandwich mixture into the 4 rounds and reshape. Garnish with some of the best peach slices, plain whipped cream squeezed through pastry-bag with a rose pipe, and sprinkling of chopped toasted almonds.

Fresh or frozen strawberries, apricots, or a fruit salad mixture could replace peaches if desired.

Continued overleaf



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*ICE-CREAM, the most popular of all desserts, can be served
every day, with a change of flavor, color, and sauce.*

COMPLETE BOOK OF PUDDINGS . . . continued

To vary basic recipes

MANY basic pudding recipes need only
a little alteration of flavor, sauce, or
way of serving to make them seem an
entirely different dish. Try those given on
this page, then experiment with similar ideas
on your own favorite recipes.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Pastry: Three ounces butter or substitute,
2oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg-
yolk, 1 teaspoon water, 6oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar until
light and fluffy. Flavor with vanilla essence.
Add egg-yolk, beat until smooth. Knead in
sifted flour, baking-powder, salt, and add
water only if necessary to give firm dough.
Turn out on to lightly floured board, roll
out to fit an 8in. tart-plate. Ease pastry into
greased tart-plate, trim edges, decorate with
small pastry shapes or pinch a frill. Bake in
moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Filling: Three tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
sugar, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, grated rind
and juice 2 lemons, 1oz. butter.

Blend flour and sugar in saucepan with egg-
yolks, water, lemon juice. Stir over low heat
until mixture boils and thickens. Beat in
butter and lemon rind. Cool. Place in cooled
pastry-case, top with meringue.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, 6 tablespoons
sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and dry, gradu-
ally add sugar, beat until all sugar grains
dissolve and mixture is stiff and glossy. Pile
on top of lemon filling, rough up with fork.
Bake in slow oven about 15 minutes or until
meringue is lightly browned.

VARIATIONS

Passionfruit Cream: Fold pulp from 6
passionfruit and 1 cup whipped cream into
basic mixture. Fill into pie-case, top with
whipped cream, little passionfruit pulp, and
sprinkling of grated chocolate.

Date Butter: Chop 1 cup dates finely, add to
the flour, sugar, and egg-yolk mixture. Cook
as directed in basic recipe. Fill into pie-case,
top with meringue.

Tutti Frutti: Substitute juice and rind of 1
orange for 1 lemon in basic recipe. If desired,
add a little passionfruit pulp.

Chiffon: Allow basic mixture to cool, then
fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites and 1 cup
whipped cream. Pile into pie-case, chill before
serving.

PANCAKE VARIATIONS

Basic Batter: Four ounces flour, 1 egg,
1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon vegetable oil or
melted butter, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, butter
for cooking.

Place flour in bowl, make well in centre,
add egg, egg-yolk, oil, salt, and 2 tablespoons
milk. Beat until smooth with small whisk.
Mix in remainder milk. Chill 30 minutes.
Heat heavy pan, rub base with butter. Pour
thin layer of pancake batter into pan. Brown
on one side, turn over and brown other side.
Make up all pancakes in this way.

Bermuda Crepes: Sauté 6 bananas (peeled)
in 1oz. butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar added
to pan, thus forming caramel. Sprinkle
bananas with rum, roll one in each pancake.
Serve hot with any remaining caramel mix-
ture spooned over. Top with ice-cream.

Pancakes De Luxe: Melt 1oz. butter in
saucepan, add 1oz. flour and cook 1 minute
without browning. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk,
return to heat, stir mixture until boiling.
Season well with salt, cayenne pepper. Fold
in 1 small can asparagus pieces (drained),
1 cup cooked chopped chicken meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
grated cheese. Stir over low heat until piping-
hot. Spoon on top prepared pancakes, roll
up. Place in greased ovenproof dish, top
with little grated cheese. Grill few minutes
to brown cheese and reheat dish. Serve.

Continental Blinzies: Beat 8oz. cream
cheese until smooth, fold in 1 cup raisins,
grated rind and juice 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown
sugar, little mixed spice. Spread pancakes
with apricot jam, spoon on each little cheese
mixture. Roll up, serve hot or cold.

Seafood Rollettes: Cream 1lb. cottage
cheese with little mayonnaise (about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup).
Season with salt, pepper, hot chilli sauce,
lemon juice. Add 1lb. shelled prawns and 1
tablespoon finely chopped parsley. Make
pancakes smaller, fill with prepared mixture;
roll up, serve garnished with lemon and
cucumber slices.

SWEETHEART ICE-CREAM SAUCES

Hot Fudge Sauce: Melt 12 caramels with
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk in a double boiler, stirring
until sauce is smooth.

Frozen Fruit: Allow frozen berries partially
to thaw and serve on ice-cream.

Peanut Butter Sauce: Mix 3 tablespoons
caramel or fudge sauce with 2 tablespoons
peanut butter. Heat and serve.

Marshmallow Sauce: Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marsh-
mallows in double saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.
Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice or few drops
peppermint essence. Serve hot.

Chocolate Sauce: Gradually add 2 table-
spoons water to 4 tablespoons drinking choco-
late, stirring briskly all the time. Serve cold.

BAKED CUSTARD

Three eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon
vanilla essence, 1 pt. milk, nutmeg.

Beat eggs, sugar, and vanilla together in
basin. Pour over the warmed milk, beat
lightly. Fill into greased ovenproof dish, top
with sprinkling of nutmeg. Place in shallow
pan of water, bake in moderately slow oven
until set when tested with knife.

This is done by placing the knife into the
centre of custard. When it is drawn out it
should be clean and free from any unset
milk.

VARIATIONS

Bread and Butter: Butter 2 or 3 slices of
white, brown, or fruit bread and top with a
little jam. Cut into thin slices, place in base
of greased ovenproof dish. Pour over pre-
pared custard.

Coconut Noodle: Cook 1 or 2oz. of vermi-
celli in boiling salted water 10 minutes,
drain, and place in base of greased dish.
Pour over prepared custard, top with 1 or 2
tablespoons coconut.

Mocha Peppermint Cream: Add 1 teaspoon
instant powdered or liquid coffee to egg
mixture and bake as directed. When cooled
a little place a few chocolate peppermint
creams on top and allow to melt slightly
before serving.

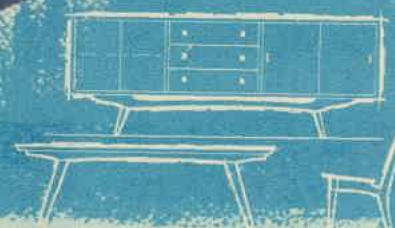
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THIS ATTRACTIVE DESSERT CAKE can be made up as small individual shortcakes. See recipe for pineapple sunflower shortcake.

AN American custom which is becoming popular in Australia is to serve, instead of pudding, a dessert-style cake with coffee in the lounge while watching TV just after the evening meal. These cakes are usually the luscious cream-filled variety, to be eaten with a fork or spoon.

FESTIVE DESSERT CAKE

Half cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn-flour, 2 egg-whites, pinch cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 5 egg-yolks, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 package (1lb.) frozen strawberries, extra 3 egg-whites, and 6 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Sift flour and cornflour together. Combine in basin with egg-whites and cream of tartar, beat until thick and frothy, gradually add sugar. Combine in separate basin egg-yolks, sugar, water, lemon rind and juice, and vanilla; beat until thick and ivory colored. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, blend thoroughly. Combine the egg-yolk and egg-white mixtures, fold gently through. Turn into shallow square cake-tin, bake in moderately slow oven 40 to 45 minutes. Invert pan for 10 minutes, loosen edges, turn out. Cool, place on ovenproof plate or wooden plank covered with heavy paper. Place frozen strawberries in centre of cake. Prepare meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat well until all sugar grains have disappeared. Spread over cake and berries, sealing well. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes. Let stand at room temperature $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before serving or store in refrigerator 1 hour. Cut into wedges to serve.

BLUSHING APPLE LAYER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 2-3rds cup milk, 3 cooking apples, 1 can frozen loganberries, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons arrowroot, whipped cream.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg; mix well. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and baking-powder alternately with milk. Fill mixture evenly into 2 well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins (square or round). Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. When cooked, cool on cake-cooler. Meanwhile prepare apple mixture. Peel, core, and quarter apples, cut into thick slices. Place apples in saucepan with water and extra sugar, cover, cook over low heat until apples are cooked but not broken.

Remove apples from heat, drain, reserve syrup. Drain liquid from loganberries, add apple syrup, make up to 1 cup (adding extra water if necessary). Place in saucepan, stir in arrowroot blended with a little water, cook over heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, carefully stir in apple pieces and loganberries. Allow to cool slightly. Place half fruit mixture on one cake, cover with second cake. Spoon remaining apple mixture on to cake, top with whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE SUNFLOWER SHORTCAKE

Shortcake: Eight ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 7oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder.

Cream butter and sugar together with vanilla essence until fluffy and white, add eggs and beat well. Sift together the flour, cornflour, and baking-powder, work into creamed mixture. Fill into 2 tins—8in. recess-tin and 8in. sandwich-tin, both greased lightly. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool in tins a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. Prepare filling.

Filling: Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 cup crushed well-drained pineapple, few drops almond or other essences desired, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint whipped sweetened cream, 3 or 4 pineapple rings, 3 or 4 cherries.

Cream butter and sugar together, pour on a little iced water, mix in lightly, then carefully pour off. Continue beating and washing cream until all sugar grains have dissolved. Fold in pineapple, flavor with essence. Sandwich shortcakes together with this mixture, placing recess section on top. Pile whipped cream into recess, decorate with pineapple and cherries, forming sunflower shapes. Chill before serving.

VIENNESE LAYER CAKE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 teaspoons butter.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and dry. Slowly add sugar, beat until all is dissolved and mixture is stiff meringue consistency. Add egg-yolks, vanilla, and salt, beat until well blended. Fold in sifted flour and cornflour, lastly add hot milk in which butter has been melted. Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, allow to stand overnight. Next day split one layer of sponge in halves, set aside while preparing filling.

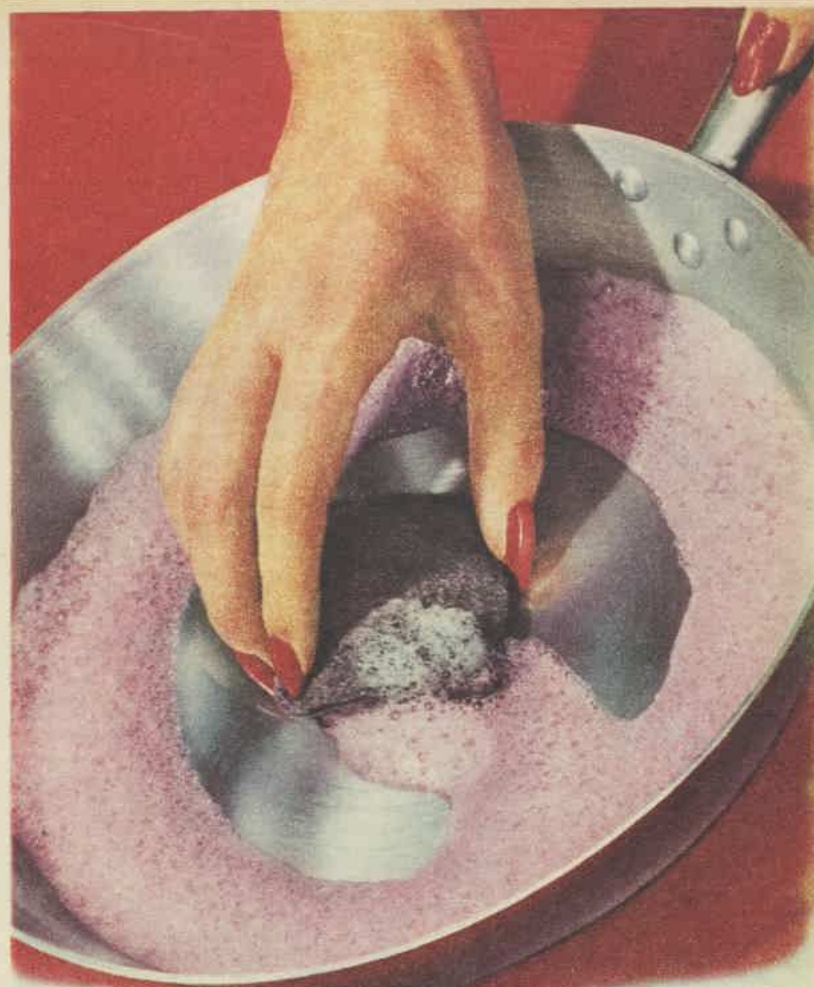
Filling: One cup plain sweet biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped raisins, 2 teaspoons instant coffee, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon chopped moist peel, apricot jam, sherry.

Crumble unsplit layer of sponge into basin, add biscuit crumbs, walnuts, chopped raisins, coffee, and cinnamon (well mixed together), peel, and sufficient sherry to make moist mixture; work well together. Spread one piece of the split sponge with apricot jam, then press filling over jam, using all the filling to make thick layer. Spread another layer of jam over filling. Place remaining piece of split sponge on top.

Coffee Cream Topping: Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons instant coffee, sherry.

Beat butter until soft, add sifted icing-sugar a little at a time, then work in coffee and add sufficient sherry to make soft and fluffy topping. Spread over the filled cake, store in airtight tin 24 hours before cutting.

Continued overleaf



Burnt pans swirl clean with Steelo Soap Pads



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Slimming and quickly made

THIS page contains recipes for those who wish to whittle the waistline yet still believe a meal is not complete without dessert. There are also new ideas for busy housewives with just a few minutes to spare to "whip up" a sweet.

For dieters

RASPBERRY PETAL DESSERT

One packet diabetic raspberry-flavored jelly crystals, 2 cups hot water.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water in bowl; allow to cool. Place bowl in larger bowl of ice and water, then whip with egg-beater or electric mixer until fluffy and thick. Pile lightly in dishes. Chill. Garnish with fresh raspberries or strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

YOGHURT SURPRISE

One cup yoghurt, 2 cups unsweetened cooked apple pulp, 6 or 8 sweetening pellets to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered cinnamon, shredded coconut garnishing.

Blend yoghurt with apples and cinnamon, sweeten with crushed sweetening pellets, put into glasses. Garnish with coconut before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

SPANISH PEACH DREAM

Three cups liquefied non-fat powdered milk, 10 to 12 sweetening pellets to taste, 2oz. gelatine, 3 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 can unsweetened peaches (sweetened to taste with sweetening pellets).

Pour milk into top of double boiler. Sprinkle gelatine over top of milk, allow to soften thoroughly. Cook over hot water until gelatine dissolves, stirring constantly. Beat egg-yolks. Add small amount of milk mixture to egg. Stir egg mixture into milk mixture. Cook until mixture coats spoon. Add vanilla, crushed sweetening pellets. Chill until consistency of unbeaten egg-white. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into gelatine mixture. Fill into 4 to 6 individual dessert glasses, chill until firm. Top with peaches.

ORANGE CREAM

Three teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 6 sweetening pellets, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquefied skimmed powdered milk, 3 eggs, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Warm sweetening pellets and milk in top half of double saucepan, add slightly beaten egg-yolks, salt, vanilla. Continue cooking, stirring constantly until mixture thickens sufficiently to coat silver spoon. Cool slightly, add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved, add lemon and orange rind. Chill until beginning to thicken. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into custard. Spoon into individual serving-dishes, chill until set. Serves 4 to 6.

SPICED BAKED APPLES

Four to 6 red-skinned apples, 6 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 3 cloves, pinch cinnamon and ginger, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 teaspoons sugar.

Wash and dry apples, remove cores. Slit skin round middle of each apple or peel skin off top quarter of each. Place apples in baking-dish with water. Bake in moderate oven until nearly tender (25 to 30 minutes). Pour off water. Simmer orange juice, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, orange rind, and sugar 5 or 6 minutes. Remove cloves, spoon into core cavities of apples, bake 5 or 6 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4 to 6.

CITRUS CREAM FREEZE

Three-quarters cup chilled evaporated milk, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 sweetening pellets, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water.

Place chilled milk in chilled basin with lemon juice. Beat until milk thickens and stands in peaks. Add lemon and orange rind, vanilla, crushed pellets, and dissolved gelatine. Beat 2 or 3 minutes longer until well mixed. Turn into refrigerator tray, freeze until firm. Serves 4 to 6.

Made in minutes

SUMMER TREASURE

Half pint cream, 1 dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 box ripe strawberries (washed, sliced, and sprinkled with sugar). 4 sliced bananas, 4 crushed macaroons, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped nuts, little sweet sherry, chocolate.

Prepare strawberries, allow to stand a few hours in refrigerator. Whip cream, flavor with sugar and vanilla. Fold in strawberries

and liquid, sliced bananas, macaroons, nuts, and a little sherry if desired. Pile into sweets dishes, top each with a little grated or finely chopped chocolate. Chill until serving time. Serves 4 to 6.

PINEAPPLE PIN-CUSHIONS

Six slices preserved or canned pineapple, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake crumbs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons finely chopped almonds (blanched), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons melted butter, few drops almond essence, 2 egg-whites, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1oz. blanched almonds, 6 glace cherries.

Drain pineapple slices. Mix cake crumbs, chopped almonds, lemon rind, and melted butter. Flavor with almond essence. Divide into 6 portions, place 1 portion on each pineapple slice. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat until dissolved, flavor with almond essence. Pile on to pineapple slices, stud with pieces of almond. Bake in moderate oven until meringue is browned lightly. Top each with cherry. Serves 4 to 6.

MARSHMALLOW DREAMS

One can pears, 10 marshmallows (quartered), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 8 macaroons.

Drain pears, fill centres with marshmallow and nuts. Bake in moderate oven until marshmallow is toasted. Serve on crumbled macaroons with sauce made with syrup from pears. Serves 4 to 6.

JIFFY LEMON PUDDING

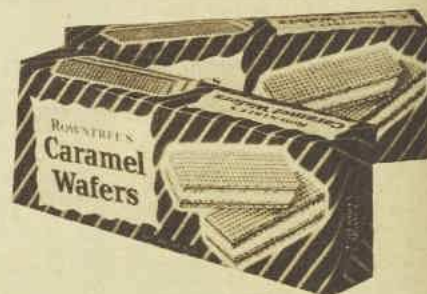
One pint water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch cream of tartar, 4 extra tablespoons sugar, 1 piece of plain sponge, cherries or strawberries to decorate.

Bring water and sugar to boiling point with lemon rind and juice. Add blended cornflour. Cook 3 or 4 minutes, stirring to keep smooth. Cool slightly, fold in beaten egg-yolks, then butter. Pour into serving-dish, allow to become cold. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with cream of tartar and extra sugar. Spoon in rough heaps over top of pudding. Slip under low griller or into moderate oven a few minutes to brown meringue lightly. Serve very cold with fingers of plain sponge, decorate with cherries or strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

LIGHT AND AIRY raspberry petal dessert which can be served as a finale to a heavy meal and is also a dieter's delight. See recipe.



for
occasions
like
this...



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You can't be caught as long as you keep Rowntree's Caramel Wafers in the cupboard. Everyone loves them, they're wonderful for any occasion — with a cup of tea at any time, watching TV, in lunches, just any time at all. CRISP. TENDER WAFER... CREAMY FILLING... LUSCIOUS CARAMEL. All you love in a biscuit, all you love in a confection, blended together into a delectable combination of crisp, tender wafer, creamy filling and luscious caramel. A mouthwatering treat — enough for everyone. Next time you shop... buy Rowntree's Caramel Wafers — it's a good idea always to keep two packets on hand.

AT YOUR GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS ^{2/4}

ROWNTREE'S
Caramel Wafers

Australia's finest wafers are made by Rowntree

GOOD TEETH for CHILDREN

(HOME AND FAMILY)

By Sister Mary Jacob,
our Mothercraft Nurse

● In ancient times teeth were made objects of adoration by some primitive peoples, who considered them to be almost indestructible. How different is the story in modern civilisation with so many soft, tooth-destroying foods!

THE latest statistics of early tooth decay in children of nearly every country are startling. And the Australian figure is among the worst.

In some places up to 98 per cent. of children are affected, and in many cases children in their early teens have lost every tooth and have to wear dentures.

The history of dentistry goes back for thousands of years—for instance, in India ancient skulls show that primitive dentistry was practised before the year 3100 B.C.

But modern dentistry is a complicated science with many specialist fields.

One is preventive dentistry. This important branch is launching out in a big campaign to combat the ravages of early dental decay, for decay and pyorrhoëa (disease of the gums) are two great evils that threaten civilised man.

Healthy teeth are essential for good general health, good appearance, good chewing, good speech, and freedom from pain.

Diseased teeth are responsible for bad general health, poor appearance, poor mastication (causing indigestion and gastric troubles), toothache, abscesses at roots of teeth (often causing absorption of poisons into the bloodstream, which can cause other ills), and ultimate loss of teeth.

Some factors which have a bearing on healthy teeth:

HEREDITY. A good inheritance can give a lucky person a strong, healthy set of teeth.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES. Both the first and second sets of teeth are formed in the gums before the birth of the baby.

Therefore the expectant mother should observe all the rules for healthy living during her pregnancy, especially as regards diet.

She should have a good liberal protein diet, cutting down on the carbohydrates (the starchy and sugary foods).

Raw apples

Every day she should include in her diet some raw uncooked foods (salads) and green vegetables (cooking them correctly to conserve the minerals and vitamins). Some raw fruits — especially apples and citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, grapefruit)—should also be taken daily.

POST-NATAL INFLUENCES. The nursing mother should have a similar diet and observe the same rules for healthy living—that is, exercise, rest (periods of rest are very important for successful breast-feeders), fresh air, regularity of bowels, etc. — which she carried out during her pregnancy.

BREAST-FEEDING is a valuable asset for a healthy set of teeth and a well-shaped jaw with well-spaced teeth.

For one thing, breast milk is nature's food for the baby.

Also, to get its food a breast-fed baby has to suck more vigorously than a bottle-fed baby, and this exercise develops the muscles of the mouth, tongue, and cheeks, resulting in a well-shaped jaw.

After a child is weaned, and throughout childhood, a well-balanced diet and plenty of fresh air, sunshine, outdoor exercise, and proper sleep are essentials.

He should be given a good proportion of hard foods — rusks, hard crisp toast, oven-dried bread, etc., and safe bones from which to gnaw and tear the meat, to encourage early good mastication.

This often means patient early training of the baby to like hard foods and learn to chew well.

Clean surfaces

A piece of raw ripe apple or raw vegetable such as carrot, celery, etc., to chew at the end of each meal is a good teeth and mouth cleanser.

It has been said that "a clean tooth will not decay," and dental decay is never seen upon the smooth surfaces of a tooth which is exposed to the cleansing action of the lips, tongue, or toothbrush.

The mouth has self-cleansing powers when there is a good flow of saliva to wash away any food debris clinging round the teeth.

A clean mouth is a healthy mouth, and the best way of cleaning the mouth is to masticate hard foods and those which are firm in texture and contain no sticky sugars and starches.

Mouth-cleansing foods which cause a good flow of saliva should be given at the end of every meal, especially before a little child can learn to use a toothbrush properly.

Too many sweets

These should include raw hard fruits and raw vegetables as mentioned above.

Dental decay is caused when the debris left by sweet and starchy foods in the various nooks and crannies around and between the teeth is attacked by little organisms which cause fermentation.

An acid is then formed, which first roughens and erodes the hard enamel of the tooth and then eats its way into the tooth, eventually forming a cavity.

A diet of soft foods, with a prepon-

derance of the carbohydrate class of foods such as sweet and starchy biscuits, scones, cakes, pastry, and the unrestricted use of sweets and soft drinks, is an extremely frequent cause of early dental decay.

Australians this year are said to have consumed twice the amount of sweets per person as were consumed last year. Grim statistics!

Artificial means of cleansing teeth are helpful and necessary for good dental hygiene, but they can never counteract the lack of good diet (both pre-natal and post-natal) and the failure of the self-cleansing powers of the mouth.

They cannot be relied on solely for the prevention of tooth decay.

Regular tooth-brushing and vigorous and thorough gum-brushing (dipping the brush frequently into salt and water) should be done after each meal if possible, but always before going to bed at night.

Note: Gum-brushing, which is very important for healthy teeth and a healthy mouth, is very often neglected, but friction keeps the gums healthy, and every part of the gums — in front and behind — should be brushed with a moderately hard toothbrush at least once a day.

Mouth-breathing must be avoided. This causes direct harm to the teeth by hindering the normal flushing of the mouth by the constant flow of the saliva.

The solutions of sugary and starchy foods around and between the teeth are therefore not washed away by the flow of the saliva, and acid formation, causing decay, takes place.

Friends with dentist

Mouth-breathing is a habit usually started as the result of some nasal obstruction, such as can be caused by bad adenoids.

If long-continued, it can affect the shape of the upper jaw by the pinching-in of the palate by the cheeks so that the side teeth are badly spaced.

Mouth-breathing nearly always causes unhealthy gums.

Thumb-sucking, when it is constant and when the habit persists after the age of three to four years, can also force the teeth out of their proper alignment, so that they overlap and the jaw is narrowed. This condition is conducive to early tooth decay.

Every mother should realise that it is just as important to take as much care of the first set of teeth (the temporary set) as of the permanent teeth.

From the age of two and a half to three years and onwards every child should be taken every six months to the family dentist for a thorough examination of the teeth.

If this is done early before any actual work is needed, the child becomes familiar with the room and its equipment, he and the dentist can become good friends, and there will be no trouble later.

Teach your toddler the colors

● The pre-school child learns many things at home. Here is an easy way to teach him to distinguish the colors and know the name of each.

TAKE the whole project step by step, as opportunity arises in the course of the day.

1. **Observation.** Draw the child's attention first to one basic color, for example, red. Say things like:

Look at this red flower. This flower is red.

See the red chair.

I am ironing your red shirt.

This is your red ball.

This square of lino is red.

2. **Application.** Have the child find red objects himself. He will enjoy collecting some. Encourage him:

Can you find a red leaf?

Which is the red balloon?

Choose a red book from the shelf.

Look for a piece of red material in the scrap-box.

Find the red plastic eggcup in the cupboard.

3. **Contrast.** When he has learnt to pick out a single color, introduce a new one.

Illustrations:

This leaf is red but this one is green.

Here is a green dish.

Look at the red block with the green one.

Here is a red rose with green leaves.

Other colors can be learned in the same way. If the new one tends to confuse the child, drop it for the time being.

Suggestion for a game:

Cut some colored cardboard into squares—two or three colors with four or five squares of each.

Put them in rows according to their colors.

Have the child close his eyes while you change one color from each row to another row.

In answer to your question "Which squares are in the wrong rows?" he will delightedly point them out, and can then put them in the "right" rows. This is a favorite with my almost-three-year-old.

— Connie French

Rosella

Recipe Magic from the
Leila Howard Test Kitchen



Rosella Soups are so highly concentrated to give twice the quantity at no extra cost

What a wonderful combination . . . the Leila Howard Test Kitchen and Rosella Double Strength Soups. All the goodness . . . all the flavour and quality of Rosella Soups have been used to create new, delightful ways of preparing complete soup meals in a few minutes. Of course, if time is precious, you'll prepare a Rosella Double Strength Soup straight from the can. You can choose from 11 delicious varieties. Whichever way you serve soup . . . make certain it's Rosella Double Strength Soup.

CHICKEN ORIENTAL:

1 cup sliced shallots, 1 red pepper finely sliced, saute lightly in 2 tablespoons of heated oil. Add contents of 1 8-oz. can Rosella Mushrooms, 1 cup sliced bamboo shoots, 1 cup sliced waterchestnuts and 1 16-oz. can Rosella Chicken Soup, 1 cup sliced beans, 1 cup sliced carrot. Cover and simmer gently over heat about 15 to 20 minutes. Meanwhile beat 2 eggs well and season with salt, pepper and soy sauce, pour into a lightly greased and heated pan and cook until set. Remove from pan and cut into even-sized pieces. Fold in chicken mixture. Pile hot rice on to serving dish and top with chicken mixture. Serve piping hot.

LEFTOVER CASSEROLE:

Cut sufficient leftover roast beef or lamb into cubes to make 2 cups. Fry 2 sliced onions and 1 sliced carrot and ½ cup diced celery in a little butter or oil, add 1 16-oz. can Rosella Mushroom Soup, 1 16-oz. can Rosella Garden Fresh Green Beans and 1 cup water. Stir well, allow to simmer 5 minutes and fold in meat. Turn into a casserole dish, top with a border of roughly piled mashed potato and pumpkin mixture (or either if preferred). Place in moderate oven to brown.

Rosella Double Strength Soups

- Asparagus
- Tomato
- Vegetable
- Oxtail
- Celery
- Tomato/Vegetable
- Mushroom
- Mulligatawny
- Chicken
- Scotch Broth
- Pea with Ham

Rosella



soups



AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● Animal-lovers have been very concerned recently to learn that the physiology department of one of our universities has been offering £1 a head for adult cats.

YOUTH-LOVERS could be equally concerned. It could be an incitement to steal.

There are plenty of young people around who could use an extra pound or so a week; and there are plenty of well-loved, fat, friendly old cats sleeping in front gardens, cat-napping without a thought in their heads of kidnappers.

The whole subject raises, of course, the question of vivisection, which is an uncomfortable one for every animal-lover. Most of us manage to get by not thinking about it, until a question like this comes up.

The people who are loudly and violently anti-vivisectionist usually present a picture of animals being made to undergo unspeakable tortures.

This, of course, is not so. Some animals are used, dead, for dissection; others are used, alive and anaesthetised, to explore operation techniques and new surgical procedures.

That disposes, perhaps, of the idea that vivisection is inhumanly cruel, but it doesn't dispose of the moral problem.

So the next question is: Is it morally defensible to take life just to learn the answers to some interesting questions?

I think perhaps it is not, but then equally it is not morally defensible to take life so that we can eat meat.

But most of us do eat meat, and justify it by thinking about the practical considerations rather than the moral ones.

Perhaps we should extend this consideration of practical reasons to the subject of the use of animals in research.

Research helped

"blue" babies

JUST over 20 years ago a young American doctor, Helen Taussig, working at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, began to consider the question whether it might be possible to by-pass some of the blood vessels in a congenitally malformed heart so that a proper supply of blood could be made to flow from the heart to the lungs.

With the hospital's Director of Surgery, Dr. John Blalock, she worked on the problem for 18 months, performing post-mortem examinations on dozens of malformed human hearts, and then working experimentally on the hearts of more than 30 anaesthetised dogs.

Some of those dogs died as a result of the operation, others of them lived.

Worth it? Justifiable?

I would be inclined to say so, for as a result of these experiments with dogs the two doctors perfected the first technique for giving life to those little blue babies born under sentence of death because of a malformed heart.

I watched

surgeons at work

FIFTEEN years ago, very soon after the first heart operations using this technique were done in Australia, I had the unforgettable experience of being allowed to watch one.

This was the nearest thing to a miracle I ever expect to see.

The patient was a seven-year-old girl who had never gone to school because she

wasn't strong enough for it, and who coughed a little dry cough all the time from breathlessness.

The tips of her fingers and toes, and her lips and the lobes of her ears, were distinctly bluish, and the rest of her skin was a curious color — like a florid skin seen through the thinnest imaginable covering of black nylon.

The operation took four and three-quarter hours, and when the surgeon, using the technique that Helen Taussig and John Blalock had first perfected on their dogs, had by-passed the constricted artery and removed the ligatures which had been closing the vessels while he was working on them, the miracle happened.

For the first time in her life that child was getting an adequate supply of blood to the lungs, and within a few seconds the pink of health appeared for the first time in her lips. The surgeons had worked for four and three-quarter hours, and in that time they had added thirty, forty, perhaps fifty years to the patient's expectation of life.

Like most animal-lovers, I'm rather inclined to think people are important, too! I'd say that that was worthwhile — as the development of Salk vaccine has been worthwhile, and a thousand other medical advances that have been based to some extent on work done with and facts learnt from animals.

Suffering should

be minimised

SOME readers, I feel sure, will disagree with me about this and feel that I've no right to label myself "animal-lover" if I'm not willing to join a campaign to prohibit the use of animals in medical research and training.

Well, I'm not.

But I'm willing to join any campaign against people who impose deliberate physical suffering on animals — that means against greyhound racers who "blood" their dogs, so-called "cat-lovers" who think their pedigreed darlings too precious to be allowed out and keep them in small enclosures, "dog-lovers" who keep their dogs chained 22 hours a day, kitten-droppers who'll leave a little cat demented with grief rather than go to the trouble of finding homes for the one or two kittens that would keep her happy, truckers who will leave injured animals alive because they're worth more that way, and parents who buy a pet for their children in much the same spirit as they'd buy a toy — it doesn't matter if it gets a bit bashed and broken, that's what it's for!

I am inclined to think that anyone capable of deliberate cruelty to an animal is equally capable of deliberate cruelty to a human being.

Very few medical-research workers could be placed in this class, and it also has to be remembered in their favor that medical history is full of records of people who were willing to risk their own lives by testing and proving theories on their own bodies.

But we have the right to ask, in fact, the moral duty to demand, that research and training laboratories make the utmost effort to minimise suffering, and that they procure the necessary animals in some way that will not expose them to the risk of becoming receivers of stolen property.

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CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

Readers' recipes win prizes

● A New South Wales reader has been awarded the £5 main prize this week in our regular cookery contest for an interesting recipe for peanut-flavored biscuit squares.



TOPPED with peanut-flavored orange frosting, these tangy squares are popular.

A RECIPE for a chicken casserole with almonds wins a £1 consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

GOLDEN NUT SQUARES
Three ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

caster sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, pinch salt.

Sift flour, salt, and nutmeg. Cream butter, peanut butter, and sugar. Add eggs singly, beat after each addition. Stir in marmalade. Add sifted flour, etc., alternately with milk. Mix till smooth. Fill into

well-greased and floured laminating tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. When cold, ice with nutty orange frosting and decorate with candied orange peel. To serve, cut in squares.

Nutty Orange Frosting: Eight ounces icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon peanut butter, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon candied orange peel.

Cream peanut butter until very soft. Gradually work in icing-sugar and strained orange juice to make spreading consistency. Spread on cake, smooth top with knife dipped in hot water. Sprinkle with finely chopped candied orange peel.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Wellington, 68 View Street, Gynae, N.S.W.

HUNGARIAN-STYLE CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Three tablespoons oil, 1 chicken (cut into sections), extra $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), pinch black pepper, 6 tomatoes (skinned and chopped roughly), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon minced parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, pinch curry-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almonds (blanched), 3 tablespoons currants.

Heat oil in pan, add chicken pieces, saute until browned. In separate pan add extra oil, saute garlic lightly. Add tomatoes, pepper, parsley, and thyme; simmer 10 minutes. Mix water, salt, vinegar, and curry-powder, add to tomato mixture. Arrange fried chicken in greased casserole, spoon over sauce. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes or until chicken is tender. Toast almonds until lightly brown, add to sauce with currants. Serve casserole piping hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Hoffmann, 10 Linton Lane, Highton, Vic.

HOME HINTS

● These hints have been sent in by readers. Each wins £1/1/- prize.

REPLACE difficult-to-fasten laces in children's gym shoes with black or white elastic. Stitch the two ends together. Elastic will expand for easy removal of shoes, yet prevent them slipping off.—Mrs. E. M. Evans, 27 Rupara St., Port Pirie, S.A.

Roll out thinly any left-over pastry, sprinkle with grated cheese and pinch of cayenne. Fold and roll thinly again, cut in finger-lengths, and bake in moderate oven. The result is tasty cheese biscuits.—Mrs. K. Gourlay, 9 David Ave., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

Torn plastic raincoats can be mended by covering tear with sticky tape and machining down each side of tape with large stitch.—Mrs. E. O'Dea, 53 Fletcher St., Moorabbin S20, Vic.

A quick and easy way to put ribbon into young daughter's hair is to tie the bow on to a hair clip, then just clip it in.—Mrs. C. Dionysius, 19 Lucas St., Murgon, Qld.

To tenderise tough meat: Make a paste of fresh papaw (don't remove skin), spread it over meat and leave a short time before cooking. Does not affect flavor of meat. Fresh green figs can be used in the same way.—Mrs. A. Alam, 5 Wickham Cres., Red Hill, Canberra, A.C.T.

To prevent cracked and broken jars when jam-making, stand jar on a cloth wrung out in hot water.—Mrs. R. Raywood, 23 Paddington Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

When chopping jelly to decorate cakes or desserts, place jelly on wet greaseproof paper and chop with wet knife. It will be clear and brilliant and easy to cut to required sizes.—Mrs. K. G. Simpson, 5 Percy St., Black Rock, Vic.

Indelible-pencil marks can be removed from cotton material by rubbing the soiled parts on both sides with butter. Let stand about 20 minutes, then soap well and rinse in warm suds.—Mrs. M. Kerr, Turner's Flat, via Kempsey, N.S.W.

another **QUICK SMART** idea from Kraft



American Hamburger Sandwich

INGREDIENTS SCONE DOUGH: 2 cups S.R. Flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 oz. butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk approximately

FILLING: 12oz. can Kraft Hamburger Steak & Onions

METHOD Sift flour and salt into a basin. Rub in the butter. Add sufficient milk to form into a soft dough. Turn out onto a floured board and knead lightly. Cut in half. Roll out each piece into an 8-inch square. Spread one with the Kraft Hamburger Steak and Onions. Cover with the other half. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (450°F. Gas, 475°F. Electric) for 15 minutes. Cut into squares. Makes 9 servings.

Hear the delighted sighs from the family when you serve up this delicious man-size meal! American Hamburger Sandwich is quick and easy to make with Kraft Hamburger Steak and Onions. Keep a handy 12 ounce can in your cupboard for quick-to-make snacks that are so very tasty. For a snack-time treat, simply heat, eat and enjoy Hamburger Steak and Onions on toast. For more exciting recipe surprises, send now for the new Kraft Quick-Smart Cookbook specially compiled by the cooks in the Kraft Kitchen.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antique vases, tiles, and a bowl.



● Vase is porcelain.

My pair of vases stand 20in. high, measure 15in. from wing to wing, and are decorated in a very delicate manner with pale pink and blue flower sprays and insects. Inside the base are marks which look like a four-leaf clover and 1168 and P. How old are they, please?—Mrs. A. L. Young, Claremont, W.A.

Your pair of beautiful vases (one is shown above) are English Rockingham porcelain and were made at this celebrated factory about 1835.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me something about this ornamental glass basket? It has a fluted top, is white inside and gaily colored outside.—Miss J. Beer, Tallangatta Valley, Vic.

Your basket (above, far right) is English, and was made about 1885 in late Victorian times.

Our transfer and pattern



● Little Dutch boys and girls are the motifs from our Iron-on Transfer No. 1D. It is available in colors of red and blue. Price 2/6.



The pattern for the girl's frock can be bought in sizes to fit children of 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years of age. Price 2/6.

Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



● Delicately decorated tiles are rare.

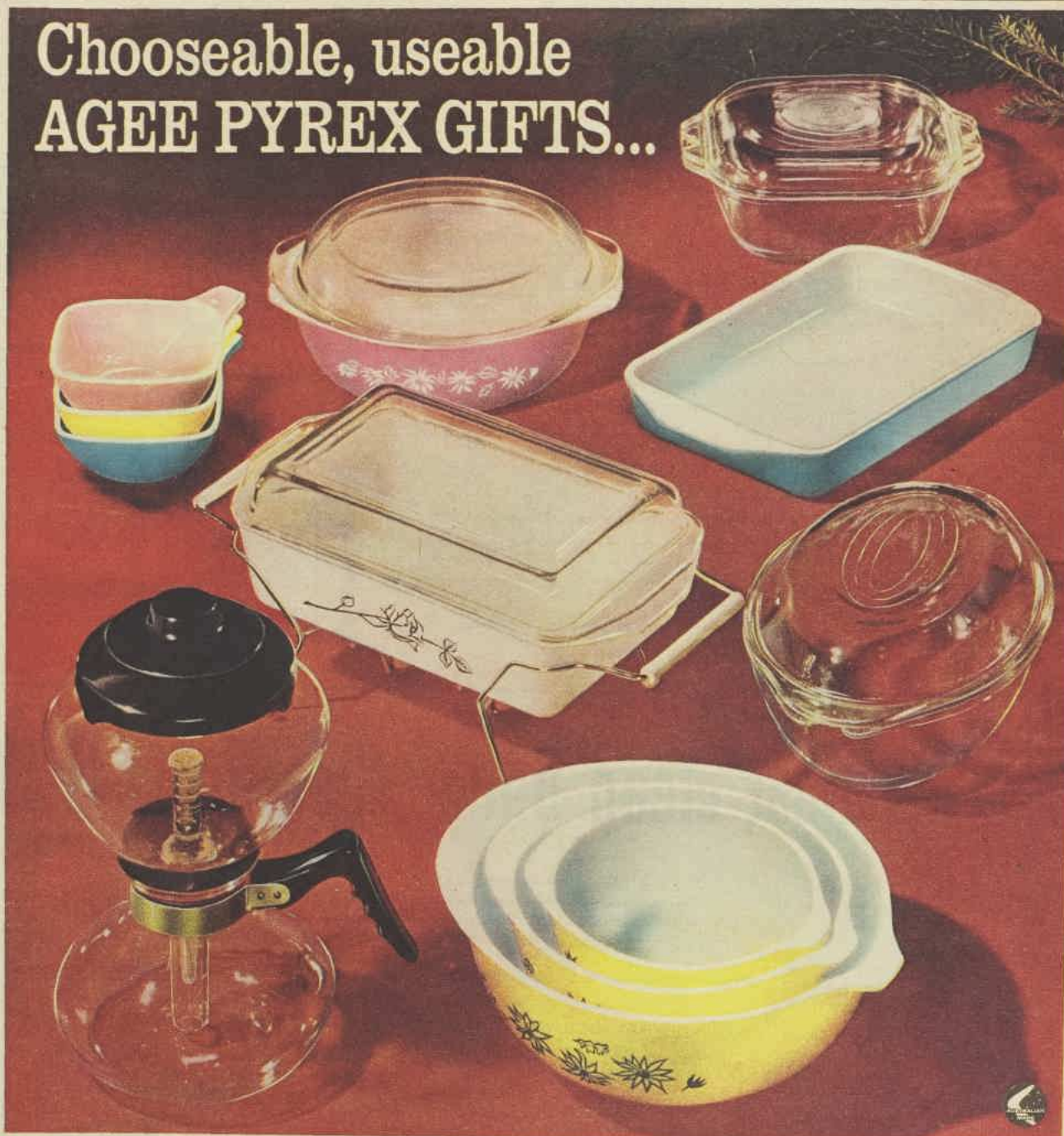
These tiles are colored in blue and white and one is lilac and white. They have no markings. Could you give me some information about them, please?—Mrs. C. H. Borkowski, Port Lincoln, S.A.

Your tiles (shown at left) are Dutch Delft pottery. They are rare and were made in the mid-18th century. They are of considerable collectors' interest.



● Basket is glass.

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Home Plans Service

● *This attractive U-shaped house, Plan No. 814 in our series of designs, is planned round a patio which has a small ornamental pool.*

SHADED by a pergola, the patio forms a distinctive entrance and is ideal for outdoor entertaining in summer.

The spacious living-room, 18½ft. x 12ft., opens on to the patio and has a large brick fireplace. The dining-room opens on to the kitchen and could be screened from the living-room by a divider or free-standing screen.

The kitchen is efficiently designed, with plenty of work space and cupboards, and opens into a small laundry which has direct access to the backyard.

A family-sized bathroom, 9ft. x

5½ft., has a shower recess, bath, and hand-basin. The toilet is separate.

All three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes. The master bedroom is particularly spacious—15½ft. x 10ft.—and the wardrobe runs the length of one wall.

The exterior is most attractive, with a skillion roof, and floor-to-ceiling glass doors and windows in the living-room.

This contemporary exterior can be changed to a more traditional design. Our Home Planning Centres (see coupon) can advise you.

Built in timber, the house would be 10.7 squares; in brick, 11.6 squares.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH (above).
Note the attractive skillion roof and pergola-shaded patio with pool.

FLOOR PLAN (below) illustrates the U-shaped design. Patio separates living and sleeping areas.

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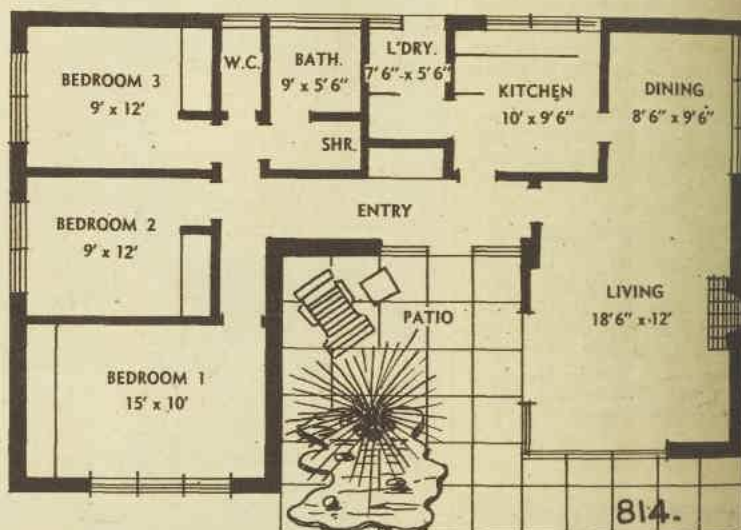
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NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean... because only **FAB** contains Actergent. And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder... last longer. That's why the cleanest clean under the sun is Fab clean.

Public Demonstrations* at the Sydney Royal Show proved conclusively **FAB SUDS WORK HARDER... LAST LONGER**

*The absolute truth of the Fab tests being sworn to on affidavit before a Notary Public. The demonstrations were carried out in identical washing machines, each machine having identical washing loads and the same amount of water. Into one machine was placed 1½ cups of a well-known detergent washing powder—in the other an equal amount of fabulous Fab.



After a couple of minutes both machines had plenty of suds.



After only 3½ minutes the other suds had given up—yet fabulous Fab suds were still hard at work.



Even after 7 minutes fabulous Fab suds were still working as hard as ever.



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS **FAB** CLEAN

THE HIGO CAMELLIA



● *Camellia ozora* in bonsai (dwarf) style, a popular method of growing in Japan. A close-up of *ozora* is shown on this page.

ONLY quite recently has the attention of camellia fanciers been focused on what is known in Japan as the Higo (pronounced Heego) camellia. These were first developed in the gardens of Kumamota about the year 1800 and enjoyed tremendous prestige in that city about 100 years ago, when 66 varieties were listed. With one or two exceptions they were known only in Kumamota, and even there their popularity declined in the course of time. But since the beginning of the camellia revival in Japan about eight years ago a band of enthusiasts have been devoting their spare time to rediscovering the old forms and raising new varieties. These dramatic camellias have flat, single blooms up to five inches across, with an impressive centre of flared stamens. It is a remarkable sensation to stand before a hundred-year-old Higo in full flower. Not only does one gaze at the saucer-shaped blooms in amazement, but one has the impression that the blooms themselves, in some wonderful way, are gazing at the beholder.

—E. G. WATERHOUSE



● Professor Waterhouse, the Camellia Society's international president, in his garden at Gordon, N.S.W., beside a *Lady Clare*.



● *Shiranuhi* ("Mysterious lights on the sea") is the only Higo available so far in Australia. It was renamed *Crimson Cup* by a Victorian nurseryman.



● *Yamato mishiki* ("Brocade of ancient Japan") and its sport (at left) grow to four and a quarter inches in diameter.



● *Ozora* ("Vault of heaven"). All these pictures were taken by artist Paul Jones when he accompanied Prof. and Mrs. Waterhouse on a recent visit to Japan.



● *Kumagai* ("Bear Valley"), one of the largest Higo, grows to five inches across.

● *Osaraku* ("Chief's hobby") has a delicate white flower which measures three and a quarter inches across.



When your child (too "keyed-up") refuses to rest

By EDITH STERN

● It often happens that rapidly growing children, in spite of the abundant energy used in action-packed hours of play, don't want to sleep or rest when their daily rest period comes round.

THEY "play up" — quarrel with each other, start a pillow-fight, anything. What should be done?

First of all, Mother needs to remain relaxed. The more calmly you proceed on the assumption that resting is an established routine not open to question, the less your child will resist.

It will also help if you do not insist on sleep, especially when it's obvious your child is simply not going to sleep.

Not only do children vary greatly in their sleep requirements but also a child's need for daytime naps lessens as he grows.

Many babies, for instance, begin to skip the morning nap when they are about a year old, and by the time he is two a child may nap only one or two hours each afternoon.

At three or four he probably won't sleep more than an hour, if at all.

Regardless of whether he falls asleep or not, however, practically every young child needs a real rest period.

Although you cannot force your child to sleep, even if you feel he still needs naps, you can set the stage for his sleeping.

Put him in a darkened room with the door shut. Let him have some of his toys with him on the bed and tell him he may play quietly.

If you don't demand that he sleep, he is actually more likely to drop off.

A break for Mother

Reading or telling a suitable story may help.

The exact time that a child takes his rest is not as important as the fact that a rest period is regularly scheduled for the same time each day.

Your child will more readily accept a rest hour if it always comes at the same point in his day—preferably during a break in activity.

If you have more than one toddler, try to arrange that everyone in the house rests, or at least has a period of quiet, at the same time.

The "everyone" includes

Mothers need a daytime rest period, too, and the most relaxing time is when all is quiet.

To prevent older children who no longer have a daytime sleep from disturbing the younger ones, provide the means for quiet, interesting activities like modelling clay or dough, cutting and pasting, using crayons, or an outside game.

Try to separate children who sleep in the same room at night — one can easily have his afternoon rest on the living-room sofa.

Cheeky remarks

With many children this may be the only way to prevent them from bouncing on each other's beds or exchanging mirth-provoking remarks or quarrelling instead of resting.

If the rest hours that seem right for your child are inconvenient for you, take a good hard look at both his schedule and yours.

Perhaps you should make a change in his bedtime hour or set his lunchtime earlier or later.

Watch him grow drowsy

No matter how well you plan, there will be special occasions when you must change your child's rest time temporarily or skip it altogether.

Watch him then for signs of fatigue.

If he seems drowsy, irritable, or too keyed up, you can at least make up for some of the lost time by putting him to bed a half hour or so earlier than usual that evening.



AGE SPOTS* — Fade them out

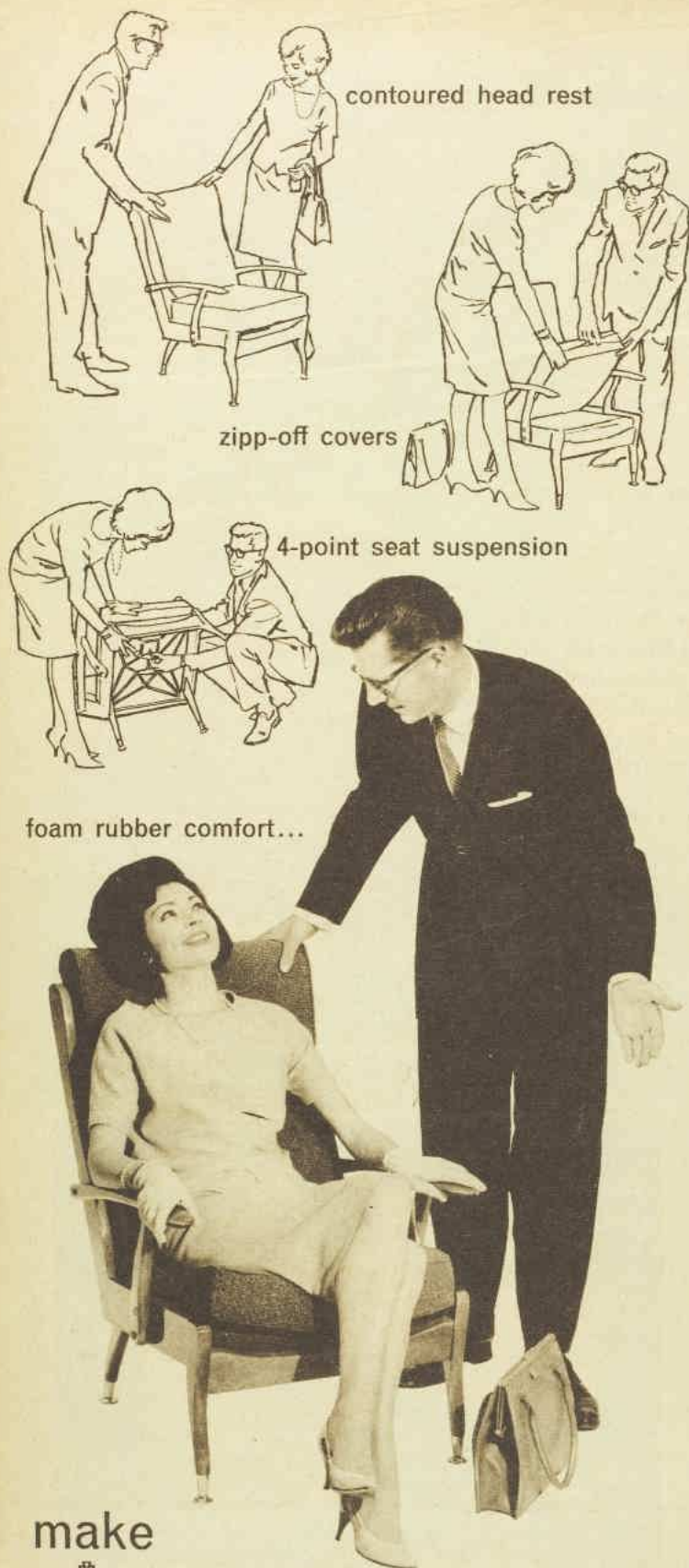
*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not just on it. Fragrant greaseless base for softening, lubricating the skin as it clears up those blemishes.

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To introduce ESOTERICA to Australia, a special Introductory size is available at only 14/6 or Standard size 22/6. Used as directed it will improve your skin as it has for hundreds of thousands of American women.

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The Wrightbilt range includes chairs, convertibles, 2 for 3 piece ottoms and 3 piece units.



En-a-vite rolls – the delicious way to lose weight

Want to lose weight? Do this: eat light, crisp En-a-vite rolls.

En-a-vite rolls are delicious, slimming and nourishing.

Delicious, because you top them with a feast of fillings – like salad, tomato, lean

meat, pastes, spreads and fruit.

Slimming, because they're starch reduced and low in calories.

Nourishing, because their bonus of youthful protein and vitamins promotes good health, keeps you fit.

There's never been an easier way to lose unwanted weight. Never! So tonight, instead of bread, eat En-a-vite starch reduced rolls.

They're slimming. Nourishing. And delicious.

En-a-vite STARCH REDUCED rolls

En-a-vite rolls are light – much lighter than bread. This lightness makes them easy to eat, ensures that you never feel "heavy" or "overfed". En-a-vite rolls are crisp – not just on the outside but all the way through. They retain this crispness indefinitely, are always invitingly fresh and ready to eat. En-a-vite rolls have a quiet flavour so you get the full, succulence of the fillings you place in them. En-a-vite rolls cost less than ordinary rolls. They need no cooking – just slice, fill and serve. Your store stocks 2 sizes: Large and Small. Call in soon.



lose weight . . . feel happy!

Beauty expert Molly Castle continues from last week her advice on:

"Seven and a Half Ways to Achieve a Simply Sensational Shape"



● A good figure can take 10 to 20 years off your age—and no matter what your build is you can acquire grace and trimness. Here's how every woman can help herself to beauty, and a wonderful feeling of being on top of the whole world.

I'VE never met a woman who thinks her figure is perfect. Even those with wonderful shapes are dissatisfied with the turn of a shoulder, the length of a limb.

But most of us have bigger troubles. We either sag, bulge, curve in where we should curve out, or collect fat out of thin air.

Bad sitting habits can damage your contours.

For instance, you don't have to be an ageing duchess to get a dowager's hump. If your head is constantly poked out in front of you (typing, cooking, watching TV) a pad of fat (which is what the hump is) forms to reduce the strain on the muscles at the back of the neck.

The fat pad won't be reduced by five minutes' exercise a day if your head remains poked forward for the rest of the day. A completely new way of sitting has to be learned and practised constantly.

Anyone who types a lot — or who plays a piano, or watches TV, or sews or knits, or just sits—can, by adopting the correct sitting position, throw the weight of her arms correctly on her body as a whole, instead of lazily suspending them from the neck and from the top six vertebrae of the spine (which is where the resulting dowager's hump grows).

Bad sitting posture, by creating strain on the back of the neck, also causes the throat muscles to sag and become scrawny.

Sitting with a curved spine (shoulders slumped forward) creates a stomach bulge, and the waistline then just ceases to exist. The hips tend to spread.

Needless to say, none of these distortions helps to create youthful outlines.

Plan for perfection No. 1 Sitting is Slimming

As you sit down, tuck your tail under, fold your stomach into your pelvic basin, balance on your sitting bones.

If you don't know which these are or how to balance on them, slide your hands under you, palms up, feeling for the knobs of bone. Find the point where the bone presses hardest on your fingers.

Once you get the feel of how to balance

on your sitting bones, sitting for beauty will come easily. Your spine will be straight, curved neither inward (in a military position) nor outward (in the dowager's hump slump).

Place your feet parallel and flat on the floor, align your head correctly above your spine, chin in, back of the neck long, shoulders shrugging.

This is the best way of sitting for restfulness, health, and beauty, and it also helps retrieve contours lost through former incorrect ways of sitting (dowager's hump at the back and the hen's neck in front).

IT has been said that Eve had the right idea when she reached for an apple from the highest branch of the tree — she slimmed her waistline.

Now, a slim waistline helps a woman to look younger, so it's worth having. Alas, when an older woman puts on even a little weight, it very often nestles round the waist and makes her look even older.

Eve's beauty exercise is performed standing up, and it's a fine exercise for starting out the day because it not only trims the waistline and recontours the bust but it also has an uplifting effect on the spirits.

It can lift you from the depths of depression or fatigue, drive away your tensions and irritability. You reach not really for an apple but for the stars.

Plan for perfection No. 2 The Eve Exercise

Stand with feet parallel and slightly apart, weight on the outer side of them, and gripping with the toes. Tuck the buttocks under, straighten the spine, and then, with both arms above the head, reach for the apple — or the stars — first with one hand, then with the other. Look upward to see what you're reaching for. Repeat six times with each hand.

Then drop the arms, relax, sagging like a rag doll with hands swinging loosely and almost touching the floor. Then start again.

The most important element in reducing the waist is the upward stretch. Lift, lift, with your waistline, keep separating it from your stomach muscles. Your newly developed attitude tone will cause a natural

separation between the ribcase and the stomach. You feel wonderful—and you get your waistline back.

THE reason so many people get that squat, middle-aged look is that they have failed to stretch their upper bodies enough. As time goes on, the weight of waist and abdomen snuggling down into the pelvic basin presses down on the hip muscles, thereby increasing their size also.

If you sit with buttocks sort of spread, this again helps increase their width. So it is a good idea when walking, standing, or sitting always to be conscious of the fact that the hips and buttocks should be contracted and placed, as it were, under you; lift yourself out of your hips.

If the damage is done, however, and you have a "spread," try this hip-slimmer:

Plan for perfection No. 3 The Aeroplane

This exercise involves a rocking-and-rolling motion and, like all these exercises, is good for the soul as well as the figure.

Imagine you are an aeroplane. Sit on the floor, outstretched legs parallel, knees down, right hand on the floor, and left hand up and out in a continuous line with the right arm. Roll over on the left buttock. Dig into the floor with the hip and upper thigh. Bring the left arm down and the right arm up. Roll from side to side, using your arms to represent the aeroplane wings dipping. Do it to a rousing record, say a rumba, and "fly" in time to the rhythm — at least 25 times from side to side.

Generally, when the hips are large, the upper thighs and buttocks are, too. This is a wonderful exercise for the whole area.

ALL the posture experts agree on one thing — that by realigning the body correctly and strengthening the muscles which hold it in the correct position you will not only add vitality, beauty, and poise but also minimise aches and pains from misused muscles.

The inner muscles of the thighs are always the first to sag, giving the inside of the thighs a dimpled look (quite spoiling any good swimsuit figure). So here is an exercise to put the thigh muscles in good condition again:

Plan for perfection No. 4 The Leg Pendulum

Stand in balance (buttocks under, pelvis lifted, head up, shoulders and knees slightly relaxed). Transfer the weight to the left foot while drawing the right leg up so that the foot is an inch or two from the ground.

Keeping the abdomen and buttocks well tucked in, swing the leg slowly forward and backward (you can hold lightly on to the back of a chair if you want to). Do this six times, then change legs.

On the forward swing this exercise strengthens the muscles of the thigh in front, tightens the inner muscles, and recontours the whole limb. On the way back it does the same for the buttocks and rear thigh muscles. Both ways it helps to reduce the lower abdomen.

WALKING is very much better for the figure than taking a bus or the car—or sitting indoors.

Of course, you will still hear people say that it is useless to walk in order to take off weight. You would have to walk 20 miles, they will tell you smugly, to remove the damage done by one bar of chocolate.

Of course that's true, but who suggested a bar of chocolate in the first place? Chocolate is very, very bad for the figure, and if you want to reduce, you just don't eat it.

Walking, as a reducing exercise, is an "instead-of." If you feel like chocolate, you go for a walk instead.

Plan for perfection No. 5 How to Walk with a Swing

To get the most out of walking stand in the actively alerted position, described last week, before you start. Then as you raise your left foot off the ground and start moving it forward, push off with the right foot, using the entire leg and hip as a jet-propelled lever. Do the same on the other side.

You will find you can walk with a smooth, speedy sense of direction which will surprise you, and if you walk for 15 minutes extra every day without rewarding yourself with extra food you'll lose a pound a month. This doesn't sound like much till you

"HOW TO BE 30 FOR 40 YEARS"

realise it adds up to 120 pounds in 10 years.

I KNOW a woman old enough to have a son of 40, and her chin-line is like that of a girl of 20.

Good luck? Not at all. She has exercised for all those 40 years to keep her neck and chin-line young.

Her exercise (given below) keeps the throat muscles from getting flabby and so failing to keep the chin-line taut.

If a woman with a hen's neck goes to a plastic surgeon (lots of them do) he puts a tuck into the loose skin at each side of the neck below the ears. This tightens the skin under the chin, smoothing it out.

But the surgeon does nothing for the muscles, so in time the skin will droop down again, like a petticoat that has lost its elastic.

The reason the skin has sagged is that the muscles which run from under the ear to the middle of the collarbone have, like the petticoat, lost their elastic and no longer keep the chin-line taut.

Here is the exercise:

Plan for perfection No. 6

The Swan's Neck

Lie on your back either in bed or on the floor. Tuck your chin well in and keep the muscles under the chin relaxed throughout the exercise.

Raise the head slightly, consciously using the muscles that run down the side of the neck. Touch the underchin muscle to see if they are relaxed; touch the side of the neck muscles to test their contraction. Hold for ten seconds and relax.

Repeat two or three times and do this night and morning. Later you will be able to do it more often.

Plan for perfection No. 7

The All-Purpose Exercise

Lie on your back with your knees raised just enough so that each notch of your spine touches the floor and is well pressed against it at the waistline. Start your neck exercise as before. Raise your heels a few inches off the ground, hold them there, swing your feet in circular movements. Let your head and heels sink to the floor, but keep the spine touching all along the line. Repeat two or three times, more if you can.

Plan for perfection No. 7½

For Those Vital Statistics

This exercise is for improving the bust-line. It's such an easy little one that it only rates half a mark — but it's very valuable for all that.

Sit in the correct sitting position. Tuck in the chin and stretch the back of the neck. Clasp your hands and hold them at chest level, making a straight line from elbow to elbow. Then push one hand against the other as hard as you can. Push . . . relax . . . push . . . relax.

As you push you should feel the muscles at the side of the neck contracting. You should also feel those above and to the side of the bust tighten. If these muscles are kept in good tone the bust will not sag and the décolletage will not get a crepe-like look.

All this may sound like an awful lot of trouble, but few people achieve a perfect figure without effort.

These exercises not only add up to the perfect figure but, by keeping you in good trim, help you stand up better to the wear and tear of everyday life.



Make your daily round improve your figure

WHENEVER you sit down, stand up, bend to pick up something, or reach up to a shelf, you can make your movement into a beauty treatment.

All you have to do is move in the correct way. This keeps you shapely and graceful. But the habit of moving wrongly does just the opposite.

To sit down

Keep your spine and head in line and sit on your sitting bones (following instructions on page 44). Sit without curving your spine either inward or outward, pull in your stomach, and use a chair that will support your back. You may cross your legs at the ankles sometimes.

To stand up

Put one foot behind the other and use it as a lever to push yourself up, straightening your spine and tucking your buttocks under. Stand so tall that you feel as if you were being pulled up by a string at the top of your head.

To pick something up

Use a short lever — that is to say, keep the weight as close to your body as possible and bend your knees, not your spine.

To reach for something

As you stretch upward, tuck in your stomach and buttocks and stretch from the waist, only coming up on tiptoes after you have stretched every other part. Keep your chin in, the back of your neck long, and stretch both sides of you alternately.

Ten tips for slimmers

TO re-educate your eating habits substitute:

1. A non-calorie sweetening for sugar.
2. Clear soup or vegetable juice for thick soups or gravies.
3. Fresh fruit for chocolates and lollies.
4. Vegetable sticks (fingers of celery, carrot, etc.), hard-boiled eggs, cheese for fattening savories.
5. Dry wine or non-calorie bottled drink or fresh fruit or vegetable juice for sweet wines, spirits, or sweetened bottled drink.
6. Slimming biscuits, or nothing, for rolls or toast.
7. A large fresh salad with a nut or vegetable-oil dressing instead of any calorie-loaded meal-starter.
8. A low-calorie luxury dessert instead of the usual party fare. Your friends will love coffee cream whip, especially when you tell them it is a bonus food, light on calories.

To make it, whip up unsweetened condensed milk, add dissolved gelatine and instant coffee, and liquid saccharin to taste. When partly set, whip to a stiff froth.

9. If you are cutting down on bread — even whole-wheat should be rationed — take some wheatgerm and/or wheat-germ oil daily.
10. If you are cutting down on protein, add brewers' yeast and powdered skim milk to your milk, vegetable or fruit juice, and whip.

What every pretty girl
should know!



'Never make a move without your
KLEENEX* Tissues

— says June Dally-Watkins, head of the famous model agency and department school.

Because a model lives a busy life, frequently changing her makeup, she must have a facial tissue that is soft and kind to her skin. That's why you'll find a packet of Kleenex Tissues in every model's makeup kit. Kleenex Tissues pamper fine skins, gently cleansing with no hint of roughness or chafing.

Pop a packet in your handbag. Once you get the habit, you'll never be without Kleenex Tissues, at home, in the office or on the move. You'll keep your makeup looking fresh—and find a dozen other uses for Kleenex. Choose from 3 pack sizes . . . in pink, aqua or white.

KLEENEX Tissues are the property of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



For longer lasting lipstick—apply one coat—blot with Kleenex—powder—add another coat. A smooth matt finish!

Hold a Kleenex Tissue against your forehead next time you use a hair spray for a neater, non-sticky, well-groomed hairline.

Kleenex for colds. So soft, so gentle, so much more hygienic—and makes unpleasant hankie washing unnecessary.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 1, 1962

do more than look up from the papers on which he had been working there were two loud, practically simultaneous bangs as Felicity slammed first her car door and then the screen door behind her.

She roared up to the desk and the astonished Captain, thrust her thumb, still leaking her life's blood, in front of his nose and cried, "Your damn monkey bit me."

Tim arose, knocking over his chair, "Felicity!" Then he said, "But he's not mine any more," and with a note of despair and pathos that reached right to Felicity's heart, "Felicity, I'm no longer O.I.C. Apes. I'm nothing at all."

"Tim, oh, my dear, darling Tim," Felicity wailed. "What have they done to you?" For she recognised something of a broken man. Also she was no longer angry with him, for there on his desk was the framed photograph of herself, or at least the person she seemed once to have been.

"Tim, why didn't you meet me?" Felicity asked.

"I did, but I was frightened; I ran away. You were too beautiful! I couldn't bear it. I was afraid! I'm afraid now. Don't you know what has happened to you?" Tim asked. "Look." He pointed to a mirror. "Can't you see, it's almost blinding?"

It was enough to make any woman exult, but strangely Felicity felt more like-crying at the moment. "Do you mean to say," she said, indicating the photograph, "that you like her more than me? I did it all for you."

Young Captain Bailey looked from the fat girl in the picture to the goddess by his side, and at that moment had no answer for her, so storm-tossed were his emotions.

"I'll cross my eyes," Felicity wailed, and proceeded to do so. "I'll cut my hair and stuff pillows in my bosoms until I can fatten up for you again. I'll do anything you ask, Tim, if it will make you happier."

He went to pieces then again over his love for her, the hurt she had suffered which he had inflicted, the wound that was bleeding and the resolving of the pain that he himself had experienced.

They were both covered with her blood by this time, and when he had bandaged her and they had tidied themselves she announced that having compromised him by practically assaulting him in his quarters they would have to be married at once.

THE wartime marriage of Tim and Felicity was a quiet affair conducted in the chapel in the presence of the Admiral, Tim's best man, and a few friends, and Gunner Lovejoy slipping into the rear of the church at the last moment.

Denied the support of his wife, who was back in England, and faced with a determined Felicity, the Admiral had not had sufficient stamina to continue his objections, even though he was aware that in the interim his son-in-law had not made himself any more desirable. However, the young people had survived a long separation, and since Felicity was insistent the Admiral put the best face he could upon the matter and the modest celebration of the union took place.

There was no leave granted for a honeymoon. When Tim applied for it his application was turned down. The doghouse was still operating as far as the Army was concerned, except now they were to occupy a kennel built for two, for the married quarters assigned to them were the shabbiest and most run-down located in Outer Siberia.

At first Timothy was harrowed by the depressing bungalow, but Felicity soon cured him of that. She was a comfortable girl, sensible and agreeable, with no false notions about being owed anything by life. As far as that went, she felt overpaid, for she had acquired all for herself the one man who had touched her deeply and permanently.

In her spare time she set about making their home as cheerful as possible. There, too, was enjoyed their first and practically last quarrel, the issue of which was unimportant, the main point being that they had no more than really warmed up to a tempestuous exchange of amenities and personalities when suddenly and simultaneously they recognised the absurdity of the proceedings, called it a

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 26

at the Navy Yard, some civilians from the town, and Alfonso T. Ramirez.

Ramirez was always eager and willing to stand treat, and if the Gunner had given any thought to the matter he would have felt certain that the incident of the stolen wig had been forgotten. In this, however, he would have been wrong. Ramirez was merely biding his time.

"If they want apes let them have apes," the Gunner said, "and if they don't want them let them shoot the beggars and have done with it. But don't let the creatures starve to death and die off piecemeal before me very eyes, that's

The barman set them up. Ramirez paid.

The Gunner took a long, deep draught. "And Scruffy on the rampage and doing in old Arthur. He was bound to kill him sooner or later, they two never getting on. But it seemed like he knewed we couldn't afford to lose no hapes and done it a-purpose. And me not able to use the balloons on him to stop it."

ONE of the sailors asked the question that Ramirez was popping to put in. "Balloons? Did I ear yer say balloons?"

"You did that," replied the Gunner, and, fishing into his pocket, brought out a small red rubber toy balloon, the stem of which he set to his lips. Taking a deep breath, he began to blow. The balloon, filling with the mixed fumes of Malaga and stout, swelled out to enormous size, distending beyond its capacity, and blew up with an appalling bang.

"There you are," the Gunner said; "that's 'ow it's done. It's the only way to control old Scruff. Terrifies him. Like a lamb 'e is when the balloon goes up. But what good is it now, I ask? When I come upon Scruff and Arthur he'd got his tusks in Arthur's throat and his 'ead nearly tore off."

Ramirez asked, "Why you not blow?"

"What, and kill 'em both? Ain't I just told you the hapes are nervous wrecks from all the shooting? That's what got into old Scruff there, all the banging and blasting. He couldn't stand no noise. If I gave 'em a balloon like as not he could have died on me 'ands, and then where would we have been?" He looked around for an answer, but collected no more than some sympathetic shakes of the head until Ramirez said, "You have a difficult job, Gunner. I buy another drink."

The Gunner regarded Ramirez now with benevolence. "Mannie," he said, "you've hit upon me needs. So, with Arthur dying of 'aving no 'ead that puts the Queen's Gate pack down below 'arf."

Ramirez, in the act of paying for his investment, turned and asked, "Did you say half, Gunner?"

"You count 'em," replied the Gunner. "There used to be twenty-six in the Queen's Gate pack. Who's left now? There's old Scruff, Pat and Tony, Ronnie and Millie, Kathleen, Sally, Judy and three hapelets that don't look like they'd last more'n a couple of days. And it's the same with the Middle Hill bunch."

Gunner, now well lubricated, had a further question to ask of his audience. "What's to happen if the whole blooming lot dies out? What's the Rock going to be like without apes? What 'appens to me job? And what about where it tells what's to become of us British when there's no more apes here? Kicked off the Rock, that's what the Spanish say. Who am I to say that it can't happen?"

One of the Artillerymen put his arm around the Gunner's shoulder and said, "Don't take it so 'ard, pal, there must be plenty more where they came from."

Alfonso T. Ramirez drained his glass of beer and set it back upon the bar soundlessly. He stood there regarding it for a moment and then as quietly left. No one saw him go or would have cared if they had, which was an error. For Mr. Ramirez had

been struck with an idea and he was hastening home as quickly as he could to seek the privacy of his four walls and have it out to look at.

It was that he would nominate himself as a secret spy and saboteur for the Third Reich. No one would ever know it but himself. He would inflict serious damage upon the British position in Gibraltar by dealing a heavy blow to their morale, and one that might well lead to the loss of the position.

If the Germans could be apprised that attrition had begun in the ape pack and that it had been reduced by half they could use it for propaganda purposes and stir up unrest and discontent among both the civilian and military population of this key bastion, an unrest which might lead to fear, panic, and eventually defeat.

How to transmit this information without endangering his own watertight security as a loyal Gibraltar-tarian permitted access to naval secrets or destroying his own incognito? The answer was simple. An anonymous letter. There wasn't even any danger of such a document being found upon his person since he would not write it until he was safely on Spanish soil.

There were no restrictions confining the civilian population of Gibraltar to the Rock. Equipped with proper passes and identification, they could cross over into Spain as they wished, provided they returned before the border was closed at night. He had only then, some Sunday when it was customary for Gibraltarians to wish to leave the confines of their narrow community for a bit of leg-stretching in the country, to cross over, write his letter either in La Linea or Algeciras, post it, and return. There was no possible way it could be traced to him.

Dr. Hans Hott, the German Consul at Algeciras, perused the letter a second time. It read as follows, in printed letters: "Dr. Hans Hott, German Consulate, Algeciras. Heil Hitler:

Something you should know. The apes on the rock are dying. Only half are left. You should make this public. The British believe if the apes die off from the rock they will be defeated and have to go. There are only 13 left of the Queen's Gate pack and 12 of the Middle Hill. If I have any further news I will write again. You may trust me. I am of the blood. Heil Hitler."

The German smiled to himself. He reached for the telephone to put the machinery in motion.

Gloomy Gustave came on from the German broadcasting station somewhere in Spain immediately after the six o'clock news. Most of Gibraltar listened to him, the British for laughs and the Gibraltarians from their not too ill-founded suspicions that they might not be getting all the news from the British side. Gloomy Gustave spoke in English in a voice that was oiled and buttered with self-satisfaction, righteousness, and doom.

HOWEVER, the broadcast of Gloomy Gustave made a few days after the anonymous letter had arrived at the desk of Consul Hott brought neither pleasure nor entertainment to the auditors as the greasy voice emerged from their wireless sets.

"Are the days of the British on Gibraltar numbered? Are all you Gibraltarians now groaning under the lash of the perfidious English soon to be free of the imperialist tyrant? If the deaths that have recently occurred among the Barbary apes of

Gibraltar may be taken as a sign, that day is not far off."

In their quarters where Felicity was clattering in the kitchen and Tim sipping the thimbleful of gin and Italian that was his nightly ration, the Captain, who had been only half-listening, brought his head up with a snap and called, "Hey, love! Hold it for a sec! You'd better come out and hear this."

In his office Major McPherson, who listened nightly with ears of an intelligence officer, got up from his desk and went over and stood in front of his wireless set to be sure to miss nothing.

In the Admiral Nelson, Alfonso Treugang Ramirez was conscious for a moment of a million butterflies struggling within his stomach and a feeling of sudden panic that the next moment the police or security forces would come bursting in through the door and lay violent hands upon him. Lovejoy, who had pricked up his ears at the word apes, had not yet connected it with the wireless box and was looking about him as though someone of those there in the bar had mentioned it.

And in far-off London Major Clyde, the intelligence officer charged with overall responsibility for Gibraltar and Malta and who listened nightly to the German broadcasts from the monitoring room of the B.B.C., frowned and settled the earphones on his head-set more securely.

Gustave continued: "At

To page 59

BACKACHE?

like this



Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOLS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

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The deodorant you can trust

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UNTIL a friend recommended Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. How I wish I'd discovered them sooner. Corns never worry me now. These little tailored pads give wonderful relief and you can completely remove corns with the medicated discs provided. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions, 3/6 packet from Chemists, Stores, Shoe dealers, Scholl depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy.



HANDKNITS FOR BABY

● Trimly tailored pilchers and a snugly sweater make a cosy outfit for baby. The sweater yoke is worked on a circular needle.

Materials: Sweater, 3 balls; pilchers, 2 balls Patons Beehive Baby Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10, 11, and 12 knitting needles; cable needle; No. 10 circular needle or set of 4 No. 10 (9in.); elastic.

CABLE-TRIMMED YOKE
decorates the sweater of this two-piece set for a baby boy or girl.

Measurements: Sweater, to fit 20in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 11½in.; sleeve seam, 7½in. Pilchers, length from waist to leg, 8½in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. in width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; rep., repeat; st-st., stocking-stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; cont., continue; Twist 6, slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and hold at back of work, k next 3 sts., then sts. from cable needle; w.fwd., wool forward; t.b.l., through

back loops; p.s.s.o., pass slipped-stitch over; beg., beginning; tog., together.

SWEATER

BACK AND FRONT (both alike)
With No. 11 needles, cast on 84 sts. and work 8 rows in garter-stitch.

With No. 10 needles, cont. in st-st. until work measures 7in. from beg.

Leave these sts. on a st-holder.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. and work 17 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: Rib 3, * work twice into next st., rib 5 sts., * rep. from * to * until 3 sts. rem., work twice into next st., rib 2 sts. (56 sts.)

With No. 10 needles, cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 7in.

Leave these sts. on a st-holder. With No. 10 needles and with right side of work facing, knit across 56 sts. of left sleeve, 86 sts. of front, 56 sts. of right sleeve, 86 sts. of back (284 sts.), and work in rounds of st-st. (k every row) for 2in. Cast off.

YOKE

With No. 11 needles, cast on 31 sts.

1st Row: K 17, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: P 4, k 2, p 6, k 2, p 1, k 16.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 17, p 2, Twist 6, p 2, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

6th Row: P 4, k 2, p 6, k 2, p 1, k 12, turn.

7th Row: K 13, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. these 8 rows until 34 patterns have been worked. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew yoke in position, having join at centre back. Sew up seams. Make a cord and thread through holes where the turn was made in every 6th row of patt. of yoke. Finally press all seams.

PILCHERS

FRONT AND BACK (both alike)
With No. 10 needles, cast on 32 sts.

1st Row: Inc. once in 1st st., k 13, k 2 tog. t.b.l., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 13, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

11th Row: Cast on 4 sts., k to 2 sts. before centre, k 2 tog. t.b.l., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end of row.

12th Row: Cast on 4 sts., k to end of row.

Rep. 11th and 12th rows until there are 92 sts. on needle.

Next Row: Inc. once in 1st st., k 43, k 2 tog. t.b.l., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows until side edge measures 6½in.

With No. 11 needles, work 8 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

GUSSET

With No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts. and work in st-st.

1st Row: Inc. once in 1st st., inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 26 sts. on needle.

Work 1 row.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 2 sts. rem.

Cast off.

LEG BAND

Sew cast-on edges tog., then sew gusset in position, using a chain-stitch. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, knit up 100 sts. round each leg edge and work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Turn back ribbing round each leg and slip-stitch in position on wrong side. Thread elastic through holes at waist. Finally press all seams.



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By
BETTY CONWAY

Is your family REALLY happy?

● Is your family really happy? Of course, you'll probably answer. But really happy—all of them—as deeply happy as a family can and should be?

MAYBE you've never stopped to think about it. Well, your answers to this quiz may provide food for thought. Try it and see.

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 10	(b) 5	(c) 0
2. (a) 10	(b) 0	(c) 5
3. (a) 5	(b) 0	(c) 10
4. (a) 5	(b) 10	(c) 0
5. (a) 10	(b) 5	(c) 0
6. (a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 0
7. (a) 5	(b) 10	(c) 0
8. (a) 10	(b) 5	(c) 0
9. (a) 0	(b) 5	(c) 10
10. (a) 5	(b) 0	(c) 10

WELL, IS IT?

100—top score: How marvellously happy your family must be, even to the extent of allowing you time off to do quizzes.

80-95: Yes, yours is a happy family, and it's difficult to see what more you could do (save perhaps in the tiniest things) to make it any happier. Hats off to you.

60-80: About average family happiness

here, which means there is always room for improvement. Try starting with the grown-ups first.

40-60: You've obviously never stopped to think about your family's happiness. It's time you did.

Under 40: It's a marvel they stick it. Radical changes are necessary.

1. Be truthful now— is there any one member of your family who somehow is "out" of most of the jokes and fun, either by temperament or circumstances:

- (a) no? (b) yes?
- (c) not sure?

2. Are nicknames in common use in your family:

- (a) yes? (b) no?
- (c) only among the children themselves?

3. Is your house something of a haven for other people's children, also adults, pets, problems:

- (a) sometimes?
- (b) no?
- (c) yes, indeed?

4. How are everyday family problems discussed in your household:

- (a) freely in front of everyone?
- (b) with one or both parents only?
- (c) more or less in secret, if at all?

5. Does father, or mother, ever visibly bore the children:

- (a) not as far as you know?
- (b) only on rare occasions?
- (c) sometimes?

6. Do your family holidays provide a constant and amusing topic of conversation for the year:

- (a) no? (b) yes?
- (c) don't know?

7. Do you ever receive gifts from your children other than at Christmas or on birthdays:

- (a) have done, but not really regularly?
- (b) yes, fairly regularly?
- (c) no?

8. Are your family's long-standing private jokes:

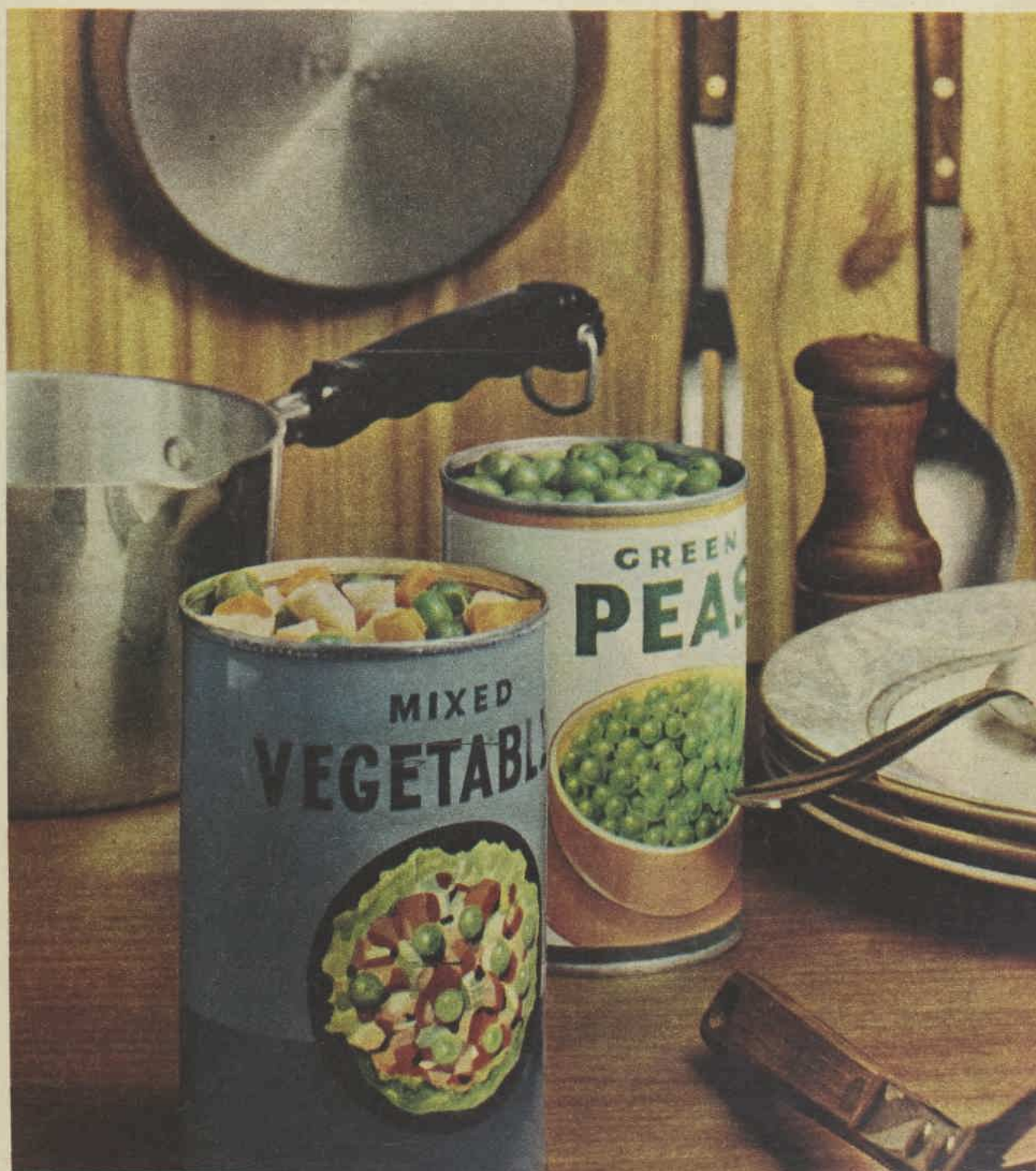
- (a) healthily amusing?
- (b) faintly malicious?
- (c) non-existent?

9. With how much discipline is your family run:

- (a) hardly any?
- (b) a good deal?
- (c) a fair minimum?

10. How happy are you as a member of your family:

- (a) fairly?
- (b) intermittently?
- (c) almost always?



CANNED VEGETABLES—always ready to heat and serve. Cans bring you vegetables at their tasty best—garden-fresh flavours sealed in steel. The pick of the crops canned within hours. Forever in season. No fuss, no peel, no waste. Cans are the modern money-saving way to keep a kitchen garden in your cupboard. Keep stocks of canned vegetables always—use them often.

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BHP/BS96

B.H.P. Tinplate... a product of Australia.



Cardigan for spring

- This pretty button-up cardigan for the one- to two-year-olds is trimmed with lacy panels.

Materials: 5 balls Wool-worsts 5-ply crepe; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; eight small buttons.

Measurements: 20in. under-arm; length from top of shoulder, 11in.; length of sleeve seam, 8in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 stitches to the inch in width, measured over plain smooth fabric.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 45 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1 to end of row.

Rep. 1st row 11 times. Dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

With No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row: K 14, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 tog. t.b.l., w.fwd., k 10, (p 1, k 1) three times, k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: (K 1, p 1) three times, k 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 14, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, w.fwd., k 3 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 10, (p 1, k 1) three times, k 1.

5th Row: K 14, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, w.fwd., k 3 tog., w.fwd., k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 10, (p 1, k 1) three times, k 1.

7th Row: K 14, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 10, (p 1, k 1) three times, k 1.

k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 10, (p 1, k 1) three times, k 1.

8th Row: As 2nd row. ** Rep. from ** to ** six times.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at beg. of needle in every alt. row until 33 sts. rem.

Work 20 rows without shaping.

Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of needle in next row.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Shape shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in patt. to last 8 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to end of row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 45 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1 to end of row.

Rep. 1st row 11 times. Dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

Work to correspond with left front, working border and shapings at opposite ends of needle and making a buttonhole in 7th and following 16th row until 7 buttonholes have been worked from commencement.

To Make a Buttonhole: K 2, p 1, w.r.n., p 2 tog., k 1, p 1, work in patt. to end of row.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 10, w.fwd., (k 2

tog.) twice, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 14.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last 7 sts., (k 1, p 1) three times, k 1.

3rd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 10, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 14.

5th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 10, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, w.fwd., k 3 tog., w.fwd., k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 14.

7th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 10, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 14.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 81 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1 to end of row.

Rep. 1st row 11 times. Dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

With No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row: * K 14, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 12, * rep. from * to * once, k 2.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 14, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 12, * rep. from * to * once, k 2.



SPRING CARDIGAN for baby to wear on walks in the park or visits to grandmother. It's quick to knit in 5-ply crepe wool.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st row 17 times, inc. once at end of needle in last row.

With No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row: K 18, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 18.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 18, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 18.

5th Row: K 18, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, w.fwd., k 3 tog., w.fwd., k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 18.

7th Row: K 18, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 18.

8th Row: As 2nd row **.

Keeping continuity of patt. as given from ** to **, inc. once at each end of needle in

next and every following 10th row until there are 59 sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 8in. from commencement.

Dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 17 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With a flat seam, sew up shoulder seams.

With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, k up 60 stitches evenly round neck.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: As 1st row.

3rd Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., w.r.n., k 1, p 1, k 1.

4th Row: As 1st row. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

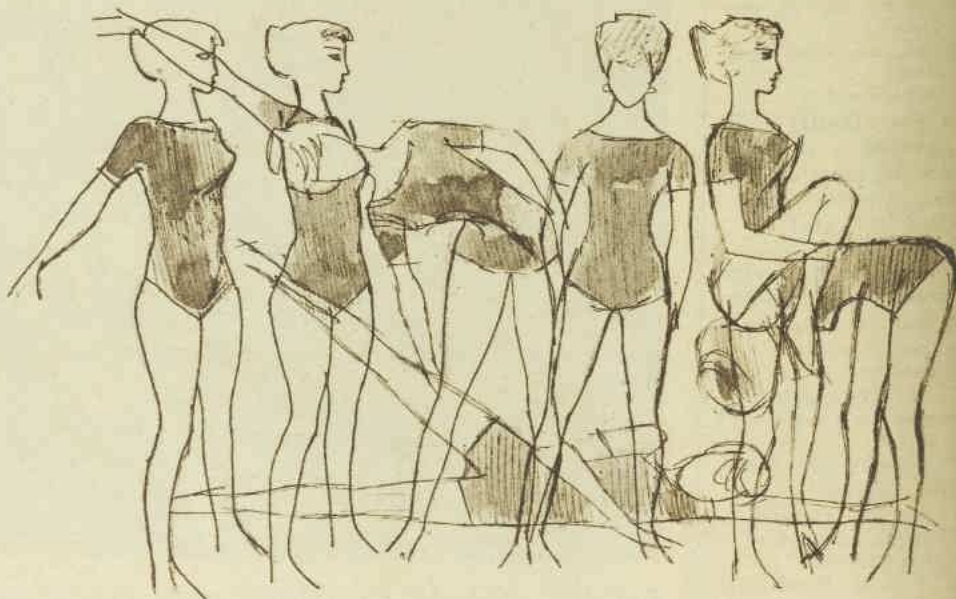
With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. With a flat seam, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.

FOR WOMEN ONLY!

10BX PLAN

- Perfect health and a slim figure in just 12 minutes a day!
- That's the 10BX plan designed by the Canadian armed services especially for women.
- It's endorsed by doctors throughout the world.
- It's in the SUNDAY TELEGRAPH this weekend.
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The way to health ALL doctors recommend



NEXT WEEKEND BUY THE

Sunday Telegraph

this rate it will not be long before there will be no more apes remaining and freedom-loving Gibralterians will rejoice with their Spanish brothers that the oppression of British rule is drawing to an end."

Captain Timothy Bailey swore helplessly in front of his wireless set. "That's exactly what I was working to prevent! Oh, damn their stupidity."

"But do you suppose it's true, Tim?" Felicity asked. "I'm afraid so. I met Lovejoy in town the other day. He was blubbering. He'd just lost Mona and Tess. It will be damned awkward if it goes on," he replied. "I wonder what McPherson is thinking."

What Major McPherson was thinking standing in front of his set in his office was not printable. In the pub Gunner Lovejoy stared at the old, battered wireless-box over the bar with an expression of mingled surprise and distaste upon his leathery countenance. "Blimey!" he exclaimed. "However did that blighter find that out?"

Ramirez, his momentary panic dispelled, and secure that no one would ever penetrate his dark secret, said, "That's terrible for you, Gunner. Can I buy another beer?"

In London Major Clyde picked up the telephone. The number he called was a very private one and the person who answered most highly placed. The Major spoke to him, using his first name, which was surprising for a mere Major, but less so considering the weight he pulled and the respect in which he was held.

"So I think I'd better get out there, John, don't you?" Major Clyde concluded.

"Yes, I do, Bill. I quite agree with you."

"Will you authorise what is necessary?"

"Yes. See Peter about the flight out. Do you want the P.M. alerted?"

"Not yet, until after I've had a dekkie. I'll be off in the morning."

MAJOR MCPHERSON, the Senior Security Officer on the Rock, looked up as the door to his office opened and closed with lightning rapidity and recognised the tall, stooped figure of Major William Clyde.

A look of enormous relief spread across McPherson's broad Scots countenance. "By heck, Slinker, I'm glad to see you. I thought this would bring you back, but not quite that quickly. What did you do, dematerialise?"

"Apes," said Major Clyde. "Who's the clot in charge of those brutes? Aren't you supposed to have something called an O.I.C. Apes? There's hell to pay at Whitehall over this. The Spaniards are teetering on the brink while our chaps in Madrid are working their heads off to hold them back. It just wants one good push for Franco to take the plunge. Something as silly as this could give it to him."

"Where do you want me to begin?" McPherson asked.

Clyde said morosely. "The usual place."

McPherson reflected and said, "I'd say it began when they sacked Tim Bailey."

"Bailey, who's he?"

"He was the O.I.C. Apes here when the war started, and a damned good one. Conscientious bloke. Made a sort of hobby of it, he and Lovejoy."

"Lovejoy?"

"Keeper fellow. Gunner in charge. Half an ape himself. They love him. Tim got on the Brig's nerves."

"How?"

"Worrying him about the apes. Wanting shelters and cages built. More food. Took the job seriously. Became the Rock bore on the subject."

"Sounds as though he might have some sense."

"Who?"

"This Bailey fellow. Saw this coming, didn't he?"

Major McPherson nodded. "Actually he did. He used to deafen my ears with it when nobody else would listen. Well then there was this incident at the General Sir George Elliott celebration, your do. Someone picked the occasion to play a practical joke."

Major Clyde said, "I remember something—what was it—?"

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 58

Major McPherson gave him the details, concluding—"The C.R.A. made Bailey responsible, sacked him, and put in this dim bulb Barton with instructions for him to keep away from the apes. So nobody's bothered." He added, "We have had other things on our mind."

"I suppose you had," Clyde reflected, tugging at his lower lip. "It wasn't a joke, but it seems nevertheless to have been damn practical. Get me the files on everyone concerned and then I think I might have a word with Captain Bailey."

The entrance of Major William Clyde into the family circle of the Baileys, Captain, R.A., and ex-

O.I.C. Apes, and Second Officer W.R.E.N.S. Felicity, could not have been more dramatic had it been staged by a director of Wagnerian opera at Bayreuth.

It was night and the Rock was having one of its occasional tropic-like thunderstorms. It was the kind of night which made Tim groan in his heart for his lost apes, the kind of night when they should have been shut away, dry and safe, in proper shelters. Thinking of the effect upon the drenched monkeys made him shudder.

With the shades pulled down, Timothy and Felicity had been each working upon their own company

To page 60



"That's all for today. Tomorrow, bring your skis!"

NEW OMO

NEW DIRT-REMOVING POWER!

PLUS! AN AMAZING BLUE BRIGHTENER!

washes cleaner and whiter
then brightens as nothing else can!



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2 THEN! AN AMAZING BLUE BRIGHTENER BRIGHTENS AS NOTHING ELSE CAN!

Brightness is an additional wash-day bonus which only New Omo can give you. That exclusive blue brightener in New Omo gives an outstanding brightness to your whites and coloureds. New Omo alone and unaided washes cleaner and whiter then brightens as nothing else can. No bluing needed, of course!

New Omo gives the brightest results in your washing machine



What is the most natural way to bottle-feed baby?

Baby authorities say that rubber teats remain the best of present day feeding methods if two essential features are present.

First, rubber with the tender, resilient softness of a mother's breast. Second, a teat of natural shape.

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Your chemist sells Maw's Teats in transparent containers which keep the teats scrupulously clean.

From chemists only, in four alternative hole sizes.



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Enclosed is photo of Glenda whose silky hair is the result of Curlypet. I want to express my thanks for Curlypet as Glenda owes all those beautiful curls to Curlypet.

To soothe scalp irritations, to promote healthy hair growth and to give your baby a head of curls everyone will love, start using Curlypet TO-DAY!

Make baby's hair grow curly.

Curlypet

administration papers by the uncertain and flickering lights that threatened to go at any moment, and they had flash-lamps to hand for the emergency.

There came a really fearful glare of lightning, immediately followed by thunder, when there came a knocking at the door of the bungalow. Tim took a torch and opened it. Felicity shone a second torch upon the figure standing in the doorway, the collar of his raincoat turned up, water cascading from it. The light travelled over a figure as tall and gangling as Don Quixote with a droopy red moustache which was now parted by a finger put there in an attitude of secrets and silence.

Thus he stood there for a moment, the torches shining upon him like spotlights. "Good, what?" he said. "Always hoped for an entrance like that some time. Clyde of the Secret Service." He crossed the threshold as though he were wearing a cloak. The wind blew the door shut behind him with a satisfying bang. Tim and Felicity dissolved into roars of laughter.

"Come in," Tim cried, "and get dry outside and wet inside if we can find something."

At that moment the lights came on again, revealing the figure of the Major, and Tim saw that for all the mockery of his entrance his eyes were very shrewd. So this was the famous Major Clyde of M.I.5, already something of a legend in the Service.

"Good timing, what?" said the Major. "Carry my own lighting effects around with me." He reintroduced himself, "William Clyde of the Cloak and Dagger. My friends call me Slinker."

FELICITY went to him and took the dripping raincoat and disposed of it, and for a moment the newcomer stood, his eyes roving about the room, and Tim had the feeling that he was missing nothing and that in all probability he knew all there was to know about him, including the reason for the poor quarters. He said apologetically, "Sorry about the hovel."

Major Clyde nodded and said evenly, "Yes, I know. You've got the special Army Mark VII dog-house. Reserved for chums of our little wild friends. I hope no one saw me come here in case it's catching." He went over to the small wireless set on the sideboard, switched it on, and at the first note that squawked from it slipped it off again. "Did you hear that broadcast earlier this evening?"

"Did I?" exclaimed Tim.

"What did you think?" the Major asked.

Felicity suddenly had had enough of clowning and said, "I'll tell you what I think and you can tell them too. It couldn't have happened if Tim had been there."

The Major turned away from the wireless and regarded her with quiet interest. "No?" he said, "Why?"

"Because he cared," Felicity cried passionately. "We both did."

"There," said Major Clyde. "You see, I knew it was catching."

"Oh, do be serious," Felicity said, "can't you? It's nearly broken Tim's heart."

The Major smiled at her in a most friendly fashion. "My cover," he said. "Best tradition of the English detective novel. Sleuth pretends he's a blithering idiot and all the while the great brain is working. Well, what would have happened if Captain Bailey hadn't got the sack?"

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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"They'd have been looked after properly," Felicity replied. "They'd have had enough to eat. What Lovejoy couldn't steal or scrounge they used to pay for out of their own pockets. And if they had listened to him there would have been proper cages and shelters built. He's been at them to have those done ever since he took the job. That's one reason they got rid of him."

"What about that dreg who's supposed to be looking after them?"

"Oh, you mean Lieutenant Barton," Tim said. "He's all right."

The Major regarded Tim quizzically. "Judgment of men: nought, Captain Bailey," he said. "If you're serious, which I don't believe you are, I've had a chat with him."

RIVETS



HE'S JUST TIED SPRING FEVER MAYBE



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PICKING UP THE DOGS BISCUIT AND DRIPPING IT IN HIS WATER DISH?



IN HIS CONDITION, YOU DON'T EXPECT HIM TO FEEL LIKE CHWING IT, DO YOU?



Utter dim bulb. When the old Brig. put him in there he told him that if he ever heard a single word about apes or a line of bump passed his desk he'd stay Lieutenant for the rest of his life. He hasn't dared open his mouth since. And as for the apes, he hasn't been near them. He caught Lovejoy scrounging some food for them and ran him in. Lovejoy got seven days field punishment and his source of supply was shut off. What's all right about a midden like that?"

Felicity's eyes were suddenly filled with tenderness. "Oh, Major Clyde," she said, "I do apologise."

"Eh?" said Clyde. "For what?"

"Things I've been thinking," Felicity said simply.

Tim said tentatively, "We've got a bit of gin."

The doors rattled again as the thunder banged. Felicity went and got the gin bottle and some glasses and they sat round the table and sipped. The Major asked, "What about this Lovejoy?"

"First-rate chap, the Gunner."

"Hangs out at the Admiral Nelson, doesn't he? Talkative bloke."

TIM dipped his head again in the direction of the wireless and said, "You mean—"

"Not to worry," the Major said. "There are some ten thousand other possible sources, security being what it is around here." Then he added, "What about food? What do they take?"

"About two pounds a day," Tim replied. "They're supposed to get sweet potatoes, groundnuts, carrots, lettuce, oranges or pomegranates, and bananas, of course. They're potty about bananas."

"Are they getting it?"

Tim shrugged. "You've looked through my record, haven't you?" Major Clyde nodded. "And saw the bit about the row I had with the Government of Sierra over the blackguards raising the price of groundnuts due to the war."

Major Clyde grunted and then asked, "Where do the blighters come from?"

"North Africa," Tim replied. "The Moors consider them a nuisance. They gang up and raid their farms. Why, would you like one?"

"With a special chapter devoted, no doubt, to an old devil by the name of Scruffy." To Tim's surprise he didn't turn the book down, but said, "May I have this for a time? I'll let you have it back when I'm finished." He bundled it under his arm as though it was the secret plans of a new weapon, climbed into his raincoat, said "Cheerio! Who knows, better days may lie ahead," waited for an appropriate flash of lightning and clap of thunder and spirited himself out of the door.

"The violent thunderstorm which took place between nine and ten o'clock in the Gibraltar-La Linea-Algeciras area last Tuesday night," said the smarmy voice of

village, which was apparently struck by lightning. Their burned bodies were found in the morning. The fourth, a young male, succumbed to galloping pneumonia.

"Gibraltarians, who have long complained of the depredations practised by these unruly beasts kept as mascots by the British to show their contempt for the natives as well as to insure themselves against the prophecy of the legend connected with them, will rejoice that with the elimination of a further quartet of these nuisances the day of their total liberation would seem to be moving closer."

Major Clyde looked at McPherson over the head of the stenographer and said, "I

don't care much for that. What are the chances of getting Captain Bailey restored as O.I.C. Apes?"

The reply of Major McPherson was succinct. "None! And I shouldn't even try. You might consult Tim on the Q.T., but the Brigadier is fed up. Furthermore, the old man never could stand the apes and he'd be tickled to death to be rid of them. He doesn't dare order them shot or exterminated because he's a stickler for tradition, but if nature would just take its course and eliminate them he'd be delighted."

Major Clyde nodded, but there was an expression almost of sympathy on his face. He said, "It's not his fault. It's his upbringing. They've taught him that war is what comes out of the mouth of a cannon. He hasn't learned that the boffins have taken over and the war can likewise be—" he nodded his head in the direction of the wireless set from which issued the nightly sign-off of Gloomy Gustave.

Major Clyde stood regarding the wireless set, his lower lip characteristically between his fingers, his red moustache drooping. He said, "Thank goodness."

Major McPherson stared at him. "Thank goodness for what?"

"The P.M. believes in it. I think I'd better have a word with John."

Major William Clyde's second visit to the quarters of Captain Bailey was less dramatic than his first. He turned up this time unenveloped in any clouds of fire and brimstone, but with a file under one arm and a package shaped suspiciously like a bottle under the other. This suspicion was confirmed when he unveiled the parcel and revealed it as a bottle of Scotch whisky.

"Currency," said Major Clyde. Felicity and Tim both looked at him, not catching the allusion. "One-twelfth of a Barbary ape, C.O.D., Tangier, Rabat, or Ceuta. Your quotation," the Major explained. "Plenty more where that came from." Then he added, "It's a more reliable conversational drink. Gin always makes me think I'm more clever than I am."

Tim and Felicity exchanged a glance. Apes in the wind. They invited the Major to have dinner with them. Felicity had made a stew to which she had added a number of exotic but available vegetables and spices, as the best way of expanding their ration.

AFTER dinner was over and the Major had produced two cigars which Felicity had eyed with suspicion, they being such a rarity on the Rock, Clyde got down to business.

From his folder he produced the thick loose-leaf notebook he had borrowed from Tim, along with a batch of material, notes, and statistics apparently culled from the files.

"I've been through your stuff," the Major began, leafing through the notebook, "and the odd thing, you know, which will probably surprise your native modesty, is that it will make a book some day."

The Major then produced a very grubby bit of paper, scrawled upon almost illegibly in pencil. "I have got out of Lovejoy the gen on the present number and status of apes on the Rock. I might report that the Gunner's morale is low. He still loves the apes, but he doesn't love your Lieutenant Barton or anybody else, and is drowning his sorrows."

"He tells me that the Queens Gate pack is down to nine, of which no females are

SYLLABIC PUZZLE

● From the following 32 syllables, form words according to the clues given below. All words have at least two syllables. When all words have been guessed, the first and third letters taken in order vertically will form the name of a famous English novelist and one of her major novels.

a — a — de — dy — e — ei — er — er — gy — how
— ja — la — lo — ma — man — mund — nau — ne
— no — nor — nun — pan — ros — ry — sen — sen
— sys — te — tic — tri — u — va

1. Asian country
2. German Chancellor
3. Province of France
4. Former U.S. President
5. Norwegian explorer
6. Russian ballerina
7. According to plan
8. Series of three
9. God of love
10. Convent

● Solution on page 55

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of breedable age and four are young apes not yet in adult stage. This is the outfit your friend Scruffy runs. There had been ten, but this morning Scruffy killed one of his rivals. The Middle Hill pack is down to eleven, of which only two are of any value in breeding. The Gunner says that when the packs get down that low with less females available, the fights to own them are more frequent and savage. He expects there will be pieces of apes scattered all over the top.

"That's right," Tim said. "That's in my notes."

"So how would you like to be O.I.C. Apes again?" Clyde asked, with no change in the inflexion of his voice, letting the question carry its own impact.

Tim's snap back was almost immediate. "Fine," he said. "He wouldn't," remarked Felicity.

"Oh," said Tim, looking over at her in surprise. "Sorry, I thought I would."

"You wouldn't," Felicity reiterated, and the two men saw that her eyes were shining and her face rosy. They also noticed that the level of the liquid had fallen considerably. The bottle which had been passing around between them clock-wise had been halted close beside her for a considerable time.

"You've been treated abominably," she said. Or at least that is what it sounded like to Tim. "They humiliated you because you were doing the best job ever on your—on their filthy apes. They gave you a slum to live in, all the Brigade dirty work they could find to pile on to you, and now because old Smarmy-In-The-Box over there has got under their skins and people on the Rock are beginning to get the jitters, they think they can—"

MAJOR CLYDE interrupted sharply. "See here, young lady, how do you know people on the Rock have got the jitters?"

"I heard it at my hairdresser's," Felicity replied, "where all of you M.I. boys would go if you had any—"

"I know, I know," Major Clyde said hastily.

"Abominably," Felicity said again, and now Tim squinted at her and was sure that that was what she had said, and also that she was a little tight. She continued, "You're scared that your nasty old apes will all die, the Germans will find out and egg the Spaniards into the war and the legend will come true. And you want Tim to pull—"

Tim said, "I thought you loved the apes, Felicity."

"I do, but I love you more. It's true, isn't it?" This last was addressed to Major Clyde, who was considering the powers of accurate analysis which could descend upon a woman when some decent, uncut Scotch mixed with long-suffering indignation.

The entrance of Spain into the war had been an ever-present menace and a worry since the beginning of the conflict, and from the first they had been engaging in a game of bluff on the Rock which up to that moment had been successful. But only

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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he knew that with its Latin population easy to work into hysterics, an isolated garrison, Gibraltar was as psychologically vulnerable as it was exposed to the Spanish guns should they ever begin firing. The one key bastion of the Empire where morale must not be allowed to lapse was on the Rock. This had been his immediate concern for the past weeks.

The Major said, "May I have the bottle, please?" Felicity giggled and said, "Oh dear, I'm so sorry, I've been pigging it."

The Major poured a good dollop and topped Tim's drink as well. "Well then," he said, "supposing we get down to business and discuss price."

HAZEL . . . by Ted Key



"PEPPER."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m. Fridays, Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Mondays, Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays, and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Thursdays.)

Tim started to speak but was too slow and Felicity was in the breach with lightning speed. "Some rank," she said, "not temporary. Permanent. Just you try to get anything done around here as a Captain. A Sergeant has more rank than a Captain."

"I see," said Major Clyde smoothly. "Anything in mind, Ma'am?"

"Well," replied Felicity, "he ought to be able to look you in the eye."

Tim gawked at his wife in utter amazement and his glance went from her to the bottle to his own glass, from which he proceeded to take a long draught. If this was tiger juice he'd better have some, too.

Major Clyde had got out a pencil and was scribbling on the back of one of the documents. "Major Bailey," he murmured half to himself: "Anything else, young lady?"

"Decent living quarters. They've treated him ab—"

"Blominably," Major Clyde found himself completing for Felicity. "I know Lieutenant-Colonel Hoskins' house is going. He's posted to Aden."

Felicity instantly turned all woman. "You mean that ducky cottage in Battery Street? Would I be allowed to do it over?"

"I suggest you wait until the Colonel has departed before you start pulling down curtains. He's house-proud. Well, is it a deal?"

The tigress returned once more. "Anything Tim says goes," announced Felicity.

"And anything he wants—cages, caves, bananas, and no interference from anybody. And Lovejoy is to have his scrounging privileges restored."

"Darling," Tim said, "one can't have everything."

Major Clyde said to Tim, "Look here, Bailey, if one got you what you needed and you had, say, unlimited—currency, how long would it take you to build up the ape packs back to prewar strength and keep them there?"

Tim did some quick figuring based on his experience and devotion to the apes, as well as his African contacts. "Nine months," he said, "nine

It read as follows:

"The Prime Minister has expressed some concern as to welfare of Barbary apes on Gibraltar about which he has heard disquieting rumors. He is most anxious that they should NOT be allowed to die out. I have received direction from the Prime Minister that the establishment of apes should be no less than 24 and that every effort should be made to achieve this number as soon as possible and maintaining it as a minimum thereafter. Grateful if you would take steps accordingly and inform me as to the result."

He knew it by heart and yet what refused to filter through to his brain was the connection between the Prime Minister—THE PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN, Winston Churchill, the director and guiding genius of the Empire and of the war—and a pack of monkeys.

The apes had not been called to his attention for almost a year, ever since he had dismissed Captain Bailey and installed a new O.I.C. Apes. He had successfully got rid of a recurring irritation, and if ever a thought of them had intruded upon him he had congratulated himself upon the successful way in which he had coped.

AND now out of the blue the whole subject of apes was suddenly revived, alive, vibrating, worrying, and at the hands of none other than the Prime Minister of Great Britain! The Prime Minister!

And here as he said the potent and magic name to himself the thoughts of the Brigadier whirled and tumbled and panicked as to what he was to do. For old and experienced and full of rank as he was, the chain of command was still a part of his life, and if he was a potentate before whom Captains and Subalterns trembled, yes, and Majors and Lieutenant-Colonels, too, he himself was but a callow youth trembling before the august presence of the P.M. and even more the power that he represented. All the lives, the fears, and the hopes of the British people and of himself as well were bound up in the person of this one great man. And there he was demanding to know about a lot of monkeys.

The Brigadier touched a button, and when his secretary appeared ordered, "Get me Lieutenant Barton and tell Major Quennel I want to see him when he comes in." Staff-Captain Quennel had been promoted to Brigade Major.

Ten minutes later Lieutenant Barton, O.I.C. Apes, was ushered in.

"Sit down, Barton," commanded the Brigadier. "How are you and the monkeys getting along, Barton?"

The young man looked surprised, but not yet distressed. "Why—why I don't know, Sir."

Brigadier Gaskell glared. "You don't know? What do you mean you don't know? You're O.I.C. Apes, aren't you?"

"That's right, Sir, but you said I wasn't to go near them. You said I was to make out my report on a single sheet of paper twice a year, and if you ever caught me mucking about the apes' village or sticking my nose into any kind of monkey business you'd have the pips off my shoulders quicker than I could sing 'Who is Sylvia?' Those were your words, Sir."

"Never mind what I said, you're supposed to use your head in this Service, that's why we make you officers."

"You said," Lieutenant Barton went on doggedly, continuing to bat on the only

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HARD TO PLEASE



Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

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"My wife won't let me in—she's preparing some kind of surprise."

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 61

wicket available, "you said I was to leave everything to that slob Lovejoy and if you ever caught me—"

Gaskell cut him short. "Yes, yes, I've heard that. Now, how many apes are there at present in the Queens Gate pack?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Why not?"

"I haven't counted them, Sir. My report isn't due for another two months, Sir."

Major Quennel came in.

"Oh, there you are, Quennel," the Brigadier said. "Have you seen this yet?" He passed the signal. The aide read it, and as an old and trusted assistant permitted himself a whistle.

"Damnable, what?" the Brigadier said. He turned to young Barton again. "Well, what about their health? Are they in good health or bad?"

"I don't know, Sir. I haven't been near—"

Gaskell suddenly looked cunning. "Well," he said, "have you heard any rumors that they weren't feeling too fit, perhaps?"

"Only the Nazi broadcast, Sir."

The Brigadier was genuinely startled. "The what?" he cried.

"The broadcasts in Spanish from the German station in Algeciras say-

ing the apes were dying out. I didn't pay any attention to it. Anyway, I thought you'd be pleased."

A sinking feeling differing from his initial bewilderment played with the pit of the Brigadier's stomach. For the first time it began to dawn upon him that there was more behind the message on the desk before him than he had imagined. He turned angrily upon Quennel. "Had you heard those broadcasts, Quennel?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then why wasn't I informed?" "I thought you'd have heard them yourself, Sir, and, anyway, it was a matter for O.I.C. Apes."

That frightened officer leaped into that breach with all his youth and agility. "You said I wasn't to mention apes to you, Sir, not under any circumstances."

The Brigadier felt the trap closing in about him and struggled to break the strands.

"I am surrounded by imbeciles. What's the good of my relying on you, Quennel? And this forty-watter here," indicating the hurt and unhappy Barton, "doesn't know

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."
—Deuteronomy 31.6.

The Israelites were surrounded by enemies, but Moses reminded them of God's presence to give them courage.

how many apes there are, where they are, whether they are sick or well, alive or dead."

Major Quennel said soothingly, "Why don't you have a word with Gunner Lovejoy, Sir? He knows all about them."

"Get him then," the Brigadier ordered, "and quickly."

The Brigade Major said some harsh things into the black mouth-piece of his telephone and the Gunner was produced with miraculous rapidity almost resembling a pantomime entrance. He stood at rigid attention. All his buttons were buttoned and his mind was galloping at a thousand revs per minute in an endeavor to deliver an estimate of the offence he was about to be charged with, and how long it would be before he would once more emerge into the sunshine from distance vile. He had never before been called before such high brass.

Brigadier Gaskell, however, said, "Stand easy, Lovejoy. I want you to answer some questions. How many apes are there in the Queens Gate pack?"

"Nine, Sir. There's old Scruff, Pat, Tony, Helen, Pansy—"

"Never mind the names. Is that all?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How many were there originally?"

For one instant the eyes of Gunner Lovejoy shifted to O.I.C. Apes Barton and back again, and now the young Lieutenant knew that he was really in for it. He was to be squeezed between top and bottom for doing what he had been told was his duty and carrying out his orders.

"Originally, Sir? Originally when?"

"Well, whenever you like, or, say, when Lieutenant Barton took over."

"Twenty-six, Sir."

The sinking feeling returned to the Brigadier's centre. "And the Middle Hill pack?"

"Eleven, Sir — no, ten. I found Martha dead this morning."

"Martha?" queried the Brigadier. "She was Bill's wife, Sir, or rather he had his eye on her, when she moved over to A.I.L. Bill took it hard. There was a blood row. Martha got herself in the middle of it."

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NOW IT'S THE SATIN LOOK



5' — and such a convenient handbag tube

It's easy to have that beautiful, shadowless, satin complexion when you use new SATIN-FINISH 'Even-Glow' by Judith Aden. The convenient squeeze tube measures out your beauty so perfectly you won't waste a precious drop.

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5'11

'Even-Glow' liquid magic (in the handbag bottle) covers so softly, naturally use it as a base if you prefer.

5'



WOOLWORTHS

The Brigadier was nearing the boiling point once more. "Who the devil are you talking about, Lovejoy?"

"The apes, Sir."

The Brigadier exhaled a long breath. "Ten down from what?"

"Twenty-four, Sir."

"Why? What's been happening?"

"Lots of sickness, Sir. We've had some bad storms. Not getting enough to eat, Sir. Malnutrition! Weakens 'em. Along comes a big wet and down they go."

"Look here," said Gaskell, "that won't do. Aren't you supposed to be looking after them?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why don't you feed them properly?"

The Gunner's eyes went to Lieutenant Barton again. The Subaltern, although he was learning fast, was both a gentleman as well as an officer. He said, "Not enough food for them on rations, Sir. Lovejoy there used to scrounge the rest. I caught him at it and put a stop to it. Seven days punishment. You said—"

BRIGADIER

GASKELL thought that if he heard the phrase "you said" once more the top of his head would blow off.

"It would break your 'eart, Sir," Lovejoy said, "to see them like that. It's the wrong time of the year for them to forage for themselves after the dry spell, and the prickly pears, locust beans, and American fruit being off."

The Brigadier did not think it would break his heart, and then very quickly, as his eye caught the fatal signal on his desk, he thought it probably would. He said to Lovejoy, "Don't they, ah—breed? I thought monkeys were always—"

"No, Sir," replied the Gunner. "There's not enough females, Sir. It wants about eight to ten females to one male for proper breeding. You lose a lot of them young hapelets, anyway."

"Well," said Gaskell, "ket some more females then. The Prime Minister wants the apes kept up to strength."

"Get them from where, Sir?"

The net was closing in, indeed. The Brigadier threw what almost might have been interpreted as a despairing glance at his O.I.C. Apes, but young Barton, who had been badly bruised, was not having any. "I don't know, Sir," he put in.

The Brigadier was too beaten even to permit himself the luxury of a fury. "Very well," he said. "Double ration for the time being. I'll speak to the Quartermaster. That will be all."

Outside the office Lovejoy pinched himself unbelieving. He had been in the very lair of the tiger and emerged not only unscathed but with double rations for the apes. But it had been a most shattering experience. He felt badly in need of a drink.

Lieutenant Barton and the gunner departed, leaving the Brigadier and his Brigade Major alone. They had been together long enough for Gaskell to be able to relax when by himself with Quennel.

"What the devil do we do now, Roger?"

The compelling bit of paper with its ineradicable message lay on the desk before them. A name, an unspoken name hovered in the air between them. The Brigadier did not wish to speak it; in fact, was quite incapable of bringing it forth, and his adjutant did not dare, and, in fact, had actually been warned against

it during a briefing he had had several days ago from a mysterious Major, who had arrived on the Rock from London not long before, one of the hush-hush boys who had joined Major McPherson, the security officer.

The briefing had in a way been prophetic, and Major Quennel was marvelling at the manner in which the present had followed the line of the future that the mystery Major had predicted. He now proceeded as instructed to carry out the final part of the briefing. He picked up the message, read it again, put it down and said, "There's a Major Clyde here, Sir, I wonder if perhaps—"

"What? Who?" snapped the Brigadier, ready to grasp at any straw.

"Major Clyde, Sir. Posted to Major McPherson in Intelligence."

"Does he know anything about apes?"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



"I don't know, Sir, but he's just out here from home." He indicated the cable with his head. "He might know something more about that—I mean, those intelligence chaps manage to get their fingers into all sorts of pies. They seem to pull a lot of weight, Sir, if you know what I mean."

"Humph," snorted the Brigadier, and then said, "I don't suppose it would do any harm to have a word with him."

Major Quennel reached for the telephone.

When it rang in Major McPherson's office the Scot picked up the receiver and then handed it to Major Clyde with an expression of

● Good way to rid a room of tobacco smell is to burn a little eau-de-cologne. Be sure to use an old china container and place in a safe spot.

amazement on his face. "Right on schedule. You said he'd be calling before ten."

Major Clyde spoke into the instrument saying, "Yes, Major. Certainly, Major. Not at all, Major. I'll be right over." He hung up, picked up his cap and swagger stick and went to the door.

McPherson looked after him admiringly and said, "How the devil do you do it, Sinker?"

Clyde merely grinned. "You might give old Bailey a buzz," he said, "and tell him to get ready to move."

"I was wondering," Brigadier Gaskell said to the tall, gangling, odd-looking Major who sat at his desk, "whether you might have heard anything connected with this." He slid the signal across.

They were alone, Major Quennel having been excused upon the arrival of Major Clyde and was having to content himself with straining his ears to the murmur of voices which came through the thin partition dividing the

Brigadier's office from his own.

The major took the telegram and gave a creditable performance of interest and surprise at reading it, since he had been familiar with the contents for some time, indeed had been responsible for some of the wording in which the wishes of the P.M. had finally been couched.

"A great man," the Major murmured when he had finished.

"Eh?" said the Brigadier.

"Nothing gets past him."

"Then you think it is serious?"

"Very."

And in just such a simple and subtle manner, without even having really said anything, the Major established his ascendancy and himself

as someone in the know on the subject. By means of silence and respectful attention, and all things he didn't say, Major Clyde had succeeded almost in evoking an image of himself as the personal representative of the Prime Minister in the mind of the Brigadier.

"Quite frankly," Gaskell said, "I'm worried. It's got to be answered; something's got to be done. I have had the clots in whom are supposed to be looking after the beasts. Completely clueless. All they kept saying was that it wasn't their deal."

Major Clyde nodded and merely remarked, "Not very helpful, Sir," and waited.

"Look here," said the Brigadier suddenly: "there's a chap here on the Rock who knows a lot about these stinkers—I mean he seems to have made himself fairly knowledgeable on the subject."

The Major waited, his eyes downcast as though re-studying the message.

"Fellow named Bailey. Captain Bailey. Used to be O.I.C. Apes before the war."

The Major continued to say nothing.

"The thing is," the Brigadier burst out, "I've treated the man damnably!"

There, it was out. For some time now he had been aching to purge himself of his guilt, to speak the name of Captain Timothy Bailey and to confess that his dealing with him had been somewhat less than fair, for the Brigadier was a gentleman.

And who better to confess to than this stranger whose existence he had not been aware of until five minutes before, this quiet, intelligent officer who did not go shooting off advice to him or try to tell him what to do in the manner of the young soldiers of the day. "He irritated me with his stinking monkeys and his demands for them. Got on my nerves. What was I sent out here to command? Guns or a pack of monkeys? Still, I oughtn't to have done it. The man was doing the job I'd set him to and doing it well. Better zeal in an officer than slackness, what?"

The Major nodded gently, "Still, too much zeal—"

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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The Brigadier now knew that he liked this Major, liked him very much indeed. "Exactly!" he said. "You've hit the nail on the head. Always coming in here laying bumph on my desk. Wanting cages built! Concrete shelters! Concrete flooring! Cooling systems! Germ-proof maternity wards! Special kinds of food! Own veterinary! Bananas out of season! Pampering and coddling! Gave him the sack for it." And then, as his eyes were once more offended by the mandatory signal, he muttered a deflated sigh and said, "I wish I'd listened to him."

"And you'd like him to help you now," the Major

chance. Too young. He's not due for three years. Might create ill-feeling. Yet—"

The Major picked up the message from the Secretary of State and pretended to read it again. "Sir," he said, "I don't know how much you are aware of it, but this is a very powerful signal. One would not like to see it entrusted in the hands of someone less scrupulous than yourself."

Gaskell was regarding him warily. "Eh?" he said. "I don't quite understand."

"The dynamite," said the Major, "is contained in the phrase, 'every effort should be made.' For instance," he continued, "what is it you are most in need of at the moment?"

All of the Brigadier's troubles, the difficulties that beset every commanding officer in a war when there is never enough of anything and everything to meet his needs, came flooding back upon the Brigadier, and he replied savagely, "Cement! A damn great shipload of it for concrete. The engineers are hollowing out this rock, and they need concrete, concrete, concrete. We need it for the shops; we need it for the bomb-proofs, for ammunition dumps. We're getting it in dribbles, confounded parsimonious spoonfuls—"

Major Clyde flicked the cable with a fingernail. "There you are, Sir," he said quietly. "All you require. Major Bailey will be requesting concrete for the shelters he'd be building for the apes—" Clyde said.

"By heaven," he exclaimed, "You mean—?"

"Oh yes," replied the Major simply. "Quite! We'll see that there's enough for everyone."

It was the turn of the Brigadier to pick up the signal and regard it, and the look he bestowed upon it was now a fond one. By some alchemy it had been transformed from his enemy to his friend. And the five words "every effort should be made" now stood out from the pages as though they had been written in raised and burnished gold. "You mean promote young Bailey and no trouble?"

"Exactly, Sir. When the P.M. says he wants every effort made—no one's going to stop to ask questions."

"Gad," said Gaskell again, glancing once more at the treasure between his fingers, then, "I say, look here, Major. Perhaps if I turned the whole business over to you to look after—"

"If you wanted me to, Sir."

"Well, I do want it. I'd appreciate it."

"I'd be glad to, Sir—if you'd just initial that perhaps and let me have it. You might add that I have your instructions and they are to be carried out."

The Brigadier almost upset the ink in his eagerness to reach the pen. "Exactly. And you'd send a signal to—"

"Of course," said Major Clyde, "saying that all steps to comply with the wishes of the P.M. were being undertaken and in hand."

"Splendid," said the Brigadier, and he scribbled upon the sheet and handed it to the Major, arising. "Very good of you. Wish they'd send out a few more officers like yourself." He arose and proffered his hand which the Major shook warmly and departed. Gaskell felt as though the entire weight of the Rock had been lifted from his shoulders.

To be continued

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The odor of cooking meat still hung in the air when he returned to the camp with Roper one sundown. It was a new smell, and he discovered the source of it to be a piece of brisket, set aside to cool on the camp-oven lid. Juices still dripped from the meat, and the sight brought an involuntary moistness into his mouth. The temptation was too great for a dog who had eaten only damper since sunrise, with the promise of only more damper to come. When the lube's back was turned, Bedourie seized the brisket and ran.

The wrathful outcries that followed him into the darkness went unheeded. The taste of good red meat was strong in his mouth, making him oblivious to consequence. Lignum grew thick by the water-hole. Burrowing his way through, Bedourie hid himself in the bramble-like mass and began to eat. There was over four pounds of the meat, and he ate it all. When he was finished, he slept. For the first time in his life, it was the blissful, unbroken sleep of utter repletion.

In the morning he stole back to the camp. The beating he received at Roper's hands would have killed a softer dog. When it was all over and the dog had crawled away into the shade of a beef-wood tree, Roper broke camp. Eighty miles away, toward the northern fringe of Sturt's Stony Desert, on the main channel of the Diamantina, he had taken up a new fencing contract. In terms of the contract, the work entailed the

erection of a fence to enclose a horse paddock. In terms of harsh reality, it was a task fraught with danger and hardship, the journey itself a venture into a region as silent and remote as the realms of space. The intervening country was waterless, the paddock itself a misnomer, embracing as it did an area that stretched almost to the far horizons.

There was no temerity in Roper's approach to the formidable undertaking. Against the powers of the wilderness he pitted his bushcraft and the vehicle that was to take him through to the place white men called "the back of beyond." Both had been well tried, and proved themselves. Undaunted, he filled his water drums and loaded his gear. On top of the load he placed Bedourie, not ungently now that the decision to dispose of him had been made. Three hours later he came to the gate on the gibber plain.

His decision to leave Bedourie at the gate was the outcome of the meat theft. It was not made on impulse. The alternative of shooting the dog had presented itself and been discarded. There was a grim finality in Roper's make-up. Where the dog had erred once, it would err again. The beating made little difference in the half-caste's eyes. It was over and done with. But the prospect of further thefts and further

Continuing . . . BEDOURIE

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beatings persisted, and this he found intolerable. Had there been a bond between the two, it might have been different. In giving the dog a chance to live, Roper was prompted by an awareness of his own shortcomings. That was all.

Perhaps a hint of what might have been between them shadowed the man's eyes as they stood together in the dusty wheeltracks. Stiff from his beating, Bedourie wagged his tail awkwardly as the hand reached out and gave him a final pat, the first he had ever known. Gruffly, the voice admonished him.

"Now you stay here, you hear. You're no fool. It's a used road. One or two cars a day sometimes come into Birdsville. Someone'll find you. It's the best I can do for yer, next to killin'. It's winter, too. You stay in the shadder o' the gatepost, and you'll be all right. An' damn yer for a good dog turned bad!"

Long after the truck had roared away, Bedourie stood in the track, watching the dust cloud that dwindled into nothingness. He was puzzled, but not uneasy. Roper's voice had carried assurance, and he had learnt to trust that voice and interpret its every inflection. Not once had he been at fault. But this new gruffness had him puzzled.

But there was nothing to tell him that the truck was not coming back. Hot even in winter, the desert sun drove him to the shelter of the nearest post. There, in the shade, he scratched a hole and curled himself into it with a sigh of weariness. Nose on forepaws, eyes watching the track, he settled down to wait . . .

IT was really not so much a wait as a vigil. Bedourie was used to waiting, and he sensed a difference now as he burrowed deeper into the red sand. He was not unduly troubled by it. At first he had the memory of the parting to think about. Roper's voice still sounded in his ears. But gradually, insistently, like a sentient thing, the loneliness began to creep in around him.

He became aware, too, of a new, almost menacing quality in the brooding silence. His eyes lifted, the whites showing as they followed the vast, inert circle of flatness out to its far merging with the cloudless horizon. He whimpered at something he saw there; finding it, as many a man has done, too terrible to contemplate.

He slept fitfully. Fragments of dreams haunted him. Once he relived the beating, so vividly that he awoke to a sensation of pain. He discovered the shadow had shifted, leaving the cut in his flank exposed to the sun's heat. He licked the cut and crawled back into the shadow, which had moved toward the east.

The remainder of the day was spent in reiteration of many such movements. In a land completely devoid of shade, the moving shadow of the post performed the function of the indicator on a sundial. Now in the northern sky, the winter sun threw its long shadow half-way round full circle on the sand, a factor Roper had not forgotten. Thus, throughout the day there was always shade sufficient for a dog; sufficient, too, for many a man cheated of life by the desiccated, treeless land.

By nightfall the series of

shallow holes Bedourie had scooped out described a kind of rude arc in the red sand. It was almost as if he had obeyed Roper's words to the letter: "Stay in the shadder of the gatepost." Soon all was shadow, deepening to night and, for him, a great, far-reaching loneliness.

Still he clung to the surety that Roper would return. Whimpering, he crept back to the wheeltracks. Close ahead they glimmered fitfully in the uncertain light, then were swallowed in the blackness. They beckoned to him and, head on one side, he listened

answered him. Faint with distance, like an echo to his own cry, the plaintive, yodelling howl seemed to drift down to him out of the star-filled sky. Twice repeated, it was answered by another still farther away. Then, as though stirred to utterance, the whole scattered pack began to howl in unison.

Crouched by the gatepost Bedourie listened and howled no more. Trembling, he flattened himself into the sand. Soon the cries faded and died away, leaving the silence heavier than before. It was a silence the dog who was half dingo understood.

Daylight brought him reassurance. This time the dingoes had missed him. The

inert land was such that it produced upon them much the same effect as the spectacle of a traffic policeman appearing before them with upraised hand.

As for Bedourie, he was consumed by thirst, and glad to see anyone.

Through the windstreets, the men regarded him in wonderment.

"Looks dry," one of them commented.

The other nodded. "Poor beggar. Could do with a feed, too, by the cut of him."

While one of them poured water into the inverted lid of the battered cream can, the other began slicing generous chunks off a big lump of cooked silverside. Four times the lid was replenished, and for nearly ten minutes the lapping of Bedourie's tongue was the only sound in the silence. They watched him pityingly.

"Another day, Jim, and he'd have been all in," Bill, the one with the meat, remarked at last.

"For sure," Jim replied. "Poor devil. Look at him eyen' the meat. Go easy with him, Bill."

Slowly, a piece at a time, Bill fed Bedourie meat. Each time the writhing lips, bared fangs, and quick sideways shake of the head were not lost upon them.

"Part dingo," Bill commented.

The other nodded.

"Tough as they come." A hint of anger crept into his voice.

"Wonder what he's doin' way out here."

"Let's find out," suggested his companion. He whistled, and patted the floorboards of the truck.

"C'mon, boy. You comin' with us?"

Head on one side, Bedourie regarded him alertly.

"C'mon," Bill encouraged.

Again Bedourie's tail stirred, conveying his understanding. The rest of him, unmoving, was quite as eloquent.

For a time the man persevered. Bedourie did not budge. Resignedly, Bill drew the remainder of the meat toward him.

"He's waitin'. Waitin' for someone. That's for certain."

"Looks like it," Jim agreed. He rummaged in the back of the truck for a tin, filled it with water, and walked over to the gatepost.

"That'll keep him goin'."

Now both voice and manner were edged with resentment as he rejoined Bill in the cabin of the truck.

"Seems to me the so-and-so just ain't worth waitin' for."

Bill nodded. The motor roared into life. As they drove away they both looked back. Already Bedourie's shape was blended with the shadow.

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to the call their meaning had for him. But the wisdom inherent in Bedourie prevailed and made him hesitate. In the end, reluctantly, he turned away.

Where earlier the heat had driven him into the shadow of the post, cold now sent him to huddle against it for warmth. There was no wind, but to the south-west the stars blazed against a sky that was icy blue and brittle with frost. Thirst assailed him, and hunger. But greater than either was his need of Roper.

Yearning for the man's presence, the light and warmth of the fire, the security of the camp, engulfed him. Sitting back on his haunches, he pointed his nose at a star and howled his woe to the frosty sky. It was the mournful dingo howl he uttered, long-drawn and replete with sadness. Such was Bedourie, that never was the wild in him more predominant than then, with the need of human companionship thrusting itself so strongly upon him.

It was the wild that

sun rose — the outback sun, harbinging of drought, a red disc welding itself to the silence and the unchanging cloudless sky. Its level rays found out Bedourie, curled into a ball, nose, tailtip, and paws bunched together for warmth. Blinking drowsily, he looked involuntarily for Roper and the tent, the wisp of smoke from the unmade fire. It was an old habit, a part of him. He cringed as from a blow when realisation came to him.

Later, toward midday, when Bedourie's thirst had become agony, Roper's prophecy was fulfilled. A truck materialised from somewhere in the east beyond the earth's rim and, taking shape and substance, drew up at the gate. The gate hung open, its purpose long since rendered futile by the non-existent fence.

Long before the truck reached him Bedourie knew it was not Roper. To the men in the truck, the sudden appearance of Bedourie as he detached himself from the shadow was almost startling. Life and movement in that

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"He's no damn fool dog, anyhow," said Bill, with a sidelong glance at his companion's scowling face. "He'll make out."

The truck was the only vehicle to come that day. The night was a repetition of the last, save that the howling of the dingoes after sunset had become closer and more insistent. Fortified by the meat, Bedourie no longer cowered at the unearthly outcries, but defied them with rising hackles and a show of white, gleaming fangs. Once again he was lucky. The night passed and morning found him asleep as before.

This time his awakening was different. Bodily well-being had brought a renewal of confidence. He was becoming more familiar with his solitary state. The need of Roper was still importunate, but his sense of dependency on the man had lessened. Together with the impact of the wild there was one other factor, this logic of which Roper's half-savage mind had not reckoned with, and that was Bedourie's loyalty—the instinct bequeathed him from dalmatian lineage, which prevented him from attaching himself haphazardly to any wayfarer who chanced along.

Thus, because he could not envisage such a quality in the dog he had never taken the trouble to know, Roper had left Bedourie to die, slowly but just as surely as if he had killed him in the beginning. Only one thing stood between him and fulfilment of that destiny—the wild, and that part of it implanted within him, and of which he was becoming more aware with every passing hour.

The man who came in the car shortly after sunrise knew nothing of this. They were from the east, and the world of men. They did not belong. The back of the car was piled high with bedding and blankets. They had driven late into the night to avoid the heat, and, because there was no wood for a fire to warm them, had slept in the car. The savage spirit of the land had revealed itself to them during the day of their pilgrimage. Awed but undaunted, they had kept on.

THEY were a type new to Bedourie. He regarded them curiously. They behaved differently from the other two, speaking loudly and often as they watered and fed him. The talk was all of himself, he knew. The meat they gave him came from tins and savored of a rich goodness.

As the men in the truck had done, they tried to cajole him into the car before departing. And, as before, he refused to go. They were not wise, like the other two. They persisted and tried to lay hands on him. His wrinkling lips and sharp-fanged snarl quickly dissuaded them. Eventually after leaving him water and an opened tin of meat, they went away.

Bedourie ate the last of the meat at sunset. Ironically, solitude was yielding him far greater sustenance than his sojourn with Roper had ever done. He felt the strength coursing through his veins, bringing with it assurance and a new, swift surge of well-being.

No longer the shadow of himself, he ceased to be fearful of shadows. When the eerie cries began to drift once more across the night-bound land, his eyes were bright and watchful in the starglow.

That night the pack found him. So quietly did they come, encircling him where he lay in the sand, that only the carrion odor of their bodies told him they were there. Raising his head, he caught the splinters of starlight flashing from a dozen pairs of eyes as they drew the circle tighter around him.

The hair along Bedourie's back lifted. His breathing became one prolonged snarl that continued unbroken as he rose to his feet to face them, fangs uncovered in a grin of commingled fear and hate.

Had they rushed him then, Bedourie's play would have been soon over. None knew it better than himself. The taint of domesticity was on him, its price, in the eyes of the pack, a life already forfeit.

The manner of its taking was another matter altogether, decided by whim and the mood of the moment.

Continuing . . . BEDOURIE

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estimated the quality of that strength. He took Bedourie too cheaply and thereby jeopardised his own life. Under the starglow, with the pack on its haunches watching, they fought the battle of the fangs.

It was not Bedourie's first battle; but it was the first time he had had to fight for his life. Strong-jawed from puppyhood, he slashed and ripped and was slashed and ripped in turn. Contact with the dingo's body fanned the smouldering hate in him to a consuming flame. Heedless of the punishment he took, he fought like a demon possessed.

It is the dingo's way to strike

for the throat and the great vein that pulses there. The hold is invested with a grim inevitability. When the jaws fasten they remain fastened, tearing as they work. This was the leader's way. And, unknown to him, it was also Bedourie's.

When the knowledge did come to him it was too late. Locked in the death grip, Bedourie's probing fangs had sunk deep. The fight had lasted scarcely ten minutes. Now, with his eyes glazing and the life blood bubbling in his throat, the leader died as he had intended Bedourie should die. For Bedourie it was a moment of fulfilment. He stood over the stiffening body and smiled in the way that only a dog

can smile, while overhead the stars blazed unheeding in a frozen sky.

Gradually he became aware of the pack. The dingoes had withdrawn a little and were watching him. Expecting trouble, he turned slowly in his own length to face them all and snarled warningly. To his surprise, he discovered that their attitude toward him had undergone a change. No longer hostile, their aspect was rather one of compromise. It came to him that they were prepared to accept him, if not as leader at least as one of themselves.

Overtures of a kind were made to him as he stood hesitating. Several of the younger dogs cavorted around him in an ingratiating way. He ignored them. Licking at his wounds, he had remembered Roper. It was a memory that had

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Continuing . . . BEDOURIE

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grown old overnight. Still a memory, but with outlines dulled and almost incomprehensible before the promise of larger and present reality.

In the end the insistence of the dingoes swayed him. Where before the persistence of man had left him unmoved, he turned now and ran with them into the night, and the starglow, and the vast desolation of sand dune and treeless gibber plain that was their heritage . . .

For the remainder of winter, Bedourie ran with the pack. Reorientation of self came easy to him. But the powers of the wild were not content to leave it there. Without aspirations to leadership he nevertheless found himself inveigled into it by way of the implacable law of the fang and his distaste for carrion. While the dingoes preferred meat flavored with the pungency of decay, he rejected it. Asserting himself, the pack yielded, and the killings began.

Never before had the pack

snuffed eagerly for the first hint of moisture in the frosty air. Running wide on the left flank, it was Bedourie who found the soak under a bean tree just as the moon was setting.

There the pack rested. Huddled together for warmth, they slept the sleep of exhaustion. Bedourie was not one of them. A strange restlessness possessed him. Beyond the soak, he found something that stirred him, acting upon him like a stimulant. Alien to the land, fresh wheel tracks marked the sand crust, heading away from the soak toward the south.

He studied them wistfully. Once again he had become the dog who was only part dingo. Out of the moon's afterglow, along the tracks, the call came, imperious. Prompted by instinct and that part of himself which did not carry a name, he obeyed it almost without volition. Nose

One arm was hidden beneath his partly burnt clothing, the other outstretched on the sand. In this hand he still clutched a torn waterbag that lay flatly, like a dried-out seal.

Twice Bedourie circled the inert figure. Then he crouched down a little way from it, nose on forepaws, and waited, as though he were listening. Feeling, that was neither affection nor sorrow, but a loneliness tinged with both, welled up inside him. It was almost as if, through his image of Roper, the man spoke to him—not harshly, but with that new gruffness in his voice, telling him not to wait any more; that no matter how deep and steadfast Bedourie's loyalty, he was not coming back; that it was all over, and there was, indeed, nothing left for which to wait.

It was then, in accepting the grim finality of death, which had been Roper's philosophy in life, that something died within Bedourie. Sitting back on his haunches, he lifted his head to the sky and howled. It was the long-drawn dingo howl he roared, devoid of all restraint, offering his full allegiance to the wild and the way of the pack, and the alienation which was to be his own irrevocable way of life henceforth.

The howl fell away to a whimper in Bedourie's throat. With one last wistful glance, he turned away and was gone.

Toward mid-afternoon of the same day, a truck pulled up at the spot. In it were two white men from the outstation and the sombre-eyed lubra. A strange, listening stillness had settled over the black woman's inscrutable features. Rocking herself to and fro, she watched while the men alighted and went over to examine the body.

"It's him all right," one of them asserted. "He's dead. Burnt pretty bad, too."

The other, a big lean man, grunted. He had seen death too often to be affected by it now. He seemed more interested in something else. His eyes were on Bedourie's tracks in the sand.

"The tracks come right up," he announced. "The ones we've been following, along with his."

He ruminated, then added almost defiantly:

"Must've been a dingo!"

"Too big!" replied his companion instantly. "And anyhow, nothin's touched. And look at the shape o' the pads. They're dog's tracks."

"C'mon: Let's get on with it."

"One helluva dog, to be on his own out here," commented the other, when the job was done. He was obviously still not convinced. A gleam of inspiration dawned in his faded eyes.

"Hey, Daisy!" he called, gently. "C'mere a minute."

Quietly, her face impassive, the lubra obeyed.

The big man pointed to the tracks. "What d'ye reckon — what name this feller track, eh?"

Daisy knelt down the better to examine them. Her forefinger followed the indentations, then paused suddenly, arrested by something apparent only to herself. Still on her knees, she looked up, a rapt expression in her eyes.

"No' warrigal," she declared softly.

"There y'are," announced the man who knew. "What did I tell yer!"

His triumph, and the other's crestfallen response, quite drowned the wondering, almost inaudible whisper that followed:

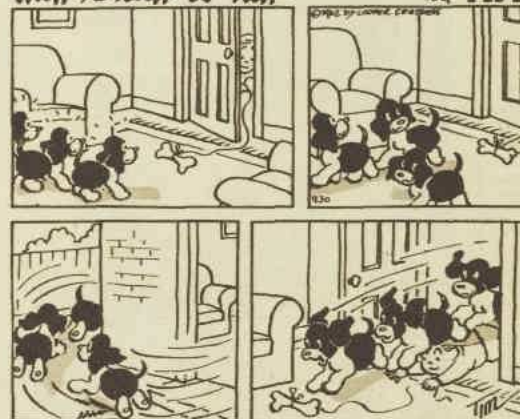
"This — Bedourie!"

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



run so far afield in its quest for meat. Like a scourge, it swept across the parched cattle lands of the lower Diamantina. Four years without rain had reduced the Channel Country to a shambles. In the wake of famine came destruction.

Stragglers from the decimated herds, wandering far and wide in search of clover burs among the gibbers, fell easy prey to the savage marauders. Dragged down by a dozen clinging bodies, the beast was doomed from the beginning. Invariably, the emaciated carcass proved inadequate for the voracious appetites of the pack. The killings increased, and Bedourie's new way of life became an orgy of depredation and slaughter.

TRAVELLING

only by night, he left retribution far behind him. Toward the end of winter a full moon found the pack running over the sand-buried dingo fence of the South Australian-Queensland border, down into the great flood plain of the Diamantina. Thirty miles wide, the fantastic river bed, with its water channels, sandhills, plains, and lagoons, was bone dry.

Here the land partook of all the moon's desolation. So lonely and silent was it, it could well have belonged to another planet. Ranging well out, the dingoes sensed its brooding menace. They sought not food now but water. The need had become pressing.

Their tongues protruded from between parted jaws, their foam-flecked nostrils

to the tracks, he followed them out into the desert, on and on, his lope apparently tireless, until the first grey-ness of dawn revealed the charred remnants of a truck straddling the way before him.

A chain away he stopped and sniffed the pungent burnt odor that emanated from it. The instinct that had brought him this far told him it was Roper's truck. Just as surely, the scent told him that Roper had not been destroyed along with it.

He approached the unsightly thing in circumspect fashion. The charred stubs of mulga and coolibah saplings littered the blackened sand. Beyond these were footprints. Again his nose went to the ground, and the scent confirmed what he already knew.

Bedourie followed the footprints without hesitation. At first they went surely and evenly, still south along the way of the wheeltracks. Then, as the sun rose to warm him, the evenness began to go out of them. Spasmodically they left the track and returned to it, like the uncertain weavings of a drunken man. Shortly afterwards they left the track altogether and ran off abruptly at a tangent into the limitless desert expanse.

Whining his eagerness, Bedourie traced out the tell-tale, aimless pattern, his eyes sometimes on it, and more often on the way ahead. In this fashion he came at last to where the footprints ceased to be.

The man in whom he still believed, for whom in his loyal heart he still waited, lay before him. His eyes stared sightlessly at the empty sky.

from page 27

When they were undressing in the big, chilly guest-room, she said to Adrian, "Somehow, now that you're going, I wish we'd had a child. You know, the Sonnets and all that—And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence, save breed, to brave him when he take these hence."

"I'm not sorry," Adrian said. "This way I shan't be missing anything. When I get back we'll have the fun of kids together."

"Yes, we will," Ruth said, raising her voice slightly, as though she were talking to someone behind him. "How long do you think the war's going to last?" she asked, picking up her hairbrush.

"Darling! As though it matters a damn what I think. I don't know—maybe another couple of years or so."

"Some people say it will be over next spring."

"Some people talk a hell of a lot of nonsense," he said.

The bed was a big, old-fashioned double, its mattress divided into two gentle troughs where successive generations of guests had lain. Ruth got in and pulled the covers up to her chin. She watched Adrian moving around the room. "They were an awful long time demobilising people after the last war, weren't they?" she said.

"Maybe the firm would make a special application for you, or whatever they do. After all, they'll be terribly anxious to get you back. Mr. Hobday told me himself that he didn't know how they were going to get on without you."

"Oh, they'll manage," Adrian said.

At intervals all through the night, Ruth kept waking up and listening to the sea. She pictured it running up the jagged inlets of the long, cruel coast, along which she and Adrian had often sailed in his little boat. He was asleep, breathing softly and lightly, his face close to her shoulder.

She lay thinking this way until it began to get light and the birds started shouting in Mrs. Vyner's wild garden.

They went to church next morning, walking through the gate in the new hedge into the bleak little churchyard. The congregation that had come to hear the Rector preach was small and badly

DARN IT

Girls once learnt to mend things

With little cards of yarn.

But now they all go out to work

And don't know how to darn;

And if they don't go out to work,

Why, they go out to play.

And husbands' socks with holes in them

Are simply thrown away.

—Ian Healy.

dressed, for the parish was thinly populated and poor. It was easy, without Mrs. Vyner's whisper, to identify the more prosperous Mrs. Mason, tweedy in a front pew, with a plain little girl on either side. Captain Mason at least provided her with two defences 'gainst Time's scythe, hideous though they were in their spectacles and with gold bands round their teeth, before he took himself off to his Icelandic fiords.

Ruth looked across the aisle at Mrs. Mason, who was cheerfully singing the "Te Deum." "I'll get used to it, too," she thought. The only other representative of the local gentry in church was Major Collingwood, who read the lessons in a voice

beautifully husky with Irish whisky and buttonholed Adrian afterward in the porch. "Well, my boy! Just off, I hear," he said. "Going East, I suppose? No, no, don't tell me—mustn't ask, mustn't ask. Well, it looks like a big showdown there this winter. Hitler's going to try and break through. Yes, we've got to be prepared for heavy fighting, heavy fighting."

"The old fool!" Ruth thought. She walked away and began reading some of the inscriptions on the crosses of local grey stone at the heads of the few green mounds in the churchyard. Most of the men were fishermen who had been drowned in winter storms along the coast. "John Tregarthen, who lost his life off Black Point, December 10th, 1897," she read. "Samuel Cotter, drowned in the wreck of the Lady May, January 25th, 1902."

Adrian came up and took her arm. "Hungry?" he asked. She shook her head, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. "Damn that old idiot!" he said. "Darling, it's going to be a quiet winter. What do you bet? We'll be stuck in some desert, eating our heads off with boredom. We're going to be forgotten men, forgotten by Hitler, forgotten by the General Staff, forgotten by—"

"It's all right," she said. Mrs. Vyner came up, fastening her shabby fur round her long, thin neck, and the three of them walked back into the rectory garden.

Next day Ruth and Adrian went back to London. That night they went out with friends and had plenty to drink. Ruth was able to sleep that night. The next evening, their last, they dined quietly in the flat. She had cooked the things he liked best, but neither of them had much appetite. At last they gave up trying. The one clock in the flat went on sucking time, like an endless string of

macaroni, into its bright, vacant face. Every clock in London seemed to crash out the quarters outside their drawn curtains.

When the telephone rang as they sat over their coffee, Adrian got up to answer it as though he were glad of the interruption. It turned out to be a man who used to be in love with Ruth and who had been out of England for some time. Adrian had always disliked him, but he sounded very cordial now. Afterward he said, "I'm glad Mike has turned up again. I want you to go out with him. That's why I said to him just now, 'When I'm gone I'd take it as a personal favor if you'd give Ruth a ring now and then and take her out and give her a good time.'"

"I don't want to go out with Mike," she said.

"Please do," he said. "It will make me feel better to think of you looking pretty, out dancing and enjoying yourself."

The following morning there was plenty to do—breakfast, a taxi, last-minute things. Meeting at some moment in the bustling, efficient nightmare, Adrian said, "I don't suppose I'll be able to wire you, but I'll give someone a letter to post from the port after we sail," and Ruth said, "That will be fine." She felt cold and frightened and a little sick, as though this were the morning fixed for a major operation. She wasn't going to the station, so they said good-bye in the hall, a tiny cupboard built for a man to hang his hat in, for a woman to read a telephone message in—not for heroic partings.

"Well, take care of yourself," Adrian said. "Don't forget what we said last night. If the bombings start again, you go down to Cornwall, you go anywhere. Anyway, you get out of here. Promise? Otherwise I won't be able to keep my mind on this war."

"I promise," Ruth said, smiling. Language was inadequate, after all.

To page 70

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 25

<p>ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, blue, red. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ You will need patience and restraint on Thursday. The fiery Aries types will tend to blow their tops. Be careful what you write and say. However, you have entered a holiday period.</p>
<p>TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, blue, red. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ This should be a pleasant time for love and romance—and the lottery. Be wary of signing contracts and forming new partnerships. Be careful on Monday and Tuesday—start nothing new.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, tricolor. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ The end of the week—Monday, Tuesday—is not your best period. There could be financial loss. Watch your health. If you are inclined to be irritable, buy a new hat early in the week.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, green, mauve. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Use your natural tact and caution on Thursday; there are signs of mental and emotional turmoil. Friday is adverse for you. Sunday favors all things—a romantic and happy day.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, orange, grey. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>★ This is a busy period for you when you should launch affairs and follow them through. Watch out for quarrels with friends, also for influences tending to undermine home and love affairs.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, grey, orange. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ A pleasant time in matters of love, romance, and finance. But there are snags. You will have to control that tendency to over-criticism on Thursday. It could lead to broken relations.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, green, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Libran tact and charm will be severely tested on Thursday. Emotional upsets could lead to health troubles. Speculation is not favored, but romantic wishes could come true.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, green, mauve. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Irritating and delaying influences still prevail on the home front. Use that Scorpio detective instinct, for things are not what they seem. Sunday is propitious—you may receive a gift.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, black, mauve. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Guard against that tendency to launch winged words that hurt, because they are usually true. Thursday is the day to keep off-target. Career is favored. Saturday favors a flutter.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 24-JAN. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, black, green. ★ Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Thursday is a day for the cautious Capricornian to be still more cautious. Don't quarrel with relatives; postpone that frank letter. Setbacks in romance and money.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, tricolor. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Curb that burst to invest and spend, although some may benefit from a legacy. The keyword for the week is prudence. Someone is seeking to undermine your reputation. Be alert.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, green, purple. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Watch that dreamy and romantic other self of yours. It could bring trouble. Partnerships, marriage, and relations with the outer world are favored. There could be domestic trouble on Thursday.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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"Give him more line, Henry!"

Continuing . . . GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE

from page 69

One used the same words for a parting which might be for years, which might end in death, as one did for an overnight business trip. She put her arms tightly round him and said, "Good-bye, my love."

"Darling," he said. "I can't begin to tell you—"

"Don't," she said. "Don't."

The door shut, and presently Ruth heard the taxi drive away. She went back into the living-room, sat down, and looked at the breakfast things. Adrian's cup was still half full of coffee, a cigarette stubbed out in the wet saucer. The cigarette seemed to have acquired a significance, to be the kind of relic which in another age would have

been put carefully away in a little box with the toenail parings of a dead man, the hair clippings of a dead woman.

The next two days were bad. Ruth felt that the major operation had come off, but she still had not come round from the anesthetic. She pattered about the flat, went for a walk, bought some things she wanted, dropped in at a movie and a concert. Time now, seemed to have receded, to be an enormous empty room which she must furnish, like any other aimless woman, with celluloid shadows of other people's

happiness, with music that worked one up for nothing.

An hour or so after Adrian left, she put through a call to Cornwall. "Adrian's gone," she said, and across the bad line, across a rival conversation between two men who were trying to arrange a board meeting, she heard her mother-in-law's calm, tired voice saying, "Yes, it's Wednesday, isn't it? I knew he was going on Wednesday." As she hung up the receiver she suddenly remembered a French governess, out of her childhood who used to rage, weeping with anger, "Oh, you British, you British!"

Her friends rang her up with careful, planned kindness. Their stock opening was, "Has he gone? Oh, you poor darling! But aren't you terribly relieved it's over?" and then they would date her up for a dinner or a theatre. Their manner was caressing but sprightly, as though she were a stretcher case who mustn't be allowed to know that she was suffering from shock.

She slept very badly and had terrible dreams, into which the always seemed to come. She went into sleep, picturing the blackest out ship creeping out cautiously into the dark sea. The girl who washed her hair had once told her that her brother had been torpedoed off Norway and that he had been rescued, covered with oil from the explosion. In one of Ruth's dreams Adrian was struggling in a sea of oil while Mrs. Vyner, watching from her cliff garden, said, "Yes, it's Wednesday, isn't it? I knew he was going to drown on Wednesday."

On the third day Ruth woke up feeling different. It was a queer feeling, exhausted but peaceful, although her temperature had fallen for the first time after days of high fever. The end of something had been reached, the limit of some capacity for suffering. Nothing would be quite as bad again. She thought, "After all, there are thousands of women going through what I'm going through and they do make a fuss." She got up and dressed with particular care, because she planned to go round one of the women's recruiting tions today and find out about a job.

It would be important to make a good impression at the first interview. Afterwards she would write a funny letter about it to Adrian, she thought. Although it would probably be months before any message caught up with him, she would write tonight and tell him not to worry that she had finished making a fuss and was being sensible, like all the other women in England—like Mrs. Mason, the jolly woman in tweed singing away at the "Te Deum," although there were still something to be thankful about.

She was out all day, and when she put her latchkey in the door she was humming. As she took off her hat the telephone rang and she went to it, still humming, and said, "Hello?" Adrian's voice said, "Darling?" and her knees went weak. She sat down suddenly, while his voice raced on, sounding excited and a bit blurred, as though he had had two or three drinks. "I'm at the station. I'll be right round. Got to the port, but something's wrong. We all waited, then the message came through that it was cancelled. I wasn't allowed to phone you."

"Cancelled?" she said stupidly. "You're not going?"

"Not for another week," he said. "Maybe ten days. What luck! I'm going out to find a taxi. Darling, don't move until I get there."

Ruth heard the click as he hung up, and she hung up slowly. For a moment she sat quite still. The clock on the table beside her sounded deafening again, beginning to mark off the ten days at the end of which terror was the red light at the end of the tunnel. Then her face became drawn, and, putting her hands over it, she burst into tears.

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